NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016

GENERAL HAVELOCK

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS

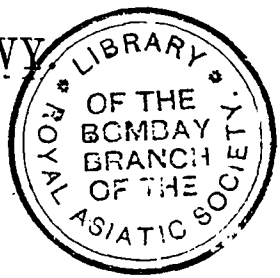
COLONEL MOORSOM

GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

CHRISTIAN HEROES

IN THE

ARMY AND NAVY



BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot.

EDITOR OF "LYRA BRITANNICA," ETC., ETC.

20382

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
MILTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL.
1867.

[*The Right of Translation is Reserved.*]

LONDON :

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO. PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

It has long been our settled conviction that the general diffusion of Christianity might be essentially promoted through the instrumentality of our soldiers and sailors. In the lately published Memoir of Major-General Wheler, that earnest man is represented as having expressed a similar opinion. "There was no college in the world like the Army," he said, "for training workmen for missions to the heathen."

The Army and Navy were honoured in scriptural times. By a soldier was the ancient Church led forth from the desert into the Land of Promise. The royal Psalmist was pre-eminently a man of war. Solomon promoted the maritime arts. His ships ventured on unknown seas, carrying to untutored tribes the first rudiments of knowledge.

To the preaching of the Baptist many soldiers drew near. When the Saviour entered on his public ministry, He chose twelve persons as His companions and the first preachers of His doctrines. These were chiefly seafaring men. Our Lord distinguished the military order likewise. He commended the centurion at Capernaum for possessing

a degree of faith such as He had not found in Israel. A centurion recognised our Lord's divinity in his expiring agonies. The centurion at Cæsarea was the first Gentile convert to the faith of a Saviour—the first person, not a Jew, who was baptized into the Church.

The converted soldier or sailor becomes a champion in the cause of Christ. In maintaining his profession he has to surmount a storm of ridicule, which can only be withstood on decided convictions. "There is," wrote Corporal Flockhart, "no hypocrite in the army for any considerable time, for if any soldier makes a profession of Christianity, that profession will soon be tried by hot persecution." He adds—"But when a man is tried and enabled by the grace of God to stand fast, and to act consistently with his Christian profession, he is esteemed even by the most ungodly." So there is abundant compensation for the ordeal. The tried soldier gains the respect of his former persecutors.

The nomadic character of the soldier's life is eminently conducive to the development of his Christian activities. When he sees province after province shrouded in moral and spiritual darkness, he is prompted to zealous efforts in the Master's work. In his missionary operations, he is privileged to speak with authority as the representative of an honoured nation. His military calling precludes the possibility of his being charged with spreading Christian doctrine for the sake of hire.

Nor are the Naval and Military professions unfavourable to the reception of the truth. There have been many conversions in both services. Amidst the idolatries

of India and the superstitions of Mahommedan lands, soldiers and sailors have been brought to admire the beauties of Christian doctrine and to love their Saviour. On the steppes of Africa, in the prairies of South America, and on the burning plains of Hindostan, have many British soldiers been led to embrace the life of faith. Deep convictions of sin, followed by faith and repentance, have moved the hearts of our country's defenders at every station in the world. Christ has been found in the barrack-room, on the parade, at the bivouac, and on the battle-field. The sailor has seen the Lord Jesus on the deep, both when the tempest lowered and in the calm. Many who in the Christian household at home remained unmoved by the Gospel call, have at remote military outposts and on unfrequented shores, heard the Saviour's voice, and owned His discipleship.

An unconverted soldiery is actively repellent to Gospel progress. The vicious example of thousands must neutralise the efforts of solitary preachers. So long as an unbridled licentiousness is exhibited in the lives of British soldiers or sailors, we may feel no surprise that the success of missionary effort in our Colonial empire and in India is circumscribed. To the heathen, Christianity must primarily recommend itself by the purity of its doctrines. If the manners of its professed votaries are impure, its doctrines will be received with scorn.

Including the Indian army, our Naval and Military services may at present embrace about 300,000 persons. These are distributed over a large portion of the globe. There are devoted chaplains and intelligent scripture-

readers. But there is abundant room for further evangelical efforts.

The extensive circulation of the Memoirs of earnest persons connected with both services would warrant the belief that the Christian public are deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of our land and sea forces. That these works are extensively read in barracks and in sailors' homes would indicate that the examples which they present are, among persons of the same profession, deemed worthy of imitation.

The present attempt to embody, in one volume, the biographies of persons in the Army and Navy, who have adorned the doctrine of the Lord Jesus, may prove acceptable. Read in the barrack or on shipboard, these pages may, under the Divine blessing, awaken to saving convictions those who have been strangers to Gospel truth, and who have associated the practice of godliness with the absence of heroism. Read in Christian families, an interest may be excited in the cause of missions to those who fight our battles, and who, if savingly enlightened, might carry the Gospel message to every quarter of the world.

LONDON, *July*, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADMIRAL KEMPENFELT	1
ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH	7
ADMIRAL SIR JAHLEEL BRENTON, BART.	12
ADMIRAL SIR W. EDWARD PARRY	21
GENERAL BURN	34
GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART.	44
GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON	51
GENERAL WHELER	58
COLONEL BLACKADER	67
COLONEL GARDINER	79
COLONEL FORDYCE	90
COLONEL MOUNTAIN	94
COLONEL MOORSOM	100
MAJOR VANDELEUR	104
CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON, R.N.	113
CAPTAIN BAZIN, R.N.	125

LIBRARY

PAGE

CAPTAIN HALDANE, R.N. 131

CAPTAIN ALLEN FRANCIS GARDINER, R.N. 140

CAPTAIN BATE, R.N. 152

CAPTAIN MELVILL 163

CAPTAIN HAMMOND 168

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS 183

CAPTAIN HARRINGTON 197

LIEUTENANT THE EARL OF ROCHESTER, R.N. 205

LIEUTENANT RHIND, R.N. 213

LIEUTENANT ST. JOHN 221

LIEUTENANT ANSTRUTHER 231

SERGEANT MARJOURAM 236

SERGEANT LINCOLN 247

CORPORAL MURRAY 252

CORPORAL FLOCKHART 255

PRIVATE SPROULE 263

PRIVATE ROBERT CRAWFORD 269

CONCLUDING REMARKS 277

CHRISTIAN HEROES

IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

ADMIRAL KEMPENFELT.

"Regretted chief, thy name,
Thy worth and merit shall extend the same.
Brilliant achievements have thy name imprest
In lasting characters on Albion's breast."

"THE memory of the just is blessed." Of the nine hundred unfortunate persons who perished in the *Royal George*, the only name which is familiar is that of Richard, Admiral Kempenfelt. An expert seaman, a skilful commander, and one of the most intrepid sailors who ever wore a cutlass, Admiral Kempenfelt was a loving, gentle Christian—one who lived very near to God. He was singularly unpretending and diffident. On shipboard men knew his worth by the benignity of his manners, the benevolence which marked his acts, and his repugnance to all coarseness and levity of speech. But it was at those periods when he was relieved of his naval duties that his religious character shone most brilliantly, and that the principles of his inner life were most apparent. Every believer possesses his special gift, which is, through grace, strengthened and intensified. The Christian qualities of Admiral Parry shone most vividly on

shipboard among his men; Captain Haldane renounced a seafaring career, with its prospects of opulence, to preach the gospel to the Scottish peasantry; Admiral Lord Exmouth was more noted on the land than on the ocean, as a Christian hero. The subject of this sketch was known at sea chiefly for his professional qualities and heroism; in his British home he was recognised as a Christian labourer, the spiritual associate of Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and of other earnest apostolic men.

He was son of Lieutenant-Colonel Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, who followed the fortunes of James II., and afterwards accepted a commission in the service of Queen Anne. He obtained the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, and died during the reign of George I. It has been supposed that the good qualities ascribed by Addison in the *Spectator* to Captain Sentry were intended to apply to Colonel Kempenfelt.

Richard Kempenfelt was born at Westminster in October, 1718. He entered the navy at an early age, and on the 14th January, 1741, obtained his commission as lieutenant. In 1750 he was serving on board the *Anson*. He was subsequently promoted post captain, and commissioned to the *Elizabeth*, a ship of 64 guns. On the 17th January, 1757, he was appointed captain to Commodore Stevens, then commanding a squadron under orders for India. The squadron sailed soon after. In the engagement which it sustained with Count d'Ache, in April 1758, Captain Kempenfelt so distinguished himself as to be warmly commended in the despatches. He now joined the *Queenborough* frigate, which was engaged to convoy the *Revenge*, freighted with troops for the relief of Madras, then besieged by French troops. The succour which was afforded to the severely beleaguered

garrison proved opportune and decisive. The assailants were driven off, and in a short period the French were expelled from India.

Kempenfelt now joined in succession the *Grafton* and *Norfolk*, in both ships acting as captain to his former commodore, now a rear-admiral. On the death of Admiral Stevens, he served as captain to his successor, and in this capacity greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Manilla. On the capitulation he was appointed governor of the port of Cavite, in recognition of his abilities and valour. Soon after, he proceeded to England with despatches. In 1763 he returned to the east, and resumed his post as captain of the *Norfolk*.

In 1770, Captain Kempenfelt was appointed to the *Buckingham*, which he quitted in the following year. He now began to devote his energies as a landsman to the spread of the Gospel. He is believed to have accompanied John Wesley in his itinerating, and it is certain he was personally engaged in the evangelising work then carried on in Cornwall. In 1777 he printed at Exeter a tractate of hymns and sacred poems, composed by himself, under the title "Original Hymns and Poems by Philotheros." In the dedication to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, he describes the compositions as "juvenile attempts in sacred poesy." They are unexceptionably excellent, both in expression and devotional sentiment. One of them, entitled "The Alarm," descriptive of the awful suddenness of an entrance into eternity, seems anticipatory of the sad yet glorious close of his own life. The hymn concludes with the following pæan—

O, my approving God!
Wash'd in Thy precious blood,
Bold I advance:

Fearless we range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an ecstatic song,
Thro' the expanse.

Another of these glorious lyrics is worthy of being quoted entire. It is in the gallant author's best vein.

Gentle Spirit, waft me over
Jordan's intervening flood ;
Lead me to the bleeding Lover,
Bear me to the rest of God :
Glad I eye the rich possession,
Land of peace and perfect love,
Joy, without an intermission,
Ever streaming from above.

Raise me, Lord, to solemn action ;
Breathe the energetic breath ;
Crown me with the true perfection,
Previous to the stroke of death :
Now commence the holy union,
Let a living seeker prove
All the riches of communion,
All the tenderness of love.

O, my agonising spirit !
Thou shalt surely enter in,
Pluck the fruit of Jesu's merit,
And expel the poison sin.
Far must all thy foes be driven,
Hell's invaders forced to flee,
While the potent arm of Heaven
Brings thee into liberty.

Yet, thro' Jesu's intercession,
I shall reach the fruitful shore,
There receive a saint's impression,
And be happy evermore.
By the force of love attracted,
Fluttering spirit fly away,
Jesu calls, by Him directed
Gain the path of perfect day.

Kempenfelt resumed his nautical duties in 1778, when

he was appointed to the *Alexander*, a ship of 74 guns. In the following year he joined the *Victory* as second in command to Sir Charles Hardy. While retaining this post, he was, in 1781, appointed to command a squadron of twelve ships of the line, and some frigates, which were ordered to attack a French fleet bound for the West Indies. The opposing squadron proved more formidable than had been anticipated, but Kempenfelt did not hesitate to discharge the duty entrusted to him. He contrived to pass between the enemy's line-of-battle ships and their convoy, and succeeded in capturing fifteen of the latter, and in destroying several others. The prizes were laden with important naval and military stores, and contained on board about a thousand men.

In 1782 Kempenfelt exchanged to the *Royal George*, and served as a flag officer in a squadron dispatched to watch the movements of the French fleet, which was preparing to sail from Brest to India. While employed on this service, the *Royal George* was found to have sprung a leak, and it was accordingly ordered to Spithead for repair.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 29th August, 1782, the work of heeling the vessel commenced. Within four hours it was got into a proper position for discovering the leak, but in order to enable the carpenters to remove more of the sheathing, she was ordered to be lowered another creek. This had just been accomplished by placing more of the guns on one side, when a squall coming on the vessel fell on her broadside, and the lower gunports being open, she immediately filled with water and went down. No fewer than twelve hundred persons were on board, including two hundred and fifty women and children. Three hundred were rescued; the remainder, including the gallant commander, perished

with the ship. So died Admiral Kempenfelt, bequeathing to those following him in the British navy a noble example of manly intrepidity and Christian devotedness. A monument raised to him in the churchyard of Portsea, is inscribed with the lines with which we have prefaced this sketch. It is much to be regretted that ampler materials do not exist for a memoir of this distinguished officer. Indifferent to personal fame, he unostentatiously discharged his duties to his country and to his God. When the moral condition of the navy was dark, he proved as a light shining in a dark place. All who served under him, or who were associated with him, acknowledged the consistency of his conduct. When he was temporarily relieved from his duties as an officer, he was actively engaged in performing those which devolved upon him as a Christian. He was summoned hastily to his rest. The engulphing waters which closed his mortal life, conducted him peacefully to the eternal shores. On earth he left the savour of a good report: his immortal spirit went to join that triumphant band before the throne who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

"A Christian is the highest style of man."—YOUNG.

OF the many naval and military officers who rose to eminence during the wars in which Great Britain was involved during the latter period of the last and the beginning of the present centuries, one of the most remarkable was Edward Pellew, afterwards Admiral Viscount Exmouth. He was born at Dover on the 19th of April, 1757. His father, who was descended from an old Cornish family, commanded a post-office packet on the Dover station. He died before his son Edward had reached his eighth year, leaving a widow and five children in a state of dependence. The family removed to Penzance, where Edward was placed at school with the clergyman of the parish. In 1770, he entered the navy in the *Juno*, which was sent to the Falkland Islands. Shortly after, he was transferred to the *Blonde*. While serving on board this ship he pursued a course of remarkable daring, which, though exposing him to occasional reproof from his superior officers, secured him the admiration of his shipmates.

When the *Blonde* was stationed off the American coast, Pellew first distinguished himself in the immediate duties of his profession. Attached to a party of seamen connected with General Burgoyne's expedition from Lake Champlain to Saratoga, he gave such extraordinary proof of his skill and valour as to receive a letter of approval from the Admiralty. Though only in his

twentieth year, he was taken into counsel by the senior officers; his opinion being always received with deference. On his return to England, he was promoted to a lieutenancy and appointed to a guard-ship at Portsmouth. The inactivities of a home station were repulsive to his energetic nature. On his solicitation, permission was granted him to serve abroad. He was appointed successively to the *Lycorne* and *Apollo*. In the latter vessel he obtained new laurels by successfully encountering a French frigate. In 1780 he took command of the *Hazard*, a sloop stationed on the east coast of Scotland. In March, 1782, he commissioned the *Pelican* at Plymouth, in which, on his first cruise, he captured a French privateer. He was now promoted to the *Suffolk*, with the rank of post-captain.

The peace of 1783 left Captain Pellew unemployed for the next four years. On the renewal of hostilities he was appointed to the *Salisbury* on the Newfoundland station, in which he served till 1791. When the war of the French Revolution began he was appointed to the *Nymphe* frigate. In this command he engaged in a desperate action with the French frigate *Cleopatra*, which he captured. On account of this distinguished service he was introduced to the King, from whom he received the honour of knighthood. The captain of the *Cleopatra* had fallen in the action, and one of Sir Edward's first acts was to write a letter of condolence to his widow, and, out of his own limited resources, to relieve in some measure the narrow circumstances in which she had been left. Sir Edward was now appointed to command the *Arethusa*. In 1794 he captured another French frigate. When stationed at Plymouth in 1796, he evidenced extraordinary valour in rescuing five hundred persons from a large East Indiaman which had stranded on the coast. For his intrepidity on this occasion he was created a

baronet, and presented with a valuable service of plate. In 1796, a powerful fleet was equipped at Brest by the French government with a view to invade Ireland, while a squadron of eight sail-of-the-line was to be detached to India, there to demolish the British rule. The formidable armament was, like the Spanish Armada, dispersed and destroyed by a storm, yet the vigilance with which Sir Edward Pellew watched the enemy's movements and completed their disaster by a series of successful encounters with a portion of their fleet, gave him additional claim on the gratitude of his country. During the mutiny at Spithead in 1799, his promptitude in checking the spirit of revolt largely conduced to the restoration of order. In 1801, he was commissioned a colonel of marines, and in 1802 was returned to Parliament for Barnstaple. In 1803, being appointed to the eighty-gun ship *Tonnant*, he successfully blockaded a Dutch squadron in the port of Ferrole, on their passage to India. In 1804, he was advanced as Rear-Admiral of the White, and received the appointment of commander-in-chief in India. His services in this command were, at its expiry four years after, publicly commended and rewarded both in India and Europe.

In 1810, Sir Edward received the command of the North Sea fleet. In the following year he was appointed commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. Two thousand miles of coast, from the Ionian Islands to Gibraltar, were in the hands of the enemy, yet during the three years he held command he lost not a single vessel by capture, and one only by shipwreck. His services were acknowledged by his being created Baron Exmouth, coupled with the decoration of the Bath. A magnificent service of plate was presented to him by his officers. Re-appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet, he was, in the

spring of 1816, ordered to repress the piracies of the Barbary States, to obtain the relief of the Christian slaves who were held in captivity in Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and to compel those powers to discontinue their practices of carrying off Christians into slavery. The Deys of Tunis and Tripoli consented, but the Algerines, confident in the strength of their fortifications, refused. With a fleet of five sail-of-the-line, five frigates, four bomb-vessels, and five gun-brigs, aided by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, Lord Exmouth approached close to the fortifications. A fierce cannonade raged from sea to shore for upwards of six hours. The sea-ward batteries, the harbour-walls, and the arsenals were laid in ruins; nine Algerine frigates and a whole flotilla of smaller vessels were burnt or sunk; about 7,000 Algerines perished. The Dey succumbed; 1000 Christians were liberated from cruel serfdom, and restored to their homes, and a treaty was executed, by which the Algerines became bound never again to enslave Christians. Lord Exmouth returned home to be greeted with the outburst of national gratitude. Corporations, communities, and the universities conferred upon him their distinctions. Continental sovereigns bestowed on him their orders of knighthood. He was elevated to a higher rank in the peerage, and a gold medal with appropriate emblems was presented to him by the Prince Regent.

Such was the professional career of one of the most illustrious of British Admirals. Yet the more ennobling part of his conduct remains to be recorded. Lord Exmouth was a faithful soldier of the Cross. He bore arms under the banner of the Great Spiritual Captain. His youth was passed in camps and ships at a period when profane conduct much prevailed, but he was never deterred by false shame from exhibiting a proper example.

There being no chaplain in his first frigate, the *Winchester*, he read on Sundays the church service to the crew. On the occasion of every signal deliverance or success he had a special service of devout thanksgiving. When he was fitting out the fleet for Algiers, he took care to provide for his ship a plentiful supply of the Holy Scriptures.

Lord Exmouth died at his seat, near Teignmouth, on the 23rd of January, 1832. "His death-bed," writes his biographer, "became the scene of his best and noblest triumph." Calmly he anticipated the hour of his departure. He had fought the good fight. His professional success he felt was due to the blessing of Him, in whom, through a Saviour, he had long placed his confidence and hope. He was grateful for his many deliverances in seasons of danger, and for the gift of long life. "Great as he was in battle," said one who was the attendant of his last hours, "he was never so great as on his death-bed." He anticipated the final change not with resignation merely, but with joyful expectation. He knew that he was going home to be for ever with the Lord. He had walked by faith; now he saw beyond Jordan that goodly land, of which he had already been permitted to taste some of the fruits. The waters stood up; he passed through, and the Saviour bade him welcome on the other side.

ADMIRAL SIR JAHLEEL BRENTON, BART., K.C.B.

"Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone."

WATTS.

THESE memoirs represent the remarkable variety of methods by which, under the influences of the Holy Spirit, souls are brought to God. Some are led from a career of life-long profligacy, at once to flee for refuge to the Cross; others are suddenly awakened from a state of lethargy or moral slumber; others, unmoved by a succession of warnings, are at length, through an instrumentality seemingly less effective, brought to realise their danger, and close with the offer of pardon. Of the last, an example is presented in the life-history of Admiral Brenton.

Jahleel Brenton was born at Rhode Island, on the 22nd of August, 1770. His family had been settled in America since the earlier part of the seventeenth century, when William Brenton left Hammersmith, and established himself as a trader at Boston. When the war broke out between Great Britain and America, the father of the subject of this memoir, who held a commission in the navy, proved loyal to the mother country, and removed his family to England. He ultimately attained the rank of Admiral.

So early as his eleventh year, Jahleel Brenton em-

barked as a midshipman on board the *Queen*, an armed ship; he afterwards resumed his studies, which were conducted at a maritime school at Chelsea and in France. In his seventeenth year he again entered on active duty by proceeding on board the *Dido*, which was employed in surveying the coast and harbours of Nova Scotia. He passed his examination as lieutenant in 1790, and accepted employment in the Swedish navy, which was then engaged in operations against the Russians in the Gulf of Finland. After a few months, he received his commission as a lieutenant in the British navy. In 1792, he obtained the command of the *Trepassey*, a small cutter in Newfoundland. He afterwards served on board the *Sibyl*, one of the ships employed in conveying to England the Princess Caroline, afterwards Princess of Wales.

After a period of ill-health, Lieutenant Brenton again offered himself for active service. In December, 1795, he was appointed to the *Alliance* storeship, from which he was transferred to the *Gibraltar*, a ship of eighty guns. This vessel, which formed one of Sir John Jarvis's fleet at Gibraltar, was driven by a gale against the *Pearl* rock off Cabritta point. From the stunning effects of a severe fall, the captain of the *Gibraltar* was incapable of taking action, and, at this unexpected crisis, Brenton found himself in command of the ship. By the judicious measures which he adopted, the vessel was saved.

As a reward of good service, Lieutenant Brenton was, in 1798, appointed to command H.M. sloop *Speedy*, which was employed off Cadiz in protecting the merchant victuallers. In November, 1799, the *Speedy* was attacked by twelve Spanish gun-boats, and a ten-gun French privateer. Brenton ordered the guns to be loaded with grape, and just as the Spaniards rose to board, met

them with a volley so formidable, that they sheered off, utterly paralysed. For his service on this occasion, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain.

After some changes, Captain Brenton was appointed to a ship in the fleet under the command of Admiral Sir James Saumarez at Gibraltar. In two engagements with a portion of the Spanish and French fleets, he greatly distinguished himself, and on both occasions received special commendations from the Admiral. In 1802, he returned to England. He was soon after married to Isabella, daughter of Anthony Stewart, Esq., of Maryland, Virginia, a lady to whom he had been long attached.

On the renewal of continental hostilities, Captain Brenton was, in the spring of 1803, appointed to command the *Minerve* frigate. Having proceeded to the blockade of Cherbourg an event occurred, which was fraught with an important influence in his future history. In a dense fog, the *Minerve* grounded on a shoal in dangerous proximity to Cherbourg harbour. After a daring effort to effect an escape, he was compelled to surrender to the enemy. Brenton and his crew, now prisoners of the French Republic, were ordered by the First Consul to be marched to Epinal, the capital of the department of the Vosges.

The journey was 500 miles, and many hardships had to be endured. Captain Brenton used every effort to secure the best treatment for his officers and men, and by his prudence and conciliatory manners generally succeeded in his benevolent intentions. Personally, he experienced from the French Minister of Marine much consideration, and every indulgence which could reasonably have been expected by a prisoner of war.

At Epinal, Captain Brenton obtained another Friend,

whom heretofore he had not sought. He was brought to realise the power of Divine grace, and found his Saviour. We shall explain the spiritual change which had begun, in his own words:—

"I began," he writes, "to reflect seriously on my religious opinions. I had, indeed, long been in the habit of attending to the form of religion, particularly from the period of my having served under that exemplary character, Sir James Saumarez. It had been habitual to me on the approach of danger, or battle, to offer up a mental prayer for support, but upon a more deliberate examination, I came to the conclusion that Christianity was no part of my religion; that it was almost entirely confined to the first sentence of the Prayer-book. 'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness,' &c. I had always felt some indefinite purpose of doing this, and of amending my life; but then it was only done in trying myself by the letter of the commandments; and when there was a decided breach of duty, I felt perfectly satisfied. With regard to the New Testament, it hardly appeared to me as of any importance; it was seldom read, and less meditated upon. I was scrupulous in performing a certain round of duties in the cold and heartless manner which may be supposed; but they were all tasks performed in fear, and none in love."

Through the indulgence of the French authorities, he was, on account of his health, permitted to reside at Verdun, and afterwards at Tours. In the spring of 1805 he was joined by his wife and infant son. By an exchange of prisoners, he was enabled to return to Britain in December, 1806. In reference to this event, the following entry occurs in his journal.

"I failed not to offer up my thanks to Almighty God daily, for the mercies he so bountifully bestowed upon

me; and now, O, heavenly Father, Thou hast called forth my gratitude on a new subject, by Thy merciful Providence, for all good belongeth to Thee alone. We have at length obtained the object we so much wished for. Our captivity has ceased."

On his arrival in England, Brenton was honourably acquitted by court-martial, for the loss of the *Minerve*, and thereafter was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Spartan*. She carried £700,000 to Malta, and thereafter sailed for Toulon, to watch the motions of the French fleet. An untoward occurrence at the outset of this command caused him much pain, and involved him in some unpleasantness with Admiral Lord Collingwood, who commanded at the station. The Admiral had issued positive orders that no boat should be sent out, unless in circumstances in which it might be protected from the ship. When the *Spartan* was off Nice, a polacre ship was observed, and with a view to determine its guise, character, and motions, Captain Brenton dispatched a barge, under charge of the first lieutenant, but with express orders that, should she prove a vessel of force, no attack should be made. The ship was found to possess a tier of guns, and the lieutenant imprudently fired upon it. The consequences were disastrous. The enemy opened fire, and with such terrible effect that nearly the entire crew were placed *hors de combat*. The first and second lieutenants and two midshipmen were killed.

Captain Brenton so far overcame the displeasure of the Admiral, for this untoward event, that he was dispatched in quest of a French squadron, off the coast of Sardinia. He was successful in discovering the enemy's motions, and the skill which he displayed on the occasion secured him the warm approbation of the Admiral. In April, 1807, he took the town of Pisaro,

capturing a number of vessels, with cargoes to the value of £10,000. In conjunction with the Austrian flotilla in the Adriatic, he took the fortified island of Lussin, a considerable acquisition to the allies. Having joined, in 1809, an expedition against the Ionian Isles, he reduced the strong fort of Cerigo, an important service which was specially acknowledged by the Admiralty.

Captain Brenton was now to accomplish the greatest achievement of his career. Having been sent to the Bay of Naples to watch the movements of Murat, he discovered the enemy's squadron, consisting of a frigate, 44 guns; a corvette, 28 guns; and a cutter of 10 guns. An engagement ensued, which Murat witnessed from the shore. After a hot conflict, in which the sailors of the *Spartan* fought with a gallantry which evoked even the admiration of Murat, the opposing armament was completely routed. Captain Brenton was severely wounded by a grape shot, and though reluctant to abandon his command, was obliged to return to England.

His return was attended with some trials. His wound, which was a serious one, caused him intense pain, and his sufferings were increased by the information that his agents, entrusted with the entire amount of his savings, had failed, and that an adverse decision in regard to his stoppage of two American vessels had involved him in a further loss of £3000. He did not unduly complain, but cast himself and his family on the protection of Him who sticketh closer than any brother, and who amidst their severest chastisements, is near unto His people. The menaced difficulties were surmounted; a pension of £300 was allowed him in compensation for his wound, and he received the honour of a baronetcy.

On the restoration of his health Sir Jahleel Brenton was, in 1812, appointed Resident Commissioner at Minorca. This honourable post he exchanged, after three years, for the appointment of Naval Commissioner at the Cape of Good Hope. There he zealously applied himself in promoting the temporal welfare of the liberated negroes, and in ameliorating the moral and spiritual condition of the colony. Other severe trials were in store. During the summer of 1817, he was deprived of his attached and like-minded wife, and of one of his sons—a promising boy of eleven. Scarcely a month elapsed between the death of the mother and son. The bereaved husband and father submissively bowed to the Divine will. Lady Brenton's deathbed was so edifying and hopeful, that the survivor had no reason to doubt as to her eternal happiness. From Sir Jahleel's journal, we present a portion of an entry, made on the first anniversary of Lady Brenton's decease.

"From my own experience I deeply feel the chastening but merciful hand of God in these awful dispensations. They have awakened me to a true sense of my situation, and have shown me, that whilst happy here, my eternal felicity was at stake; for I was guilty of gross idolatry, by allowing every thought to centre in the blessings bestowed upon me, with little more than a nominal reference to the all-merciful Providence from whom I received them. This is the first year of my life in which I can conscientiously claim to have made any progress in religious attainments, for greatly defective as I must still allow myself to be, I feel that I have a deeper sense of the Divine presence constantly upon my mind, that I have less of that dreadful repugnance to the service of my Maker, and more energy in the performance of it. . . . . Affliction only can clear away the mist from our eyes, and

enable us to distinguish the fleeting and chequered enjoyments of this world from the real and never-ending felicity which can only be attained in that which is to come."

The estimate formed by Sir Jahleel Brenton as to the uses of affliction was just. Adverse events, which harden the ungodly, awaken and stimulate the believer. Under chastisement, the converted soul is ripened and purified. Bereavement strengthens faith and engenders hope. The shadow of death is enlivened by the hues of heaven. The star of immortality becomes more brilliant as the night of trial darkens.

Sir Jahleel was relieved of his duties at the Cape at the close of 1821. On his return to Britain he espoused his cousin Harriet, daughter of James Brenton, Esq., one of the judges in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1822, he was appointed to the command of the *Royal Charlotte* yacht. In 1825 he was nominated a colonel of marines, and in 1829 was assigned the command of the guard-ship *Donegal*, at Sheerness. In 1830, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and in the year following received the honourable appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. In this situation, he devoted much attention to the interests of the Naval School, and beyond the more immediate sphere of his official duties, sought the welfare of the sailor by supporting the institution of a Sailors' Home in London, and affording his co-operation in establishing the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

In 1840, Sir Jahleel retired from his appointment in Greenwich Hospital, when his name was placed on the list of Flag Officers of the Fleet. His advancement in those things which concern the inner life is indicated by the following extract from a letter which he addressed to a friend in 1837:—

"I cannot expect the future time to be very long, but I hope I am looking more and more earnestly and less anxiously for that period when time shall be no more. The world, I hope, becomes more and more like land I have seen passing out of sight astern, and eternity like that, the approach of which we are obliged to calculate to secure a safe arrival. Of one thing I become more and more certain and assured, which is, that we can do nothing of ourselves, but that there is abundance of help and power ready to assist us if we will but accept of and receive it."

The help sought for was not denied by Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. In the spring of 1844, Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton lay upon his death-bed. He expressed a firm trust and perfect reliance on the all-prevailing merits of his Blessed Saviour. He had long lived in anticipation of the coming hour, and he was now abundantly content to proceed on his last long voyage. He saw Jesus at the helm. He heard His Divine voice, and realised His promises. He sunk quietly into rest. His death took place at Leamington on the 21st of April, 1844.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD PARRY.

"Jesus! at Thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For Thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine."

TOPLADY.

THIS distinguished Arctic navigator was born at Bath on the 19th of December, 1790. His father was a physician, and he had purposed that Edward should follow the same profession. A love of adventure which marked his boyhood, led his parents afterwards to determine that he should make trial of a sea-life. In June, 1803, he was appointed to the *Ville de Paris*, a line-of-battle ship, forming part of the Channel Fleet, then under the command of Admiral Cornwallis. With a high recommendation from the Admiral, young Parry became midshipman on board of the *Tribune* frigate, early in 1806.

Under the guidance of a pious mother, Parry had been led to "know the Scriptures" from his youth. The earnest impressions received at home were not forgotten on shipboard. In a letter bearing date June 21st, 1806, he laments the want of Divine service on board the frigate, and resolves that his "more quiet and composed hours shall be employed in his duty to his Maker and Heavenly Father." About the same period, in the immediate prospect of an engagement, he writes, "Whenever I may go into action, I shall never do so thought-

lessly. I shall always carry in my mind who is my protector and my friend; whilst my body is doing my duty as an officer, my heart shall be raised much higher, and shall be secretly (at least to the world) imploring a blessing from my Heavenly Father." Parry subsequently exchanged into the *Vanguard* line-of-battle ship. In January, 1810, he passed the necessary examination, and received his commission as lieutenant. He now joined the *Alexandria* frigate, at Sheerness, in which he served for the three following years. On his return from a cruise on the coast of Norway, he writes to his sisters: "I have a little way of talking seriously now and then, and if such moments can, with propriety, be called melancholy, that melancholy is the most delightful sensation I experience. Trust me, my dears, if some folks could read my thoughts on death, and on the glorious prospect of eternity, they would not believe I was a sailor."

In 1813, Lieutenant Parry joined H.M.S. *La Hogue*, then at Halifax. While serving in this ship, he was employed in a boat expedition for the destruction of some American privateers in the river Connecticut; his prowess on this occasion was acknowledged by a medal. The termination of the war with Napoleon seemed to put a check on his promotion. After some unsuccessful efforts to attain advancement, he returned to Bath early in 1817, there to comfort his aged father, who had been seized with paralysis. It had been one of his earliest resolutions not to complain of disappointments, to accept everything as for the best, and to rely implicitly in the wisdom and goodness of God. He now realized the fruits of his patience and faith. Towards the close of 1817, he received preferment particularly to his liking, being appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Alexander*,

in Captain Ross's expedition for the discovery of the North-West passage.

The *Alexander* was put in readiness at Deptford under his superintendence, and in April, 1818, the expedition sailed. Parry resolved that there should be Divine service in his ship every Sunday. "If," he wrote, "it edifies one man only in my crew, it cannot be said to be of no avail; but I am sure it will do more; at all events, I am doing a duty. Let us trust with implicit confidence in that God, whose eye is everywhere, and whose mercy and beneficence are equally conspicuous whether we traverse the frozen regions of the north, or bask in the sunshine of our native plains." The expedition returned to Britain in the end of October. To the Admiralty Lieutenant Parry communicated sentiments of a hopeful character. He considered that attempts at discovery in the Polar regions had hitherto been relinquished just at the time when there was the greatest chance of succeeding.

A new expedition consisting of the *Hecla* and *Griper* was fitted out, the chief command being entrusted to Parry. The exploring vessels left the Thames on the 11th May, 1819 On the 3rd September he communicated to his crews the cheering intelligence that they had become entitled to the first in the scale of reward granted by Parliament to those who should succeed in penetrating to longitude 110 W. Greenwich, within the Arctic circle. The season of navigation in those ice-bound regions having closed, he proceeded to Winter Harbour, where he was compelled, from the state of the ice, to remain for more than ten months. Even at the lapse of this long period it was found impossible to press further westward. The expedition returned to Britain. Parry was everywhere hailed with applause, and presented with testimonials of

distinction. By the Admiralty he was publicly thanked, and raised to the rank of commander. But the honours bestowed upon him by his countrymen did not cause him to forget his obligations to Him by whose providence his life had been preserved amidst the perils of Polar seas. On the arrival of the *Hecla* and *Griper* in the Thames, he made a request to the clergyman of St. Mary-le-Strand, that a public thanksgiving might be offered up in his church for (to use his own expressive words) "the many many mercies we have received."

The existence of a North-West passage had been virtually established. In order, if possible, to complete the discovery, the Admiralty found Captain Parry ready to undertake a further expedition. He was commissioned as commander of H.M.S. *Fury*, the *Hecla*, his former ship, being also placed under his orders. On the 8th May, 1821, the ships left the Thames, entering Hudson's Straits in the end of June. By the transport vessel which had accompanied them from the Nore to Davis' Straits, Captain Parry despatched a letter to his parents. He expressed his deep feeling of gratitude to God for the blessing of health, and the other mercies granted to him. He referred to the vanity of time, and the paramount necessity of preparing for the future life. He entreated the Divine blessing on his parents, adding these impressive words—"Whether we are to meet again here, God only knows; but of this He has assured us, that we can, by earnestly imploring His grace and assistance, and by our own best endeavours, secure to ourselves a meeting where shall be joy and happiness without a single drawback, for ever and ever." The voyage continued nearly two years and a half. The discoveries made in the north-eastern portions of the American coast were of considerable geographical importance: while it was

shown what route was to be avoided in the further quest of a passage westward. On his return to Britain, in October, 1823, Parry was seized with a violent fever, and his life was despaired of. When his health was restored, he was offered the post of Hydrographer to the Admiralty. But he was anxious to accomplish that which he regarded as his life work.

A fourth expedition, consisting of the *Hecla* and *Fury*, under Captain Parry's command, sailed from the Nore on the 19th May, 1824. On this occasion he had resolved to pursue his course westward, through Prince Regent's Inlet. The effort proved unavailing; he returned to Britain in October, 1825, leaving the *Hecla* a wreck in northern waters. Though unsuccessful in respect of the main design of these voyages, he had discovered the passage of Lancaster Sound, and Barrow Strait, Prince Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel, and Melville Island. Even his failures served as landmarks to future explorers.

It was during the course of this last voyage, and while his vessel was locked up in the ice at Port Bowen, that he was brought to know "the way of God more perfectly." Hitherto he had been "a devout man," had admired virtue, and had bowed reverently at the footstool of the Creator. He now came to the Saviour with a childlike faith, and was led to cling confidently yet humbly to the cross of his Redeemer. On his return to London he began to evince an active interest in the proceedings of religious societies. At the annual meeting of the Naval and Military Bible Society, in 1826, he spoke emphatically as to the benefits of scripture reading and exposition on board the *Hecla*. "The effect was simply this," he proceeded, "that the very best men on board the *Hecla*—those, I mean, who were always called

upon in times of especial danger and difficulty—were without exception those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects, and that if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made of that number, the choice would, without hesitation, fall on two or three individuals, eminently Christians. Should I be employed in a similar service," he added, "and were you to ask what men I would select, I would say 'give me the best Christians,' for then we should be strong indeed—strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Parry had not long resumed his duties as Hydrographer at the Admiralty, when his indefatigable enterprise led him again into northern waters. At his earnest request he was appointed to the command of an expedition for the purpose of attempting to reach the North Pole. Meanwhile he was united in marriage to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir John Stanley, afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderley. This excellent gentlewoman had long been interested in Arctic voyaging; she was likewise a proper helpmate to him in respect of her religious views. Her husband could appropriately address to her these words of comfort a few days after he had entered upon his new voyage. "Let God continue to have a place in every thought, and in exchange you will be sure to receive His peace, which passeth all understanding! Yes it is indeed His strength which has enabled us to bear this trial of separation; and it should, and I trust will, teach us how utterly unable we are to do anything of ourselves, but that His grace is sufficient for us." In a subsequent letter to her he expresses this acceptable counsel. "In your going out and in your coming in, whatever you do, let a little fervent, though silent, prayer ascend to His ear, who never refuses to listen to us. This is not as some would tell us, gloom and

melancholy. Who is, who can be, so cheerful as the Christian? None! He has a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Dwell as much as possible in your reading on the very wonderful scheme of redemption by Christ, a scheme which none but God could have devised. Continue as you now do to weigh every verse of Scripture which you read, and you will find new beauties, and new proofs of the tender mercies of God displayed in the atonement of the Saviour as you proceed with this delightful study."

Sailing from Deptford, in the *Hecla*, on the 25th March, 1827, Parry reached the shores of Spitzbergen on the 12th May. He left the *Hecla* at Treurenberg Bay, and proceeded with two boats in his cruise northward. Morning and evening did the captain with his little crew commend themselves to God in prayer. Latitude 82° 45′ was reached, but the continued southerly drifts of ice which roughly impeded their progress, compelled them to abandon the further prosecution of the enter prise. Parry presented himself at the Admiralty about the end of September, and there received every mark of consideration. In April, 1829, along with his friend, Captain Franklin, he had the honour of knighthood conferred on him by his Majesty George IV.

A domestic affliction, caused by the very sudden death of his infant son, in November, 1828, was much sanctified to him and his affectionate helpmate. In acknowledging a letter of sympathy from a Christian friend, he refers to the severe nature of this dispensation, and then proceeds—"We have been brought to feel that it is indeed God's hand, and that it is good for us to be afflicted. God grant that we may be so exercised by this chastening that it may indeed yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness." After the critical illness of Lady

Parry, at the birth of a second child, which survived only a week, he wrote—"Need I say what have been our feelings during all this trial? Need I assure you that it has brought us much, very much, nearer to God through Christ—that it has taught us to feel more assuredly our lost state without a Saviour, and the mercy, the infinite loving kindness of God, in providing such an one for us."

In the spring of 1829, Sir Edward accepted the responsible appointment of Commissioner to the Agricultural Company, in New South Wales. Before his embarkation, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. From the Downs he wrote to his mother on his outward voyage. "On Sunday we have always our little church service on deck. I stand chaplain, and always use your dear Bible and Prayer Book in one, which I have used in all my voyages for the same purpose. All the passengers and crew attend, and I trust it may be the means of good to some." On their arrival at Carribeen, the Company's settlement (about 100 miles north of Sydney), Sir Edward and Lady Parry proceeded to devote themselves to the moral and spiritual reformation of those under their superintendence. Schools were established, and a carpenter's shop adapted on Sundays as a place of public worship, in which the Commissioner conducted Divine service himself. Sir Edward's engagement with the Company was for four years. Before his departure from the colony, he laid the foundation of a church, towards the erection of which he largely contributed. By his efficient administration he much improved the condition of the Company's affairs; while his missionary labours converted a moral wilderness into a land of hope.

Sir Edward and Lady Parry, with their four chil-

dren, embarked at Sydney, in June, 1834, arriving at Gravesend in November, after a voyage of five months. He was now invited to become a candidate for the representation of his native city in parliament, but he declined to undertake duties which implied political partizanship. In March, 1835, he was chosen assistant Poor Law Commissioner in the county of Norfolk, a post for which there were upwards of a thousand candidates. To his new duties he applied himself with his wonted ardour, but the incessant round of labour, consisting of travelling and an enormous official correspondence, so completely prostrated his system, which had been much deteriorated by his residence in New South Wales, that he was obliged to resign office. About this period his eldest daughter was smitten down by scarlet fever. In comforting a friend, who was in a state of anxiety about one of her children under the same alarming epidemic, Sir Edward wrote—"The waters have been deep and troubled, but I trust the encouraging words, 'It is I, be not afraid,' have sounded in your ears, and strengthened your heart, throughout the whole of it. Oh! the weakness of our faith! We are not satisfied with the dispensations of the Saviour, whom we know to be all-merciful as well as almighty. How exactly our conduct resembles that of our children towards ourselves. And then to think that our Father cannot err in His correction. It is, indeed, a thought full of comfort—all His corrections working for His own glory and our salvation." When, a year after, another beloved child was cut down, the afflicted father was able to write to a sympathising friend in the following strain: "What bitter, bitter lessons we need to bring us to God at all! That we do need such chastisement is most certain, for we know that all smaller trials pass away as a morning cloud, leaving no substan-

tial trace behind them. . . . . No matter how rough the way, if heaven be the end of it; only let us make sure work of it, for we have no time to lose, and may every event be blessed to us, whether prosperous or adverse."

The subject of this memoir was about to undergo a heavier trial than any he had yet experienced. At Tunbridge Wells, in May, 1839, Lady Parry was confined of twin sons, who lived only a few hours, and it soon became evident that the mother's strength was failing. Sir Edward watched by her bedside with the most affectionate solicitude. After an illness of two days she fell asleep in Jesus. The shock, so severe and unexpected, was almost overpowering. But Sir Edward knew in whom he believed, and was, therefore, not as one of those who "sorrow without hope." He could thus express himself. "You have pointed to the only source of consolation, to Him who is emphatically the God of all consolation! Blessed be His name; I have found Him on this occasion faithful to His promises, 'a very present help' in my time of trouble. No words can express the comfort derived at such a time, from the confident assurance that my beloved wife was a true child of God, and that, therefore, she is now in the bosom of her Saviour, whom she loved—safe, with six of our little ones, in the Redeemer's fold, and for ever." In the following year Sir Edward published a small volume on the "Parental Character of God," in the preface to which he feelingly alludes to his departed helpmate. The work was well received; it has since been translated into French and German.

In 1837, Sir Edward had entered on the duties of an office, lately formed at the Admiralty, under the title of Comptroller of Steam Machinery. In 1841, he drew up a Report for Sir Robert Peel's government, on the state

of the Caledonian Canal. In the same year he contracted a second marriage, the object of his choice being Catherine, daughter of the Rev. R. Hankinson, Rector of Walpole, Lynn, and widow of Samuel Hoare, jun., Esq., of Hampstead. In 1845, he underwent a successful operation on account of a painful and alarming malady. About the same time he endured a period of anxiety, consequent on the failure of the Bank of Australia, of which he was a shareholder. His submission to the Divine will never appeared more perfect than in those days of apprehended embarrassment. "It is not pleasant to flesh and blood," he wrote to a Christian friend, "to have the prospect of beginning the world again, as it is called, at the age of fifty-three, and after a life of toil; but I do not believe that my children will ever be suffered to be in want; and as for myself the time is short." To another he wrote, "Could you see what peace has been vouchsafed to us in this trial, you would rather envy than pity us under it! Indeed it has been a season of refreshing, strengthening—I trust I may say, of holy confidence in our gracious God, and an abiding assurance that this trial comes not from man's hands, but from Him who makes all things to work together for good to them that love Him!" His faith was not in vain. The cloud passed away. His loss was much less than he had feared, and from another investment in Australia, he realized nearly as much as he had lost.

In 1846, Sir Edward was relieved of the irksome duties of the Comptrollership, by being appointed Captain-Superintendent of the Royal Clarence Yard, and of the Naval Hospital of Haslar. As he had done before at Carribeen, he at once applied himself to the spiritual, no less than the temporal, welfare of the patients in the hospital. With consent of the chaplain, he delivered a

series of Sunday evening lectures, and was otherwise unremitting in his attention to the invalids. Nor was his attention solely confined to those with whom the duties of his office brought him into contact. During the famine which raged in Ireland, in 1847, Sir Edward and Lady Parry saved £1 a week on housekeeping, which they sent as a contribution to the Relief Fund. In the religious societies at Gosport and Portsea, he evinced the deepest interest, particularly in the local auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the foundation of a Sailor's Home at Portsmouth, he took an active part, and earnestly pointed out the importance of such institutions being generally provided, both for the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine. In 1852 he was relieved of his post at Haslar, on obtaining the rank of Admiral. He now took a private residence at Bishop's Waltham, employing his leisure time in abetting the efforts of the parochial clergyman for the educational and spiritual improvement of the locality. At the close of 1853, he received the last appointment of his useful life, being selected by Lord Aberdeen to fill the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Here he applied himself with his wonted ardour to the best interests of the place. Foremost in every work of benevolence and philanthropy, he combined the energetic discharge of duty with the utmost Christian earnestness.

His career was drawing to a close. For some time he had been in a failing state of health. In August, 1854, he was attacked with the premonitory symptoms of Asiatic cholera, which, though brought under control, left him much enfeebled. In May, 1855, he proceeded to Ems, in Germany. He did not profit by the change. It soon became evident that his ailment was of a serious character. The patient contemplated the change with

his wonted firmness, and a still increasing faith. For some weeks his ever-recurring prayer was, "Father, in thine own good time, receive me to Thy mercy." "Are you willing to depart and go to Jesus?" said Lady Parry to him one day. "Oh, how I long for it," was the reply, "I long for it." At another time he said, "My desire is to slip away, to slip into the arms of my precious Saviour." The night before his departure he was overheard to say, "The chariots and horses," evidently under the impression of his speedy release. Free of pain, and conscious to the last, his lingering spirit gently "slipped away" on Sunday, the 8th July, 1855. His remains were conveyed to Greenwich, and there interred in the mausoleum of the Hospital.

The life of Admiral Parry presents a notable example to every British seaman. Devoid of every selfish wish, he sought the temporal and spiritual welfare of all around him. He desired that those under his command should join the standard of his Divine Master. By faith he saw Jesus on the deep. In the stormy waters, and amidst the waves of adversity, he could hear and realise his Saviour's words, "It is I, be not afraid." As he lived, so he died. He had long followed his Master in the life below, and when the call was made, "Come up hither," he resigned his spirit and fell asleep.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURN, R.M.

"To go where God may lead thee,
To live for Christ alone,
To run thy race unburden'd,
The goal thy Father's throne;
To view by faith the promise,
While earthly hopes decay;
To serve the Lord with gladness—
Be this thy work to-day."

ANDREW BURN was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, on the 8th December, 1742. Both his parents, being God-fearing persons, earnestly sought to bring him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Their early teaching led him to yield a certain external respect to ordinances, and to the Divine word, afterwards, indeed, to be sadly departed from,—yet when the blessed change came, to be remembered with deep thankfulness. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is a duty which parents ought prayerfully to remember. The seed sown may apparently be uprooted or choked among the thorns of a life of sin, yet, under Divine grace, some latent germs may spring up after the lapse of years. Such, every reader of Christian biography is aware, has often happened. So it was in the case of the subject of the present memoir.

Having obtained an ordinary school education, Andrew Burn entered at the age of fourteen the office of a lawyer. He did not relish employment at the desk, and as his father had, on account of losses in trade, accepted

the situation of purser in a sloop of war, his thoughts were turned towards a seafaring life. In his sixteenth year he joined his father's vessel, which shortly after sailed for the North Sea, having been stationed at the Dogger-bank to protect the fishing.

In 1759, accompanied by his father, Burn sailed from Spithead for the West Indies. On arriving at Jamaica his father was, on account of impaired health, obliged to resign his situation, and arrange for an early return to Britain. To the son a sea-life had already become obnoxious, and he readily acquiesced in his father's proposal that he should leave the ship and enter the office at Kingston of the Deputy Secretary of the island. But he was still unsettled. He soon conceived an aversion to Jamaica, and applied to the admiral on the station for a passage to England. Shortly before his departure he was attacked by a dangerous fever. When he was convalescent, he rose to make his bed, and found a huge scorpion, which had shared his couch during the period of his illness.

Having embarked on board the *Edinburgh*, he found that vessel in a leaky condition, and during a storm which occurred, he experienced considerable apprehension of shipwreck. A Virginian trader having appeared, bound for Whitehaven, he and some other passengers arranged with the captain for a passage to England. Having arrived at Whitehaven, he communicated with his father, who, indignant at the unsettled course of life he was pursuing, ordered him to proceed to London, and from thence to return to Jamaica. When he arrived in the metropolis, he found that his father had procured him the appointment of purser in the *Sea-horse* man of war. He arrived, however, too late to occupy his office, for the vessel had already sailed. From a lady to whom

he was known he received a letter of introduction to her husband, then on board the *Royal George*. He proceeded to Portsmouth in the hope that on the delivery of his letter he would at once procure some employment, and the immediate supply of his wants. But the *Royal George* was then cruising in the Channel. He walked about the streets, and on the ramparts of Portsmouth, till he became exhausted by hunger and fatigue. In this sad extremity, he was accosted by an old acquaintance, who asked him whether he had dined. Explaining his circumstances, his friend not only entertained him with a sumptuous meal, but provided him with funds. Tidings now reached him that Sir Henry Erskine, his father's patron, had procured him a commission in the Marines. He proceeded to Chatham to join his corps.

Another instance of remarkable deliverance is contained in his fragmentary autobiography. In 1763 he sailed from Plymouth on a cruise. The evening he went on board a hammock was put up for him in the gun-room. At daybreak, the quartermaster having shifted the helm, the tiller came foul of his hammock, and squeezed his head against a beam. He awoke in great pain, and found his head so firmly jammed between the tiller and the beam that he could not disengage it. He called for help. One who was present ran on deck, and, shifting the helm, relieved him, though not without difficulty. On his knees he thanked God for his deliverance.

Having been placed on half-pay, Lieutenant Burn, in order to add to his emoluments, became tutor to a young man who, with his parents, was proceeding to reside in France. This situation he did not long retain, but it unfortunately introduced him to the corrupt prac-

tices of French society. At a former period he had solemnly vowed to renounce card-playing and gambling of every description. He had persevered in his resolution for a considerable period, but having been decoyed into holding a hand of cards for some one who had been suddenly called from the table on business, he plunged into the habit as before. He became a most inveterate gambler. At the card-table he was engaged day and night, and on Sundays and week-days alike. His early practice of Scripture reading was abandoned, and he began to read with avidity the works of French infidel writers. In the progress of time he began to deny the authenticity of the Scriptures, and to question the existence of God. Smitten with a love of French society and manners, he employed himself with extraordinary diligence in mastering the language, with a view to augmenting his income by authorship. He composed a tragedy, from which he hoped to derive both fame and emolument, but its rejection by the manager of a theatre at Paris caused him the deepest disappointment and distress. An English lady helped him with some money to enable him to return to Britain.

Having returned to Anstruther, his parents were shocked to remark the lamentable change in his principles and conduct, and they besought him to abandon his infidel opinions. They earnestly prayed for his conversion. The death of his only brother led him to reflect seriously. The sophistries of infidelity began to disappear before the solemn realities of death. A striking dream produced anxiety and alarm. A deep conviction of sin took possession of a soul long a stranger to the power of religion. The long-closed Bible was opened and read with reverence and prayer. The house of God, so long avoided, was entered, and the public ordinances were appreciated and delighted in. Lieu-

tenant Burn has recorded the sentiments and feelings which he entertained at this period. We shall quote a portion of his narrative. "I now read the Bible with wonder and astonishment. I paused almost at every sentence, ruminating within myself, and could hardly be persuaded whether or not I had ever read many of the passages before, so amazingly were they opened, and so different did the meaning of them appear to be from what I had previously apprehended." He adds, "I now plainly saw I had long strayed in the wilderness of error, and was fully and delightfully convinced the Good Shepherd had found me out, and was determined to carry me back again to His fold. But what is very astonishing, I did not yet perceive any sensible dawnings of affection after Him, or feel in my heart that love and delight which, blessed be His name, I humbly trust I have at times since sweetly experienced. Nor, till nearly a year afterwards, did I rightly conceive in any adequate degree, what was meant by the intolerable burden of sin."

Having returned to military duty at Chatham, Lieutenant Burn married a Christian lady to whom he had been long attached. Her spiritual converse proved eminently helpful to him. He suffered from a growth in the neck, which was removed by a painful surgical operation. He acknowledged the Divine hand in this affliction. The chastisement was sanctified, and his faith thereby strengthened. Already the feeling of pardon, through the finished work at Calvary, had relieved his soul from the oppressive load of sin and the sense of guilt. He now began to apprehend more clearly the love of Christ, and in contemplating the wonderful mystery of grace, was led to strive more earnestly to avoid all appearance of evil, and in his inner life and outward conversation, to adorn the doctrine of his God and Saviour.

"In proportion," he afterwards wrote, "as the love of Christ increased in my soul, a daily hatred to sin was excited. I gradually saw the dreadful consequences that attended it, and how odious it was in the sight of a pure and holy God. At these happy seasons, when the Lord was pleased to give me any singular manifestations of His love, a holy tremor seemed to seize me, lest I should do anything that might offend Him. Whenever I was made sensible of sinning, either by omission or commission, in thought, word, or deed, the bitter tears, heavy groans, and excruciating pangs of soul I went through, till they were removed by a believing view of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord, no mortal can conceive but those who have experienced something of the same kind."

Lieutenant Burn came early to experience, in a remarkable degree, the power and efficacy of prayer. He writes, "As I have every reason to praise God for His peculiar favours, so ought I also to bless and magnify His holy name, as the hearer and answerer of prayer. I have never found Him more so than when He has refused a direct and immediate grant of my petitions. I have frequently seen in the issue that I had ten times more reason to thank Him for the refusal or delay, than if He had at once granted me what I asked." Illustrative of this edifying experience he has recorded a remarkable case, which happened not long after the period of his conversion. Two officers and himself were ordered to embark, one in each of three guardships stationed in the Medway. Two of the ships lay close to the dockyard, with easy access to the shore; but the other, the *Resolution*, was moored half-way down the river, whence a landing, always difficult, was sometimes impracticable. All the officers sought to avoid being sent to the *Resolu-*

tion, and the commanding officer, in order to relieve himself from the pain of deciding, intended that on the following morning they should draw lots for their ships. The subject of this memoir prayed with deepest fervour that he might be appointed to one of the Chatham ships, appealing to the great Searcher of Hearts that his chief motive was that he might be enabled to attend the ordinances of the Gospel. Next morning he drew the *Resolution*. He was greatly overcome—a multitude of depressing feelings taking possession of his heart. Yet the result proved that his prayer was doubly answered. On board the *Resolution* he found an earnest Christian officer, and in a few days an order came from the Admiralty to remove the ship to Chatham.

In 1773, Lieutenant Burn commenced a journal, in which he continued to record the leading occurrences of his life, and more especially his spiritual experiences. He occasionally laments his deadness of heart, his worldliness, and want of spirituality; at other times he abounds in lofty aspirations, and expressions descriptive of his joy in believing. He records his devout realisation of the benefits of prayer, and of waiting upon God in the public ordinances, especially at seasons of communion. To particular seasons, such as those of personal or domestic affliction, he refers as so many manifestations of the Divine love and mercy, and in every benefit conferred upon him, whether temporal or spiritual, he recognises the hand of his Heavenly Father, the giver of every good and perfect gift.

Having been stationed at Chatham for five years, where he had been privileged with the intercourse of Christian brethren, he was ordered to proceed on board the *Milford* frigate, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia. He sailed in December, 1775, and having remained on the

American station two years, he returned to Spithead in February, 1778. During this cruise he had many narrow escapes from shipwreck, and was frequently exposed to danger in conflicts with American vessels. For his preservation on these occasions he was careful to render his special thanksgivings at a throne of grace. During the whole period of the voyage he devoted a portion of every morning, mid-day, and evening to secret meditation and prayer.

After a period of employment on recruiting service, he received his promotion as captain-lieutenant, and was appointed to H.M.S. *Eagle*. In March, 1779, he sailed with the East India fleet, under the command of Sir Edward Hughes. On his arrival at Madras, he found the hot climate of India prejudicial to him, and obtaining permission to return home, he embarked on board the *Ripon*. This vessel, after calling at the island of Madagascar and at the Cape, landed in the Downs in February, 1781. In July, Captain Burn was appointed to command a party on board the *Sampson*, which, with other vessels, was ordered to cruise off the Texel, to watch the motions of the Dutch. On the restoration of peace, in January, 1783, and the consequent reduction of the Marine corps, he went on half-pay.

The death of his wife, in the spring of 1785, proved to Captain Burn a heavy trial. Three days subsequent to the event, he wrote in his journal as follows:—

"Of all the trials I ever had to sustain, none is to be compared to what I have gone through for these three or four days past. My wife, in whom all my earthly happiness centered, suddenly taken from me! O how hard to say with the heart, The will of the Lord be done! I am like one in despair; all nature seems clothed in sackcloth. Lord help me in this hour of darkness."

His prayer was heard. A future entry in his journal represents the bereaved husband in a state of entire resignation, ready to say with the patriarch, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Relieved from his military duties, Captain Burn devoted himself to the study of works on controversial theology, with a view to his being enabled to promote the cause of Christ among those of his profession. The result he communicated to the world in two publications, entitled "The Christian Officer's Panoply, containing Arguments in favour of Divine Revelation," and "Who fares best, the Christian or the Man of the World?" These works are composed in the form of dialogues; both appeared in 1789. The former was an important means in the conversion of Captain James Wilson, as will be remarked in his memoir, contained in the present volume. Some years after, a tract by Captain Burn, entitled "Two Dialogues between a Corporal and a Private Soldier," indicated his continued zeal for the spiritual welfare of his companions-in-arms.

Having been recalled to active service, he was, in 1792, ordered to proceed on board the *Assistance*. In this vessel he made a voyage to Newfoundland, and afterwards to Corunna and Gibraltar. After an interval employed on recruiting service, he was appointed to the *Goliath*, which, sailing from Portsmouth in March, 1796, visited Gibraltar, Corsica, and Leghorn, and then joined the fleet under Sir John Jervis, which was blockading the port of Toulon. In January, 1797, he took part in a naval engagement fought with the Spaniards off Cape Vincent. Returning to London in November, he was promoted as lieutenant-colonel, and received a major's command in the Plymouth division of Marines.

A second remarkable event in connection with the subject of prayer occurred to Colonel Burn during the period he was stationed at Plymouth. Having been hitherto in the receipt of a small income, with a large family dependent on him, he had experienced the hardships of poverty. He now believed that he would be involved in debt, and was most earnest in prayer that he might be rescued from his difficulties. A friend called one day, and desired to see him in a private room. The visitor placed in his hand two bank-notes, of the value of one hundred guineas, stating that they had been entrusted to him by a friend for the purpose, with the strictest injunctions not to divulge his name. This timely benefaction completely sufficed to discharge his liabilities.

In 1804, Colonel Burn was appointed second commandant at Chatham. Four years after, he received the principal command at Woolwich. He was raised to the rank of major-general in 1810. Suffering from impaired health, he resigned the Woolwich command in 1814, and proceeded to reside at Gillingham, a pleasant village in the vicinity of Chatham. The end was near. In the course of a few months he was confined to his chamber. He contemplated his approaching dissolution with perfect composure. The Bible and Baxter's "Dying Thoughts" were his constant companions. Shortly before his death, he was asked whether he desired to see any one in particular. "Nobody," he emphatically replied, "none but Jesus Christ. Christ crucified is the stay of my poor soul." He quietly surrendered his spirit on the morning of Sunday, the 18th September, 1814. He had often expressed a desire that he might enter into his rest on the Lord's day. So it was.

GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, BART., K.C.B.

"Pass the stream, before thee lies
All the conquer'd land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise—
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown,
Triumph! all thy foes are banish'd,
Death is slain, and earth has vanish'd."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

HENRY HAVELOCK was born at Bishop-Wearmouth, near Sunderland, on the 5th April, 1795. His father engaged in commerce and ship-building; he subsequently purchased an estate near Dartford, in Kent. Henry was educated in a private school, and at the Charterhouse. He was destined for the law, but in his twentieth year he abandoned legal studies, and entered the army. About two months after the battle of Waterloo, he was appointed second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, then the 95th. He became an enthusiastic soldier. Devoting himself to his profession, he read the best works on military subjects, and eagerly sought an acquaintance with the art of war.

From 1815, when he obtained his commission, till 1823, Havelock was stationed in different parts of the United Kingdom. He now exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and embarked for India. During this voyage he experienced in his soul the saving influences of Divine truth. He had been well brought up; his mother frequently read the Scriptures and prayed with him in

her chamber, and from boyhood he had joined heartily in those exercises. He had long been in an anxious state; now he felt the blessedness of the great change. To quote his own words, "The Spirit of God came with His offer of peace and mandate of love, which, though some time resisted, was received, and at length prevailed." Henceforth he was to wear the livery of heaven, and under the banner of the cross to fight the good fight. He resolved to attend to the spiritual concerns of his men, to meet with them for Scripture-reading and devotional exercises as often as opportunity afforded.

From the garrison of Fort William, Calcutta, Lieutenant Havelock proceeded to Rangoon to take part in the war against the Burmans. He was engaged in several actions. During his sojourn at Rangoon, he regularly assembled his men for religious exercises; he implored them to abstain from drinking excesses. "There is no such soldier in the world," he said, "as the English soldier, if he can be kept from drink." The influence of his example, and the results of his missionary labours, were speedily tested. His men were the best conducted at the station. The army at Burmah was one day suddenly apprised of the approach of the enemy. The General commanding dispatched an order to a particular corps to occupy an important post. It was of no use; most of the men were stupefied by liquor. Embarrassed for a moment, he soon recollected the proverbial steadiness of Havelock's men. "Call out Havelock's saints," said he; "they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." He was correct; they were immediately under arms, and the enemy was repelled.

In February, 1829, Havelock married Hannah, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman. This union was eminently blessed. In the spring of 1830 he joined the

Baptists. Though he attached himself to this body, he rejoiced in associating with Christians of every denomination. He said, "he would cordially fraternise with every Christian who held by the Head, and was serving the Redeemer in sincerity and truth." His military advancement was slow. He had published "Memoirs of the Campaign in Ava." His men were admirably conducted, and his soldierly skill had been approved. In 1833, he applied for the adjutancy of his regiment. Bundles of letters were received by the Governor-General denouncing his claims, by representing him as a fanatic. Nevertheless, he was appointed as the "fittest man."

In 1836, Lieutenant Havelock sustained a severe trial by the loss of an infant daughter, who perished in the destruction of his bungalow by fire. After serving twenty-three years as subaltern, he was promoted to a captaincy in 1838. From this period till 1842, we find him engaged in many responsible and difficult duties. In 1842, he was promoted to a brevet-majority, decorated C.B., and appointed assistant-adjutant-general. In 1845, at the battle of Moodkee, he had two horses shot under him. In the following year, at the battle of Sobraon, his horse was smitten down by a cannon-shot, which passed through his saddle-cloth. In 1847, he obtained some repose from military activities, and temporarily settled at Bombay. He assisted at missionary meetings, and otherwise interested himself in the spread of the Gospel. He was in England in 1849-50; residing chiefly at Plymouth. Subsequently he removed with his family to Germany, in the hope of deriving benefit from its medicinal waters.

Leaving his wife and family at Bonn, Major Havelock returned to India in 1851. The trial of parting with Mrs. Havelock and the children was a severe one, but he over-

came it as a Christian and a soldier. Writing to Mrs. Havelock shortly after his departure, he refers to the severity of the trial, adding, "I did feel sweet relief in the thought of meeting you in that better kingdom; for all earthly meetings are uncertain, and only terminate in longer or shorter separations. Join with me in prayer, that we, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, may be held worthy to partake of His resurrection, and be together with Him and our children in His glory." Husband and wife were not to meet again on earth.

In 1853, Colonel Havelock was gazetted adjutant-general. In January, 1857, he accepted a divisional command in the Persian expedition under Sir James Outram. From Bushire, in Persia, he wrote to Mrs. Havelock: "Pray that I may discharge to the end every duty. I have good troops and cannon under my command, but my trust is in the Lord Jesus, my tried and merciful Friend; to Him all power is entrusted in heaven and in earth. Him daily seek for me, as I seek Him without shadow of doubting. If I fall in the discharge of my duty, the Sovereign will provide for your wants."

Havelock's grand triumph was approaching—a triumph in victory and death. The terrible Indian mutiny (June, 1857) began just as the object of the Persian expedition had been won. The alarming tidings reached the subject of this memoir at Bombay. He determined at once to proceed to Calcutta. The vessel in which he sailed narrowly escaped shipwreck. When the last of the party had been rescued from the sinking ship, he called on all to join with him in solemn thanksgiving for the goodness of the Lord. Appointed brigadier-general at Calcutta, he was forthwith entrusted with the important duty of proceeding to the relief of Cawnpore. He arrived at Allahabad on the last day of June; he left it on the

7th of July with a force of 1200 men, and on the 11th, gained at Futtehpoor the first of that series of successes over the rebels which laid the foundation of British re-ascendency in the revolted districts. Cawnpore was next wrested from the enemy, but not without a sanguinary struggle—and too late to save the lives of the brave garrison.

The spectacle of horrors at Cawnpore gave a fresh impulse to the native valour of his troops; he led them onward in their glorious march of deliverance. In the course of a month he fought, and was victorious, in nine pitched battles. The fame of his victories spread over India, and restored the prestige of the British arms. Lucknow, indeed, was still besieged, but its relief could not be attempted without reinforcements. Sir James Outram, at the head of additional troops, reached Cawnpore on the 16th of September; he was entitled to supersede Havelock in virtue of his superior rank, but he magnanimously allowed his old campanion-in-arms to finish what he had so well begun. A march of eight days (during which period were achieved the victories at Mungulwur, and the Alum Bagh,) brought Havelock with his little army to the precincts of Lucknow.

Nearly four months the brave garrison had been cooped up in the Residency. Now help had come. Through a pathway of blood, Havelock's column of relief, including the 78th Highlanders, gained the Residency, and brought to its beleagured defenders the prospect of deliverance. In seven weeks thereafter the rescue was finally accomplished under the leadership of Sir Colin Campbell. Prior to that event, Sir Henry Havelock had become seriously unwell; exertion and exposure had undermined a constitution which was never robust; he somewhat rallied after removal from the Residency, but

his complaint returned in a malignant form. To Sir James Outram he gently remarked, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear." "I die happy and contented," he said at another time. Very shortly before his decease, he said to his son, "See how a Christian can die." His death took place at the Dilkoosha, on the 24th November, 1857; he was interred in the Alum Bagh.

Such is a brief sketch of the career of one whose name as a gallant and successful soldier is familiar to all. Every patriotic Briton remembers with pride and thankfulness the intelligence brought by each succeeding mail of the wonderful march of Havelock's avenging army, and of that series of victories which especially tended to re-establish European ascendency in Hindostan. But many who understood not the all-pervading character of the love of Christ, were reluctant to believe that this remarkable military leader was no less indefatigable in the cause of the Redeemer. The world learned with surprise—those who feared God heard with admiration and gratitude—that he who followed up so closely the enemies of his country walked very near to God, and did not neglect, amidst the arduous activities of his campaign, the daily services of devotion. It was incomprehensible to some that General Havelock, when pursuing the enemy with the rapidity of lightning and the vehemence of the tornado, should nevertheless devote in those days two hours every morning to secret communing with Heaven. Yet so it was. If the march began at six, the commander rose at four; if four was the hour of start, he was awake at two; the interval being spent in prayer and the reading of Holy Scripture.

Religion will not alone qualify the soldier for his duties, but it is his highest and best adornment. Courage, with-

out Christ, is a species of valour which lends no enduring lustre and is not permanently ennobling. The Christian is the only true gentleman—the Christian soldier the only hero whose triumphs survive the tomb. Havelock is dead, but his example yet speaketh. That example has shone in both hemispheres. The valiant have learned not to despise doctrines precious to the bravest of the brave, and many who "cared for none of these things" have, animated by the narrative of a life of faith, begun to seek the way of salvation.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

"Still he lives, for near Christ's burning throne
His spirit dwells, and tastes eternal joy."

THE late protracted conflict between two sections of the American states excited in Britain feelings of deep commiseration. The combatants on both sides were of our own kindred; they spoke our language, and were intimately connected with us by correspondence and commerce. On the subject of quarrel, our sympathies were with the North; the establishment of a southern confederacy seemed likely to perpetuate the evils of slavery. With its overthrow, slavery was likely to disappear from the western world. But it was impossible not to admire the bold struggle of the Southern states to maintain that cause on which they had entered, and to which they had summoned forth their mightiest energies.

Among the heroes who led forth the Southern armies, one of the most noted was General Jackson. This remarkable man was a devout Christian, as well as a gallant soldier. When the animosities enkindled by recent events have ceased, American citizens of Northern as well as Southern origin will rejoice to do honour to the memory of this pious general.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Harrison county, Virginia, on the 21st January, 1824. His great-grandfather was an Englishman. His father practised as a lawyer; he was heavily involved by be-

coming security for his friends, and was compelled to surrender his estates to meet his obligations. He died in 1827, leaving four young children. The subject of this sketch was then just three years old. He was received into the family of an uncle, with whom he lived till he had attained his seventeenth year. He assisted his relative in the cultivation of his farm; in the winter months he attended school. The steadiness of his deportment gained him popular favour. In his sixteenth year he was chosen constable of the county of Lewis.

In 1842, Jackson entered as cadet at West Point. He completed his military studies in 1846, when he was breveted as second lieutenant. He joined the army in Mexico. In March, 1849, he obtained the brevet rank of major, having distinguished himself in three different engagements.

The climate of Mexico proved unfavourable to the constitution of the young officer, and he felt called on to resign his commission. In 1852, he was elected to a professorship in the Military Institute of Virginia. He contracted marriage with Miss Junkin, daughter of Principal Junkin of the Washington College, and entered upon domestic life.

Major Jackson discharged the duties of his professorship during a period of nine years. By his colleagues he was remarked for a high sense of honour, and deep conscientiousness. The gravity of his manners was repellent to some of the younger students, but those who were longer under his care regarded him with respect and admiration. In the spring of 1861, when the Southern states were confederated, he retired from his chair, and, appointed colonel, proceeded to Harper's Ferry, to assume command of the "Army of Observation." He was

afterwards superseded by General Johnston, a senior officer.

Under Johnston's command, Jackson retreated before the Federal army towards Winchester. But in his retreat he made a sudden attack on the enemy, who sustained serious loss. This successful conflict was styled the Battle of Falling Waters. His next engagement was the remarkable Battle of Manassas, where a few thousand untrained Southerners under his command overcame 20,000 well-disciplined soldiers of the Federal army. This conflict took place on the 21st of July. For a time the Southern troops fell back before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. General Bee, who held an important command in the Confederate forces, called out to Jackson, "They are beating us back." "We will give them the bayonet," said Jackson. Cheered by his friend's determination, Bee shouted to his men, who were on the eve of retreating, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer." The spokesman rushed forward, and in a few minutes was stretched lifeless on the field. Jackson remained firm, the Federal troops were routed, and the name of "Stonewall," applied to him by his deceased brother-in-arms, became henceforth associated with his name.

The Battle of Kernstown, in which General Jackson sought to repossess himself of Winchester, was fought in March, 1862. With scarcely 3000 men he resisted the progress of 11,000 Federals, and prevented the enemy from effecting a junction with another portion of their number. In an engagement with the Federals, in the valley of McDowall, on the 8th of May, he attained a decided victory, which was followed up by a vigorous pursuit of the invaders. At another victory over the

Federals in the vicinity of Winchester, he captured a vast supply of military stores. On the 9th June, he was successful at the hotly contested Battle of Port Republic. Within the course of three months he had, with an army never exceeding 5000 men, expelled 50,000 Federal soldiers from the valley of the Shenandoah.

Jackson now proceeded to the support of General Lee. He arrived in time to take part in the Battle of Cold Harbor, and his timely presence decided the fate of the engagement. General McClellan, who commanded the Federal army, was routed. Another terrible engagement was impending. McClellan posted his troops on Malvern Hill, in the hope of regaining the prestige which he had lost. An engagement ensued, in which the victory was undetermined. Next day the Federal general evacuated his position, and hastened from the scene of successive disasters. The army of the Potomac had, by continued defeats, melted down from 150,000 to about one-tenth of that number. Richmond, the capital of the Confederates, was still free; and those who had established the new government were full of hope.

General Jackson pursued his career of triumph. At the great Battle of Cedar Run, near Culpepper, he encountered the Federal troops under General Pope, and achieved another victory. In the protracted engagement before Manassas, fought on the 29th and 30th of August, General Jackson was associated with Generals Lee and Longstreet in resisting the legions of the North. Again he fought on the side of victory.

The invasion of Maryland having been determined on in Confederate councils, General Jackson was again in the field. On the 15th September, Brigadier-General White, with his army of 11,000, surrendered to him at Harper's Ferry. In other two days the Battle of Sharpsburg,

one of the most sanguinary in the war, was fought between the Confederate troops under General Lee, and the Northern army led by McClellan. Jackson, who had joined Lee's forces, again distinguished himself. The Federal troops received an important check.

The war authorities at Washington had resolved, by a new route, to assail the capital of the Confederates. With this intent General Burnside, who had superseded McClellan, proceeded to Fredericksburg in November. General Lee disposed his troops along the hills extending from a point on the Rappahannock, near the town, to Hamilton's Crossing, on the line of railway to Richmond. The two armies met in combat on the 16th of December. The conflict was protracted and desperate. Jackson fought with his wonted energy. The Confederates triumphed.

General Jackson remained under canvas at Moss Neck, about ten miles below Fredericksburg, during the winter months. In the following spring he prepared to meet General Hooker, who had, on the failure of General Burnside, been appointed to the command of the Federal army on the Rappahannock. At the end of April, Hooker had established a position, almost impregnable, at Chancellorville, near Fredericksburg. Perceiving that a front attack would be eminently hazardous, Jackson conducted his men through a tract of dense undergrowth, designated the "Wilderness," and, before the enemy possessed any knowledge of his movement, proceeded to attack them in front and rear. The sudden character of the assault struck terror in the Federal army. Several regiments fled without offering resistance. The adventurous leader of the attack was foremost among the skirmishers. Riding back towards his men, he and his escort were, under the darkness of the evening, mistaken for Federal cavalry, and fired upon. The general fell, severely

wounded in his left arm. He was placed on a litter, but as the bearers were carrying him to the rear, one of them was shot down. In the fall of the litter, the general received a contusion on the side. He was borne to the field hospital.

Finding that the chief artery had been severed, and the arm-bone severely shattered, the surgeons decided that amputation was essential. When the operation had been performed, the patient obtained some rest, and for several days there was a prospect of his early recovery. On the fifth day his symptoms assumed an alarming character. When his strength was sinking, he said, "I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could." Informed by his wife, who now watched by his bed, that he was about to die, he calmly answered, "Very good, it is all right." And so the spirit of the hero passed away.

General Jackson died on the morning of the 11th May, 1863; he had not completed his fortieth year. His military career—so brief, so brilliant—has been described. He was likewise a soldier of the Cross. From early youth he had dedicated himself to the cause of the Redeemer. While serving with the army in Mexico, he was earnest about the spiritual welfare of his men. Among them he was constantly distributing religious tracts; he restrained licentiousness, and discouraged every appearance of levity. He made exertion to obtain a chaplain for every regiment in the army, and was careful that all his troops should regularly attend ordinances. He had long practised secret prayer. In Mexico it was remarked that he frequently sought solitary places; it was unsuspected till long afterwards that he was there communing with Heaven.

In the regularity of his devotions he closely resembled Havelock. Amidst the rapid marches and constant occupations of his last campaign he still found leisure for spiritual exercises. Every morning he read a portion of Holy Scripture; he thereafter remained on his knees for a considerable period, engaged in earnest prayer. When he contemplated any military movement, his servant knew of it, by overhearing his voice "wrestling in prayer" for many hours of the night. Before every battle he commended himself and his cause to God; he often raised his hands in prayer during the progress of the conflict; and when the engagement had terminated, he summoned his men together to engage with him in devout thanksgiving for victory or preservation. Such exercises no circumstances of peril or considerations of expediency ever caused him to suspend.

He was essentially modest. He shrank from personal eulogy, and desired that his troops should share in the credit of his victories. The hardships of campaigning he endured to the full extent with the humblest soldier. Taciturn and reserved in manner, he was in reality possessed of the gentlest nature. Animated by a strong sense of duty, he sought neither emolument nor fame. When he learned that his end was near, he was meekly content to die.

Reader, soldier or civilian, so live that, at whatever time you may learn that death is near, you may be enabled to say, with the brave Jackson, "It is all right."

MAJOR-GENERAL WHELER.

"Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb:
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest!"

H. L. L.

By two classes of persons the importance of India as a British dependency is estimated differently. One of these regards India as a storehouse of treasure—a kind of El Dorado—to be occupied and governed solely with reference to its material resources. The other, represented by the British Christian, holds the vast province of Hindostan as a noble field for missionary enterprise. The latter class has contemplated with horror a mighty region peopled with one hundred and sixty millions of souls, who are ignorant of the true God, and worship devils. The God-fearing Briton conceives that it is the paramount duty of every British soldier in India to spread abroad, so far as his opportunities admit, a knowledge of the Divine Saviour. Thus felt, strongly and deeply, the subject of the present sketch—Stephen Glyn Wheler, major-general.

This excellent individual, descended from an old family in Worcestershire, was born at Leamington-Hastings, near Leamington, on the 29th March, 1802. Having been educated at Rugby, he procured a cadetship in the Indian army. He reached India in his 16th year. For

the following twelve years he lived according to the course of this world, seeking pleasure where it could be found, and anticipating a period when the realisation of an ample fortune would enable him to enjoy life more fully in an English home. About his 27th year, when stationed at Saugor, in Central India, he was seized with a dangerous illness, and, fearing he should not recover, he was moved by terrible apprehensions. He saw that he had been living in entire forgetfulness of God, who had bestowed upon him so many blessings, and he trembled at the thought of death and judgment. His illness wore off, but the upbraidings of conscience continued and gained strength. His regiment, the 34th Native Infantry, was removed to Calcutta. There he obtained that counsel and direction which his case so especially required.

Since his first convictions of sin, Captain Wheler had been attempting to build up a righteousness of his own. The burden became heavier; the load weighed him to the dust. At Calcutta, he was privileged with the spiritual converse of the devoted Bishop Wilson, and of Archdeacon Corrie. His scriptural knowledge was imperfect, and at the recommendation of the bishop he devoted himself to the study of "Scott's Commentary." He perused the whole of that work. The light dawned upon him; he beheld in the finished work of the Saviour complete satisfaction for sin, and the offer of pardon to the most guilty. He clung to the Cross.

Some rust had to be removed. Heretofore Captain Wheler had occupied much of his time in the practice of music. His accomplishments as a flute-player had drawn him into society. He resolved to conquer the temptation. He destroyed his valuable flute. The hours which had hitherto been appropriated to amusement were to be devoted henceforth to the service of the Master. The

love of accumulating money had become a disease and a stumbling-block. He prayed earnestly that the desire might be overcome. In 1832, tidings reached him and the regimental surgeon that by the failure of an agency house in Calcutta, their moneys were gone. The surgeon committed suicide; Wheler thanked God, and resolved that for the future he should store up no earthly treasure.

In 1834, the 34th Regiment N. I. was removed to Futtyghur. Here Captain Wheler was attacked by a severe pulmonary ailment. Through the severity of his complaint he was frequently kept awake all night. Sustained by precious communion with Heaven, these sleepless hours did not prove irksome. He slowly recovered. Before leaving Calcutta, he had publicly declared to his brother officers what the Lord had done for his soul. Many of them were then or subsequently brought to a knowledge of the truth. At Futtyghur he read the Scriptures to the natives in their own language, accompanied with suitable explanations. He frequently preached in the city bazaar, attracting thousands to listen to the tidings of salvation through a Redeemer. The terrible droughts of 1837-8, attended by famine, pestilence, and death, enabled the zealous propagator of Christian doctrine to illustrate the practical beneficence of that religion whose principles he had taught. Procuring subscriptions, he administered to the temporal wants of the destitute, collected castaway infants, and preserved many lives. During the progress of the famine, the 34th Regiment was removed to Agra. There Captain Wheler continued his two-fold labours of preaching the Gospel and procuring supplies of food to those who were ready to perish.

There were two churches at Agra—an Episcopalian

and a Baptist, each under an efficient ministry. With some members of this Christian community, Captain Wheler zealously co-operated in establishing a systematic agency for proclaiming the good news of salvation. The agents employed were native preachers. Through their instrumentality, the seed of the Word was widely sown, and a way opened up for renewed and more extended operations.

To the instruction of native children in the doctrines of the Gospel, Wheler now began to apply himself. His gentle manner readily attracted the young, and so disposed them to listen to his teaching. Many orphans rescued from the famine were taught to know the Lord. A school for the spiritual instruction of native soldiers was established.

It had been the policy of the Government not only to connive at the corrupt practices and idolatries of the natives, but commanding officers were encouraged to propitiate the favour of the Sepoys by sanctioning their loathsome celebrations. Such a system of political compromise was altogether obnoxious to one who felt bound to have "no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." Having been asked, while in temporary command of his regiment, to grant to his native officers the use of the band, tents, and colours for the ceremonies of a Hindu and Mahommedan festival, he courteously but firmly refused. The petitioners were content, but not so were several British officers, who considered the refusal a dangerous interference with a prevailing usage. Major Wheler was accordingly reported to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. No reproof was attempted.

At the expiry of three years the 34th Regiment left Agra. It was successively stationed at Moradabad, Delhi, and Ferozapore. At Delhi the regiment experienced

much sickness, and the colonel, who had temporarily obtained command, had, by acting the martinet, generated a feeling of discontent. On reaching Ferozapore, the regiment learned with apprehension that they were *en route* for Scinde, a climate even more deadly than that of Delhi, which they had just left. Scinde, too, had lately been annexed, and hence there was no prospect of extra pay to counterbalance imminent perils. Major Wheler had resumed the command, but he was unable to allay the discontent. The regiment mutinied. The mutineers were ordered to Meerut, and were there disbanded. This took place in 1844. Major Wheler was much distressed by the loss of his regiment, but he came to acknowledge the Lord's hand in the event. From a letter, written by him in reference to the occurrence, we quote these sentences: "I may truly say that the three severest trials I have undergone in my life—viz., firstly, my illness with the small-pox while at Saugor (it was then the seed was first sown in my heart); secondly, my agent's failing, when I lost that I held most dear to me; and now, thirdly, the loss of my regiment—have one and all turned out mercies in disguise. The Lord, I am assured, has taken this from me, in order to make more room for Himself in my heart.

> 'Thrice happy loss! which makes me see
> My happiness is all in Thee.'

In Him is my portion. I possess more than all this vain world, or a thousand worlds besides, could give. There is no peace, joy, or love like His. These will support me under every trouble; and though the world and the flesh are daily warring against me, yet He will give strength and grace to keep them under. The believer in Christ puts

me in mind of a vessel which has to sail against a strong stream and tide in the midst of a river; it is the grace and strength of the Lord that enable him to resist all the stream of sin which is in the world and his own corrupt nature."

For two years Major Wheler remained at Meerut, unattached. During this period he constantly occupied himself in preaching to the natives. In 1846 he was recalled to active service. The Bundelcund Legion, converted into a regiment, was substituted for the disbanded 34th, and placed under his command. After being for a short time stationed at Loodiana, on the Sutlej, the regiment was ordered to Agra. There he found a devoted fellow-labourer in the Rev. Mr. Norgate, chaplain at the station. They worked together among the soldiers of the 24th Regiment, many of whom confessed their Saviour. The exertions of Mr. Norgate produced a fatal illness. Wheler also took ill; he was ordered to the Cape for three years.

Returning from the Cape in 1851, with restored health, Major Wheler was appointed to command at Peshawur. Among the bigoted inhabitants of this thickly-peopled Mohammedan valley, he preached the Gospel without fear. Several remarkable conversions rewarded his labours. He heartily joined in distributing copies of the Persian Bible among the more intelligent Affghans. In the military hospitals he likewise found abundant scope for his Christian activities. About two years after, he proceeded to the outpost of Noorpoor, a hill-town sixty miles north of Lahore. There he preached to men to whom Christianity was unknown, even in name. In 1853 he removed to Calcutta to assume command of the 31st Regiment N.I. This he subsequently exchanged for the command of the 34th N.I., as a personal favour to

Lord Canning, the Governor-General. His new regiment was stationed at Barrackpore.

A time of serious trouble was impending. On the 29th of March, 1857, a Sepoy of the 34th Regiment proceeded, sword in hand, in front of the lines, calling on his comrades to unite with him in revolt, and defying any one to touch him. The jemadar and guard, whom Colonel Wheler ordered to apprehend the mutineer, refused to advance. The colonel reported the occurrence to Major-General Hearsay, commanding the division, who, attended by an escort, enforced obedience to his order. The mutineer shot himself. Such was the first manifestation of that spirit of insurrection which was speedily to burst forth with the fury of an avalanche. Accused of endeavouring to proselytise the native troops, Colonel Wheler was deprived of his command, and placed on the retired list. By this act his income was reduced from £1200 to £300 a year. He was content.

Relieved from military duty, Colonel Wheler devoted himself wholly to the work of proclaiming the precious truths of salvation, both to European troops and to native Indians. His visits to the military hospitals at Barrackpore were abundantly blessed. When the 67th Regiment came to the station, he found many of their number seeking the Lord. With these he zealously co-operated. Many of the most abandoned persons in the regiment were brought to a knowledge of the truth. Every fortnight he proceeded from Barrackpore to visit the barracks and hospitals at Calcutta, Dum Dum, and Chinsurah. In his private residence, soldiers and others were invited to hold periodical meetings for prayer. A portion of the day was appropriated to conversations with inquirers.

In 1861, when famine with its attendant evils was

so severely felt in the North-West Provinces, Colonel Wheler proceeded to Delhi, the centre of distress. There he threw himself into the worst scenes of destitution. In one of the largest asylums, where bread was served out daily to about seven thousand persons, he earnestly directed the applicants to "the bread of life." He rescued 130 orphans, whom he took under his care. Establishing his residence at Chittoura, a village twelve miles from Agra, he brought thither his orphans. To their godly upbringing he sedulously devoted himself. So long as he was able, he rode to Agra weekly to hold religious services with the European regiments at that station. With converted soldiers stationed in different parts of India, he maintained a close correspondence.

Colonel Wheler had long suffered from delicate lungs. The climate of India had otherwise impaired his constitution. In January, 1864, he was prostrated by severe illness. An almost insupportable spiritual despondency oppressed him: the recollection of his sins and shortcomings overwhelmed him; and he felt as if the supporting arm of God had been withdrawn. This state of depression, partly arising from physical causes, did not continue. Again he rejoiced in blessed hope. Contrary to the expectation of his friends, he recovered from his attack, and occupied himself once more among his orphans. He had the satisfaction to find many of them growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Already, several had been received into the Church.

The career of this faithful soldier of Jesus Christ was hastening to a close. In April, 1865, he endured another attack of illness. He waited the issue with perfect calmness. To a friend who had invited him to proceed to Agra, where he could be better attended, he wrote as follows: "I thank you heartily for your kindness, but

from the first commencement of the illness, I determined to commit the matter into the Lord's hands. I therefore feel it my duty to remain here, and trust in Him who says, 'Cast all your care upon Me,' and be 'quiet from fear of evil.'" For some days preceding his departure, he was much occupied in prayer. His soul passed peacefully away. He died at the age of sixty. His remains were consigned to the cemetery at Agra, where a plain tombstone denotes his resting place.

A few years before his death he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. He was spared to witness the reversal of that policy in the rulers of India, which had been so obnoxious to his principles, and on account of which he had been a severe, though uncomplaining sufferer. The missionary cause, so long discouraged by the Government, he lived to see fostered and encouraged. In the transference of the administration of Eastern affairs to the British Crown, he recognised a pledge that henceforth commercial selfishness should not stamp out evangelising efforts among the millions of India.

General Wheler had long been a zealous and liberal promoter of the public charities. He bequeathed the residue of his fortune for the benefit of those orphans whose Christian upbringing had been the care of his latter years.

COLONEL BLACKADER.

"Child of God! let nought confound thee,
Wear the panoply of love;
Gird thy heavenly armour round thee,
Fight the good, the glorious fight;
Standing firm, or pressing onward,
Strong in thy Redeemer's might."

D. A. T.

In the annals of the British army one of the brightest examples of the power of Divine grace is presented in the life of Colonel Blackader. His father, who suffered much persecution for his adherence to his religious convictions in the reigns of Charles II. and James I., was a Scottish Presbyterian minister. The colonel was the youngest of five sons; he was born at Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, on the 14th September, 1664. In his twenty-fifth year he entered the army by joining the 26th Regiment, then termed the Cameronians. The regiment was named in honour of Richard Cameron, a leader of the Scottish Covenanters, and it was noted not more for its opposition to the exiled Stuarts than for an ardent attachment to the person and government of King William. Both officers and men were remarkable for their propriety of conduct, and their attention to religious duty. Even their enemies acknowledged that "The Psalm-singing Regiment" was extremely courageous. With such associates the friends of John Blackader had no cause to apprehend his being led astray, more especially that from his youth "he had known the Holy Scriptures."

A few months after joining the Cameronians, Lieutenant Blackader was engaged in the battle of Dunkeld, when the triumph of his regiment over the adherents of the exiled Stuarts extinguished for a time the hopes of that ill-fated house. "Upon their retreating," wrote Blackader, "our men gave a great shout, and threw their caps in the air, and then all joined in offering up praises to God for so miraculous a victory." The reduction of the Scottish Highlands, and the abandonment of Ireland by James, enabled King William to aid the Confederacy who were opposing the encroachments of Louis XIV. in his grasp at universal empire. The Cameronian Regiment formed a part of the British contingent; and during the Seven Years' War (1690-7) in the Netherlands, between the Confederates and the armies of France, Blackader was present in nearly every engagement. He escaped without a wound. The further particulars of his history have chiefly been procured from the pages of his "Diary." This interesting record of his experiences begins in October, 1700, when he was detained in London by business engagements. His spiritual condition at this period is indicated by these entries in the early portions of the journal:—"October, 1700. My life is a struggle, as it were, between faith and corrupt nature—a combat in which sometimes strengthening grace prevails, sometimes earthly affections and sensual appetites gain ground, yet partly involuntary." December:—"Though serious, I am not religious; though calm, not spiritual. Sensual appetites and vain imaginations usurp the place of heavenly affections. Corruptions which I thought subdued or extirpated had only retired into a corner of the heart, where they gather strength and sally forth anew, but through grace they shall be conquered. I see if I could rely more on

Christ, there would be more contentment, more peace and tranquillity of mind, even in outward troubles." Under various dates, in 1701, we find these entries:— "Grace wastes as water through a sieve; and as a spark of fire is stifled by throwing it into a river, so is grace by ill company. Let foolish men snarl and say what they will, I'll converse more with God and less with the world." "I observe that as evil company stifles and dispels grace, so good company helps to refresh and revive it, and there is a blessing in the society of some; it tends to my spiritual improvement." "Gunpowder does not more suddenly flash up when a spark of fire falls upon it, than corruption, when Satan throws in his fiery dart. But I find, to my unspeakable comfort, when I sin I have an Advocate with the Father." "A believer should be an exact observer of the state of grace in his soul, whether it is making progress or decaying. He should be a careful observer of providences, and, like the bee, draw honey out of every dispensation."

In August, 1701, Captain Blackader rejoined his regiment, now stationed at Perth. He diligently exerted himself for the moral improvement of his men. In February, 1701, he was united in marriage to Anne, daughter of James Callander, Esq., of Craigforth, Stirlingshire. In reference to his marriage he writes:—"I have not taken one step in it without seriously asking counsel and direction of God." An entry in his Diary, in December, 1701, implies a decided advance in his Christian experience. "I maintain," he writes, "assurance is to be had, and it is the sin of Christians oft-times that they get it not; for through an excess of mistaken humility they dare not; they think it arrogance to act faith boldly on Christ. A bold assurance is quite consistent with a humble reliance upon Him."

The duplicity of Louis XIV. in the matter of succession to the Spanish throne, and the recognition by the courts of France and Spain of the son of James II. as king of Great Britain, led to the formation of the Grand Alliance against France, which again involved England in the costs of war. In February, 1702, the Cameronian Regiment joined the Confederate Army in Holland; Captain Blackader, who had been left behind in Scotland on recruiting service, joined the regiment in July. We present an extract from his "Diary," March 5th:—"This morning I took a solitary walk, and went up to the craig at Craigforth, and there I renewed my covenant with Christ, and ratified whatever I had done before. I implored Him for such measures of grace as I should from time to time stand in need of, and that He would supply sufficient strength, and order all my ways and actions aright." In the following September he received a considerable accession to his fortune, which enabled him to settle £100 a-year on a widowed sister, who, with her seven children, was in straitened circumstances.

On the 28th of April, 1703, Blackader came with his regiment to Maestricht. His arrival there was fraught with humbling and most distressing associations. When at Maestricht, in 1691, a brother officer had fastened a quarrel on him, and attacked him with his sword. Foiled in every effort to avoid an encounter, he saved his own life by closing with his antagonist, who fell lifeless at his feet. He was tried and honourably acquitted. The event, however, was too solemn ever to be forgotten, and so long as he lived he observed the anniversary of it as a day of penitence and prayer. On his present return to Maestricht he visited the spot, where the unhappy event had happened, and there falling on his knees,

prayed that "God would deliver him from blood-guiltiness, that the blood of the Lamb might purify the stain and wash away the crimson die of that poor man's blood."

On a subsequent occasion, Blackader was sent a challenge, which having refused to accept, his adversary menaced to post him as a coward. The threat was nobly answered. An assault of an outpost of the enemy was determined on. Blackader volunteered the leadership. He distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism, and his unprincipled challenger was put to silence. During a long and rapid march, when the Duke of Marlborough was seeking to force the French into an engagement, Blackader wrote thus:—"Marching all this week, often by night and day. It has been the hardest for fatigue I ever marched in. Yet I bless God I was serene and contented. Though a slave in the galleys, I should think it heaven to enjoy communion with Him. With His presence all places of the earth are alike to me." Another entry during this march is worthy of quotation:—"Marching every day. Oh, may I be found in the way of duty!—for, like wisdom's, her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. In our King's highway there are lights set up for direction, and a voice behind saying: Walk ye in it. In our King's highway there are cordials for the weary, fainting travellers,—streams of refreshment and of comfort. In our King's highway are magazines and storehouses of grace, that the traveller may go on from strength to strength."

On the 2nd August, 1704, was fought the celebrated battle of Blenheim, when Marlborough gained one of his greatest victories. Wounded in the neck, and suffering from extreme exhaustion, Captain Blackader found comfort in resuming his "Diary." "Many deliverances,"

he writes, "I have met with, but this day I have had the greatest I ever experienced. We fought a bloody battle, and, by the mercy of God, have obtained one of the greatest and completest victories the age can boast of. In the morning, while marching towards the enemy, I was enabled to exercise a lively faith, relying and encouraging myself in God, whereupon I was easy, sedate, and cheerful. I believed firmly that His angels had me in charge, and that not a bone should be broken." Referring to his wound, he writes:—"It is so gently and mercifully directed that there is no danger, whereas if it had been half an inch either to one side or other, it might have proved mortal. The Lord is a shield and buckler to me."

For the purpose of reinforcing his regiment, by procuring recruits, Blackader was despatched to Scotland in October; he remained there till the end of March. In January the following entry occurs in his Diary:—"This vexing trade of recruiting depresses my mind. I am the unfittest for it of any man in the army, and have the least talent that way. Sobriety itself is here a bar to success. I cannot ramble, and rove, and drink, and tell stories, and wheedle, and drink, and insinuate, if my life was at stake. I saw all this before I came home, and could have avoided coming, but it was the hope of enjoying the blessings of the Gospel that brought me to Scotland, more than recruiting, though I do not deny I had an eye to that also."

Blackader entertained decided views as to the special efficacy of prayer. The following is from his Diary after his return to Holland. July 6th:—"In the evening I went out to meditate in the fields, and I observe it as a mark of the Spirit of God guiding and influencing me. I had more access and enlargement in prayer than ordi-

nary, and was helped to act faith very strong; trusting in God, and believing that if He were with me I durst attack the French lines alone, and that a straw in the arm of Omnipotence is better than Goliath's spear. In returning home it came into my mind to ask a sign; but I immediately checked the thought as sinful, saying to myself I'll trust the Lord's word and promise without any sign. I had no sooner said this than a bullet came whistling close by my head, shot at random by a soldier cleaning his piece. I wist not what to think of it, but I said within myself, thus is the promise accomplished, Psalm xci., 'He will give His angels charge over thee; thou shalt not be afraid of the arrow (or bullet) that flieth by day.'" In daily expectation of an engagement, he thus wrote to his wife:—"Be not afraid for me, be not concerned; I am in good hands. The Lord is my defence, I shall not be moved; He is my fortress, my shield and buckler, and my strong tower. Continue you to trust cheerfully. You must not only believe when all goes fair before the wind—then anybody may believe; but you must believe when all is at hazard; and there must be a time between the promise and the accomplishment, and this is the season of faith." After a battle he wrote to Mrs. Blackader:—"I believe myself to be as sound and safe in the chambers of His omnipotence, faithfulness, and love, in time of action, as if I were with you in Rotterdam."

At the close of 1705, Blackader received his commission as major. In 1706 he was present at the battle of Ramillies, which was fought on the 23rd of May. He was also actively engaged with his regiment at the sieges of Dendermount and Aeth. On the 30th June, 1708, he took part in the battle of Oudinot, when the Confederates were victors. At the important siege of Lisle,

in September, he was engaged in the trenches and commanded four hundred grenadiers in the attack on the Renarle. On this occasion he was twice wounded. In reference to his wounds, which were slight, he writes, "Both these were so mercifully directed that there is not a bone broken, and I still say, notwithstanding these two wounds, that God put a hedge round about me, and gave His angels charge over me." During the campaign of 1709, he was in the covering army at the siege of Tournay, and was present at the battle of Malplaquet. At the latter engagement the carnage was terrible. Many officers of the Cameronian regiment lay dead on the field; their commander was slain. Major Blackader records his devout thankfulness for his escape. "I bless the Lord," he writes, "who brings me back in peace while the carcases of others are left as a prey in the fields to the beasts and birds. 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.' That psalm has many times been made out to me literally, every promise in it, and shall be, I trust in God." The campaign of 1709 terminated by the surrender of Mons to the Confederates. Major Blackader was promoted to the colonelcy of his regiment.

The winter 1709-10 was passed in Ghent in the society of his attached wife, who had accompanied him to the Continent, and whose society in winter quarters revived and solaced him after the fatigues of campaigning. Next campaign he was actively engaged in the siege of Douay. During the two months which preceded the surrender of the garrison, Colonel Blackader was constantly in the trenches. He was unhurt, though his escapes were often as by a hair's breadth. In his diary, under June 4th, he writes, "We went into the trenches, and Providence has been very kind to us, as it hath

always been. The Lord was very gracious to me in particular, and put a new song of praise into my mouth. While I was looking to our batteries firing, there came a musket ball from the town and shot through my hat. Thou, O Lord, coverest my head in time of danger; O make me careful to treasure up these experiences in my heart."

In the beginning of 1711, Colonel Blackader resolved to retire from the army. He had served twenty-two years; his relations in Scotland were anxious for his return; and the profligacy which he was compelled to witness among the troops had become to him an increasing source of pain and aversion. His sentiments in regard to the prevalent habit of drinking to excess, appears in the following entry of his Diary: "June 26th, 1717. Dining with company. This a great folly in the army, that when a friend dines with another, they are pressed to drink too much. I am always uneasy on these occasions. It is really surprising to see men endowed with reason, and with immortal souls, degrade themselves of that dignity and lead such animal and sensual lives as they do. Most people think there can be no good company or welcome without drinking, and many even good sober men have too warm a side to this custom. It is a great thing to get above the opinion of the world. This ruins many." The colonel remained with his regiment till near the close of the campaign. He shared in the celebrated passing of the French lines on the Scheldt, and afterwards assisted in the reduction of Bouchain.

Early in October, having negotiated the sale of his commission, he took leave of the army. In the following spring he returned to Scotland. After spending some months with his friends at Craigforth, Colonel Blackader proceeded to reside in Edinburgh. He became an elder of the Established Church, and united himself to a society

for christian fellowship and prayer. Having been placed on the committee of the Christian Knowledge Society, he took an active share in the duties. He was elected a member of the General Assembly, and continued to interest himself in ecclesiastical affairs. During the rebellion of 1715 he was again engaged on military service; he accepted the honorary colonelcy of a body of Glasgow volunteers, who offered their services to the Duke of Argyle in checking the southward progress of the insurgents. When Argyle encountered the rebel army at Sheriffmuir, Colonel Blackader guarded with his volunteers the passage of the Forth at Stirling Bridge. On the return of the volunteers to Glasgow he joined the army under the Duke.

Colonel Blackader was now appointed deputy-governor of Stirling Castle. We recur to his "Diary," January 1st, 1719: "Lord give me grace to spend my time better, now that I am descending into the vale of years. Teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom. I have not been faithful as I should have been in witnessing against sin. Lord, pardon and give me more zeal for Thy service. On this occasion I desire to take shame and be humbled before Thee, and flee to the covert of blood. Help me to enjoy Christ freely, and to rejoice in pardoning mercy." November 3rd: "There is a new charge laid on me—a justice of the peace. Lord, give me grace to discharge the duties of it singly, with an eye to Thy glory, the suppression of vice and encouragement of virtue." April 4th, 1720: "Getting more of the world into my hands. O Lord, guide and direct. Take my heart off the world, and keep the world out of my heart. Lord, dispose of me and what Thou givest me, for Thy glory and my own good. I am but a chamberlain—a trustee; pass it through my hands to whoever Thou

pleasest to give it. Enlarge my heart, as Thou enlargest my estate; fill it with love to Thee, and charity to them —the poor, the widow, and the fatherless. I would follow Jacob's example, and vow.—Gen. xxviii. 20—22. I have good reason, for the Lord hath been with me and kept me in all the way. I have gone through battles, sieges, and dangers, these thirty years by-gone. He has given me not only bread and raiment, but riches and honours in abundance. He has brought me again to my father's land in peace. He has enlarged my steps, and set my feet upon a rock. I desire then to say with the patriarch Jacob, 'The Lord has been my God, and of all that Thou hast given me I will surely give a tenth unto Thee.'" February 20th, 1723: "Hearing Sermon. I would have ministers lead me to the spring, Jesus Christ, and faith in Him, all to be done through His strength and by His grace, but I would have them often pressing, and warmly pressing, obedience to His laws." January 1st, 1724: "Thou art still adding to my days and years. O Lord, give more grace to employ time better and working out my salvation, that every year I may be more meet for that inheritance of the saints in light."

For many years, Colonel Blackader possessed nearly constant good health. In May, 1728, he refers to an attack of acute suffering, from a malady which was beginning to afflict him. The ailment continued to make progress. In August of the following year, he was confined to his chamber. His physicians assured him that his case was beyond human help. Calmly he prepared to die. He thanked his attendants for their kind services, and bade an affectionate adieu to the members of his family. He died in perfect peace on the morning of Sabbath, the 31st of August, 1729. He had nearly completed his 65th year.

The character of this excellent man has already been delineated. His Diary, which was written without any view to publication, represents the nature of his inner life. A soldier so courageous in the field as to call forth the especial commendation of the Duke of Marlborough, he was, in all the relations of life, the meek and gentle Christian. Fearless at the cannon's mouth, he trembled before the artillery of oaths and profanation which, at his period, so disgraced the British army. He devoted a portion of every day to prayer and meditation. "On fatiguing marches, at the post of command, or in the heat of action," writes his biographer, "he could snatch a few moments to hold communion with the Father of Spirits. Everywhere his devotion could find for itself a temple and an altar; in the camp, in the closet, or in the field." His modesty was proportioned to his merits. He could with difficulty be persuaded to claim that professional advantage which was clearly his due.

In the judicatories of the Church of Scotland, Colonel Blackader supported conciliatory measures. To the poor he was abundantly charitable. He sought out distress, that he might relieve it. For every prosperous event in his life, he gave the glory to God. The anniversaries of his battles, he observed as days of special prayer and thanksgiving. Possessed of a social nature, he rejoiced in familiar intercourse with his friends. His society was courted by many noble persons, who admired the politeness of his manners and the genial qualities of his heart. At a period when religion had few votaries in the camp or in fashionable life, Colonel Blackader proved himself a "burning and shining light." His Christian example teaches a lesson to the members of his profession even now.

COLONEL GARDINER.

"Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful, and how sweet:
'Fight on, my faithful band,' He cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.'"

DODDRIDGE.

THE life of Colonel Gardiner, written by the pious and gifted Dr. Doddridge, has long been one of the best-esteemed of religious memoirs. The work has been often reprinted, and few publications, if any, are better adapted to occupy a place in the soldier's library.

James Gardiner was born at Carriden, Linlithgowshire, on the 10th January, 1688. On the side of both parents he was connected with the military calling. His father, Patrick Gardiner, of Torwoodhead, was a captain in the army; he died shortly after the battle of Hochstet, in Germany. His mother's brother, Colonel Hodge, fell at the head of his regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk.

The second son of his parents, the subject of this sketch, was intended for some civil employment. His mother, a woman of remarkable piety, instructed him in the doctrines of the Gospel and the practical duties of the Christian life. A devoted aunt likewise concerned herself in his religious upbringing. He studied at the

burgh school of Linlithgow, and made considerable progress in classical learning. But he would not consent to pursue his education further. He was singularly combative, and determined to adopt the military profession. Before he attained manhood, he had engaged in three duels. So early as his eighth year, he received, in one of these encounters, a wound in the right cheek, the scar of which continued to disfigure his otherwise handsome countenance.

In his fourteenth year, Gardiner procured an ensign's commission in a Scots regiment in the Dutch service. In 1702 he was commissioned in the army. At the battle of Ramillies, on the 23rd May, 1706, he was wounded in the mouth by a musket-ball, and taken prisoner. He was two nights exposed in the open air, with his wound undressed, and without adequate support; but being conveyed to a convent, he was carefully tended by the abbess and sisters, and on his recovery obtained his liberation on an exchange of prisoners. He soon after became lieutenant. He continued to serve under the Duke of Marlborough, and was present in almost every battle of the Flanders campaign. Brave in the field, he was otherwise noted for the reckless profanity of his language, and the utter licentiousness of his life.

In January, 1715, he was promoted as captain-lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons. During the same year he afforded further evidence of his prowess at the taking of Preston, in Lancashire. Heading a party of twelve, he advanced to the barricades, and set them on fire amidst a terrible storm of musketry, by which eight of his men were mortally wounded. The insurgents were worsted.

Attracting the notice of the Earl of Stair, Captain

Gardiner received the appointment of aide-de-camp to his lordship. He accompanied the earl to France in his celebrated embassy to the court of that kingdom. On the occasion of Lord Stair's splendid entrance into Paris, he acted as master of the horse, and gained great credit for his admirable arrangement of the ceremonial. In the society of Paris, then the most dissolute in Europe, he abandoned restraint, and plunged into the most wanton excesses. He became notorious for his profligacy, and prosecuted his evil courses with such apparent unconcern that he was commonly styled "The happy rake." But his seeming happiness was unreal; he experienced at times the anguish of remorse. A dog entering the apartment, as some of his dissolute companions were congratulating him on his happiness, he inwardly said to himself, "Oh, that I were that dog!"

Reckless as his course had been, Captain Gardiner never professed infidelity. Passages of Scripture, particularly in the Psalms, were occasionally repeated by him in his thoughtful moments; but when he reflected on the grievous discrepancy between his practice and his occasional aspirations, he resolved to put hence every feeling of seriousness, and restrain every utterance of devotion. A fall from his horse at Calais, when he narrowly escaped being crushed to death, produced no further effect on him than his narrow escape with his life on the field of Ramillies many years previously. During a storm which broke out as he was crossing the Channel in a packet-boat, he had prayed for deliverance; but when he reached the shore, he ridiculed his former seriousness, and resumed his reckless courses.

This man was to be plucked as a brand from the burning. The circumstances attending his conversion have been related by his personal friend and biographer,

Dr. Doddridge, who received the narrative from the Colonel himself. "This memorable event," writes Dr. Doddridge, "happened towards the middle of July, 1719, but I cannot be exact as to the day. The major had spent the evening (and if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman,—of what rank or quality, I did not particularly inquire,—whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven, and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or in some other way. But it very accidentally happened that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, 'The Christian Soldier; or Heaven taken by Storm,' and was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualised, in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of anything he read in it; and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind,—perhaps God only knows how,—which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. . . . . He thought that he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book which he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle; but lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed as if a voice or something equivalent to a

voice, had come to him, to this effect (for he was not confident as to the very words), 'O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' But whether this were an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind equally striking, he did not seem very confident, though, to the best of my remembrance, he rather judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sank down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not exactly how long, insensible, which was one circumstance that made me several times take the liberty to suggest that he might possibly be all this while asleep; but, however that were, he quickly after opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual."

When Major Gardiner awoke from his reverie, his thoughts were at once deeply engrossed respecting the daring profligacy of his past life, and his impious ingratitude to Him whom he believed he saw pierced for his transgressions. In the tumult of his thoughts, his criminal assignation was forgotten, and he proceeded to walk about the apartment, his heart torn with unutterable anguish at the remembrance of his sins. He believed that hell was his portion, and felt amazed that he had not long before been smitten down in the midst of his wickedness. The night was spent waking, and he had little rest during several that followed. The burden of his guilt terribly oppressed him, and though within three days all inclination to indulge his former habits was subdued, he continued to experience a dire apprehension that he should certainly perish. Of the Lord's goodness he did not doubt, and he was satisfied as to the all-sufficiency of the work of redemption; but he so felt the degeneracy of his heart that

he could not venture to form any determinate resolution that he should henceforth walk in the practice of virtue. Daily he cried to God for help and grace. Light and deliverance came. Within two months after his remarkable awakening, the gloom which enshrouded his soul began to disappear before the dawning of a cheerful hope. About the end of October he found entire peace and joy in believing. These words of Scripture removed the burden from his spirit: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins, that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 25, 26).

Major Gardiner had hitherto conceived that the justice of God required the condemnation of so great a sinner as he felt himself to be; he now saw that the Divine justice might not only be vindicated, but glorified in saving him by the blood of Jesus. Former terrors were changed into "a joy unspeakable," which filled his whole soul. Three nights he experienced such ecstasy of joy that he remained awake, and during seven years following he felt as if he were enjoying the happiness of heaven.

He was still in Paris, the scene of so much of his former wickedness. From the period of his first awakening, vice had become utterly abhorrent to him, and he loathed with intense disgust those abandoned practices in which he had previously indulged. The sudden change in his deportment excited a storm of ridicule from his former companions,—a trial which he has described as extremely bitter. When he had gained greater experience in the Christian life, he expressed himself as astonished that he had been so concerned about the mockery of those who knew not God.

Returning from the duties of his staff appointment in

Paris, in 1724, Major Gardiner was appointed to Lord Stair's Regiment, then stationed in the south of Scotland. In the following year his mother, who had attained an advanced age, died at London. Spared to witness the conversion of her son, on whose behalf she had long interceded at a throne of grace, this venerable gentlewoman entered peacefully into her rest. Through the major's liberality, in adding to her limited income, she had obtained many comforts in her declining years.

The removal of an affectionate mother was compensated by an important relationship, which the major formed in 1726. He married the lady Frances Erskine, daughter of the fourth Earl of Buchan. His spouse proved a true helpmate in the Lord. A numerous offspring blessed the union, and those of the children who were spared to attain mature years had cause to be thankful for the teaching and example of both parents. When Major Gardiner entered on the duties of housekeeping, he was careful that the family altar should be erected daily, nor did he ever permit the presence of visitors to interfere with this duty. From the period of his conversion he personally appropriated a certain portion of time every day to the practice of devotion. He was in the habit of rising at four in the morning, and remaining in his closet till six, employing the interval in the perusal of the Scriptures, accompanied with earnest meditation and prayer. When required to go abroad before six, he rose proportionally earlier. He likewise devoted a portion of every evening to secret prayer.

That one who lived so near to God should have exercised a salutary influence upon others, cannot occasion surprise. Many of his brother officers, who had contracted the profane habit of using oaths, ceased to swear

in his presence; some of them altogether abandoned a course which he had taught them to regard as an insult to God, and altogether unworthy of rational beings. The men of his regiment honoured him as one who was deeply concerned in their best interests, and certain of their number, led by his example, set their faces Sion-ward.

A few years after his marriage, he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. But he had to wait many years till he received a regiment of his own—a circumstance which, though distressing to his friends, did not cost him any uneasiness. In a letter addressed to Dr. Doddridge, in April, 1743, he writes: "The disappointment of a regiment is nothing to me, for I am satisfied that had it been for God's glory, I should have had it, and I should have been sorry to have had it on any other terms. My heavenly Father has bestowed upon me infinitely more than if he had made me emperor of the whole world." Only a very few weeks after the date of this letter, he was unexpectedly promoted to the command of a regiment of dragoons, stationed in the neighbourhood of Bankton, his residence in Scotland. At this period he was serving in Flanders with Lord Cadogan's regiment, and the intelligence of his good fortune, which was received with deep thankfulness, determined him early to return to the family circle. But an attack of fever with which he was seized at Ghent, and which brought him to the brink of the grave, delayed his movements, and taught him a further lesson of being wholly resigned to the Divine will. His recovery was a speedy one, and he returned to Britain with an additional cause of gratitude for the Lord's goodness. At London, he had the honour of being presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, receiving from both tokens of regard. He spent part of three days at Northampton, in the society of his dear friend, Dr.

Doddridge, to whom he seemed steadily advancing in meetness for heaven. This intercourse was edifying to both of them; and they parted not again to meet on the side of time.

Colonel Gardiner proceeded to Scotland, which he did not again leave, except on a short visit to Scarborough in July, 1745, for the benefit of his health, which had some time been on the decline. He had long been apprehensive that another attempt would be made for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and on this subject had frequently sounded a note of alarm when others were at ease. His fears proved to be well founded, when at the end of June, 1745, Prince Charles Edward, grandson of the dethroned James II., landed on the north-west coast of Scotland, and attracting to his standard many of the discontented Highland chiefs and their clansmen, took Perth, and caused himself to be proclaimed regent of the kingdom. Colonel Gardiner returned from Scarborough to place himself at the head of his dragoons. His regiment was ordered to the castle of Stirling. Here he was accompanied by his wife and eldest daughter. When he was ordered, early in September, to join Sir John Cope at Dunbar, his wife betrayed unusual emotion at parting with him. On his asking her why she was so moved, she spoke of the danger to which she saw he would be exposed. He calmly replied, "We have an eternity to spend together."

The hostile armies came in view of each other on the 20th of September, in the neighbourhood of Colonel Gardiner's own house, near Prestonpans. The colonel then proceeded to ride through the ranks of his regiment, calling on them to be courageous on behalf of their king and country, and to prepare themselves for whatever event might occur. He remained all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak. About three in the morning,

he called his four domestic servants, to whom he addressed earnest Christian counsel. He then engaged for about an hour in solitary meditation.

The rebel army made an attack before sunrise by approaching within gunshot and discharging their firelocks. The colonel was struck by a bullet in his left breast, and soon after received a shot in his right thigh. After a faint fire, his regiment was seized with a panic, and made a precipitate retreat. As he was deliberating on the disaster, he observed a party of infantry gallantly fighting near him without an officer to head them, on which he exclaimed, "Those brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," and riding up to them, cried out, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing." He had just spoken, when a Highlander attacked him with a scythe attached to a long pole. Receiving a severe wound on the right arm, his sword dropped from his hand. He was now surrounded, and being dragged from his horse, was struck with a broadsword or Lochaber axe on the back part of the head, which proved the mortal blow. At the close of the action, he was found by his servant still breathing, and was removed by him to the manse of Tranent, where he expired at eleven o'clock of the following morning. Subsequent to the infliction of the blow on the head, he was unable to speak. In three days his remains were consigned to the dust in the parish church of Tranent, where he usually, when at home, attended Divine service.

So terminated the career of that eminent Christian convert, Colonel James Gardiner. With his blood he sealed his testimony on behalf of the religion and liberties of his country, and added another notable example of the sustaining power of faith in seasons of danger. As the only man of his regiment who refused to yield to the

terrible onset of the opposing force, he proved the superiority of that valour which has a deeper root than may be found in animal courage or human honour. In his death, as in his life, he glorified God. He had often expressed a desire that, "if it were the will of God, he might have some honourable call to sacrifice his life in defence of religion and the liberties of his country." The prayer was heard, and answered in a remarkable manner; for though his more active campaigning had terminated, he was privileged to raise the sword in the cause so dear to him, on the borders of his own fields. He surrendered his life within view of that dwelling which had been consecrated by his devotions, and close by that church in which he had listened to the words of salvation. Having shed his blood for his country, he left behind him the example of a devoted patriotism, and attained, through the blood of Jesus, the martyr's crown.

COLONEL FORDYCE.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd."
COLLINS.

THE student of religious biography is ever and anon led to remark the importance of a Christian upbringing. He who has drunk in youth of the fountain of inspiration has imbibed of a stream which, under the Lord's blessing, will sooner or later burst forth to permeate his whole being, and gladden and satisfy his heart.

John Fordyce, the subject of the present brief sketch, was the eldest son of Thomas J. Fordyce, Esq., of Ayton, Berwickshire. His mother, a gentlewoman of eminent piety, conceived that the spiritual training of her children was a duty which might not be delegated. She caused them to commit to memory the more striking and important passages of the sacred volume, and when they became older, she explained to them, in simple terms, the blessed doctrine of salvation. The children were early taught to pray; they were regularly assembled at the family altar. The good seed took root. John Fordyce never forgot these pious exercises.

The subject of this sketch early resolved to be a soldier. The heroic deeds of the old warriors charmed him at school. He criticised their actions, and made his observations on the character of their enterprises. His studies were conducted at a private seminary in England, and at the educational institutions of Edinburgh. In 1828 he

obtained his first commission as an ensign in the 34th Regiment. With that corps he proceeded to serve in Nova Scotia, where he remained till 1832. He now joined in succession the 94th and 21st Regiments, in each of which he was lieutenant. In 1836 he obtained his company in the 35th Regiment; he exchanged into the 11th Foot in 1839. Having attained the rank of major in 1844, he exchanged into the 74th Highlanders. In 1846 he was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and got command of his regiment.

During these years nothing has been recorded respecting the military services or Christian enterprises of Colonel Fordyce. That he "prayed to God alway," and combined diligence in business with fervour of spirit, would seem almost certain. When he appeared as commanding officer of the 74th Regiment, in scenes where his Christian efforts attracted observation, he seemed to have been carrying on a work on which he had entered long previously. He did not exhibit the bustling fervour of the new convert, but the calm resolution of the long-established disciple. He seemed as one who had long walked in the narrow way, and had found it "the way of pleasantness" and "the path of peace."

When his regiment was stationed at Glasgow, in 1849, the colonel was observed to be indefatigable in promoting the moral improvement of his men, and the educational interests of their children. The regimental Sunday school received his personal superintendence, and the teachers were encouraged to persevere in their spiritual labours. The regiment was next stationed at Clonmel, in Ireland. There the colonel was remarked as unremitting in his attention to the sick, and most bountiful to those families who required his aid. He not only subscribed liberally to the regimental institutions, but readily

contributed towards the promotion of the local charities. He was careful that his men should attend the religious instructions of the chaplain, and was always present with them at the public ministrations.

The colonel's domestic life was such as became his public profession. He occupied much of his time in reading. The Bible was his daily companion. He procured the best works on practical Christianity. He was concerned in the great religious movements of the day. He rejoiced to encourage the evangelistic labours of all the churches. He honoured Christian zeal wherever it was evinced, and loved to cherish those who had made sacrifices in the cause of the Redeemer.

Colonel Fordyce died at the post of duty. He had accompanied his regiment to the Cape of Good Hope, in November, 1850. He was ordered to aid in suppressing the insurrection of the Caffres, who had for some time been menacing British authority. On the 6th November, 1851, he took the field against them at the head of his men. He was leading his troops in column when he found his march suddenly arrested by a rocky precipice, which flanked him as a semicircle. The enemy had anticipated the movement. Concealed among rocks, they fired resolutely on the helpless column. The colonel fell, mortally wounded.

It has been insinuated that the army is a professional arena which few would occupy, apart from the desire of emolument, or the prospect of honour. There are self-seeking persons in every calling,—men who, devoid of patriotism and every social feeling, live for themselves alone. Among such the name of Colonel Fordyce may not be ranked. Possessed of a fine estate, which he obtained by inheritance; a man of opulence, and entirely independent of his regimental pay, he continued to serve

in the army, in the desire to be useful to his country. His patriotic devotion was consecrated by his life-blood. The love of country is the love of our neighbour in an extended form. That species of affection is one of the signs of a regenerated nature; it is always so, when the life is otherwise conformable with the duties and requirements of the Gospel.

COLONEL MOUNTAIN, C.B., ADJUTANT-GENERAL IN INDIA.

"Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life."

KIRKE WHITE.

ARMINE SIMCOE HENRY MOUNTAIN was son of the pious and learned Jacob Mountain, first bishop of Quebec; he was born on the 4th of February, 1797. Selecting the military profession, he obtained a commission in the 96th Regiment. He joined his regiment in Ireland, in November, 1815. At this period, he is described by Miss Edgeworth in these words: "If you were to cut Armine Mountain into a hundred pieces, every one of them would be a gentleman." In 1817 he proceeded abroad, where he acquired an intimate acquaintance with the continental languages. From Lausanne, on Christmas Day, he thus writes to his mother: "It is upon the anniversary of the great day upon which the Eternal Love blessed a world, that I consider myself called upon to cherish more good-will towards all my fellow-beings; that I feel myself invited to love my friends and relations more dearly, more disinterestedly; that I think it my duty, in pouring out my gratitude to the Father of all for His infinite mercies to me, to thank also with all my heart my earthly parents for the tender care which they have taken of my youth." Appointed to a lieutenancy in the 52nd Regiment, he was enabled to return to Canada.

He writes to his mother on Christmas, 1824, "My thoughts are often and daily with you, but on Sundays they seem to hover round my home more than at other times, and still more so on this day. I have just come from church, and from receiving the sacrament."

In the spring of 1826, Lieutenant Mountain acquired by purchase a company in the 76th Regiment, and shortly after was promoted to an unattached majority. In 1828, with the consent of the Earl of Dalhousie, he joined the 26th Cameronians, then stationed at Madras. He returned to Britain in 1836, and in the following year united himself in marriage to a grand-daughter of the Bishop of Meath. In February, 1838, he joined the Cameronians at Fort William, but he had only landed a few weeks in India, when his young wife was cut off in child-bed. Hitherto Major Mountain, though exhibiting in ordinary conversation that deep respect for religion which had never forsaken him from youth, had not been brought to the foot of the Cross. He was much afflicted by the loss of his dear partner, but he found in prayer and earnest meditation, that comfort which can only be derived from one pure and unfailing source of consolation.

To the proper upbringing of the helpless infant at whose birth his wife had surrendered up her life, he now resolved to devote himself. We present a few extracts from a letter on the subject of his child's training: "My first object, hope, and prayer is that my daughter, so God wills she live, may grow up a faithful Christian. I hope and pray that her religion may be of the heart—one of practice, not formalism—the guide of her life, the comfort of her soul, about her path and about her bed, the spring and moving power of her thought and actions." "I regard," he adds, "the fixed, rooted habit of private

prayer, morning and night, as being of essential importance, as the foundation of the best impulses of our natures, and the check and prevention of the bad." But the darling object of his affection was not destined long to survive; she died on the voyage to Britain, when only two years old. "I feel," writes the colonel to his sister, "that I have deserved this further bitter chastisement. . . . . I fear myself, but she is safe; she will surely be yielded up by the wide waters, and be remembered by her Saviour amongst the angels of God."

In 1840, Major Mountain accompanied the Cameronians to China. By the death of Colonel Oglander he became second lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. In 1841 he writes to his sister, "I grieve over my inability to act upon the truths that I acknowledge and feel; but I strive and pray, and I hope I have made some little progress in attaining to more resignation, and more hope for another world, if not for this." After a lengthened dawn, the light was beginning to appear. In the capture of Chapoo, under Sir Hugh Gough, in May, 1842, Colonel Mountain was struck by three musket-balls, and his wounds were of a serious character. The chastisement was blest. In June, he writes to his sister, "I have entered into this notice of my wounds because I would invite you, and those who still recollect and love me, to join with me in thanks to God through Christ, with the prayer that I may use the remainder of a life thus spared better than I have the years that are gone."

The Cameronians returned to Britain in 1843. They were stationed in Edinburgh Castle. Here Colonel Mountain began especially to interest himself in the spiritual instruction of his men; he established a Sunday school and coffee room, and supplied Bibles and evangelical publications to the hospital. His efforts were not

unsuccessful, nor did they pass unnoticed. "The state to which the 26th Regiment has been brought," said the Duke of Wellington, "shows what a commanding officer's exertions can effect."

In February, 1845, Colonel Mountain married Charlotte Anna, eldest daughter of Colonel Dundas, of Carron Hall. "His daily prayer was," writes Mrs. Mountain, "that he might live less to the world and more to God, and that they might both so follow Christ in this world, that they might be together in his presence in eternity." In 1846, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen, and, in the following year, he received the appointment of military secretary to the Governor-General of India.

At Calcutta, early in 1848, he entered on his new duties, and though these were laborious, he found leisure to devote an hour every morning to the reading of the Scriptures. The Sikh war now broke out. His duties with the Governor-General relieved him from active military service, but he asked and obtained permission to join his regiment in the field. He commanded as brigadier at the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. For his distinguished conduct at the former engagement, he was rewarded by being nominated adjutant-general in India. A severe wound in his hand, caused by the accidental explosion of one of his cavalry pistols, compelled him to return to his home at Simla, prior to the close of the campaign. This additional chastisement was sanctified. Referring to his suffering he wrote to Mrs. Mountain, "It was almost more than I could endure, but I thought of the Redeemer's hand nailed to the Cross, and tried to be patient." During the progress of the campaign, Colonel Mountain was in the habit of rising early in the morning, and seeking a quiet place apart from the tents, there to offer up his earnest prayers

to God for his own guidance, and for the welfare of those he loved.

As adjutant-general, he sought the improvement of barrack accommodation, and endeavoured to provide such recreation for the men as might tend to keep them from seeking excitement in vicious indulgences. He became an active promoter of the Church Missionary Society, and was a liberal subscriber to several associations for the spread of the Gospel. In the summer of 1852, his health began to decline. Change of climate retarded the progress of his complaint, but a seeming improvement was followed by an attack of fever. This illness was borne with entire meekness and resignation; unmoved he heard the assurance of his physician, that his life could not be prolonged many days. Calmly he made a settlement of his affairs. "Thank God! thank God!" he said. "What am I, to be so blest? I who am so unworthy. I am dying; I have made one step on Jacob's ladder. Peace with God through our Redeemer." His last words were, "Peace—mercy—salvation—through Jesus Christ." He died in the camp at Futtyghur, on the 8th February, 1854.

"Soldiers, that carry their lives in their hands," writes the pious Richard Baxter, "should carry the grace of God in their hearts." No other possession will prove of any avail at the dying hour. The most valued of earthly idols loses its lustre on the verge of eternity. Can any service be more hallowed and glorious than that of the Lord of Hosts? Who would desire enlistment in more illustrious battalions than the army of the saints? The Lord Jesus is the best of captains; under his banner there is sure victory, and enduring triumph.

The soldier in the armies of men receives, when he is old and worn out with service, a medal and a pension.

It is well. The nations of the world and their rulers cannot otherwise recompense their brave men. But the soldier of the Cross is rewarded with immortal honour; he receives a crown of glory. Human imagination cannot depict the blessedness of the humblest occupant of the heavenly mansions. Even now, in the outer court, the Christian soldier has an abiding sense of his Saviour's presence. He sees Him in cloud and sunshine, on the deep, in the tented field, and amidst the thunder of battle. And the gloom of death is dissolved before the hallowed contemplation. He takes up the words of the Psalmist: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MOORSOM.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love; in honour preferring one another."—Romans xii. 10.

THE subject of this sketch has so recently departed from the scene, that some difficulty has been experienced in procuring such materials as might fully illustrate his career. He was one of those saintly few who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." He was an active, energetic worker in the cause of his Divine Master, and on behalf of those who were ready to perish. Like the ancient patriarch, he was "eyes to the blind," "feet to the lame," "a father to the poor," and the "cause" of distress "which he knew not he searched out."

Robert Moorsom was born at Airy Hill, near Whitby, in 1812. His father, Mr. Richard Moorsom, represented a family distinguished both in the army and navy. His father's brother, Admiral Sir Robert Moorsom, K.C.B., commanded one of Lord Nelson's line-of-battle ships, and shared in the victory at the Nile. Captain William Moorsom, R.N., who invented the shell which bears his name, is brother of the subject of this sketch.

In his eighteenth year Robert Moorsom obtained a commission in the Rifle Brigade. He served with his regiment in the Ionian isles; he afterwards exchanged into the Scots Fusilier Guards. In 1835 he married Henrietta Frances, daughter of General Sir Henry Campbell, K.C.B. He proceeded to live at Croydon, where he

had charge of a recruiting dépôt. In 1852 he resigned this appointment, and removed to Brighton.

In 1854 Colonel Moorsom was ordered to join his regiment in the Crimea. With a body of recruits under his command, he sailed for the east in November. The ship proved unseaworthy, and he narrowly escaped shipwreck off Mitylene. When he reached Balaklava he found the troops suffering those privations which have become matter of history. In these sufferings a field was opened up for the exercise of his Christian benevolence. His exertions for the alleviation of distress were universal and unfailing. Towards the sufferers in his own regiment his attention was unlimited. Personally he bore warm garments to the huts, and distributed food. With soothing words he comforted the sick. He had a warm word, a kindly look for all. His presence consoled the despairing and animated with fresh ardour those who were sinking in despondency. As he read the office for the dead over the remains of those who fell, his earnest accents penetrated the hearts of the survivors, awakening serious reflections, and stimulating with the hopes of immortality.

Colonel Moorsom prosecuted his benevolent labours considerably beyond his strength. He was prostrated by illness. His complaint proved to be fever, and he was removed to the hospital at Therapia. On his recovery he returned to the Crimea. He was present at the storming of the Redan and at the final attack on Sebastopol.

On the proclamation of peace in the spring of 1856, Colonel Moorsom returned to England. A second attack of fever in the following August seriously impaired his strength, and led to his retiring from the army. He now established his permanent residence at Brighton.

20382

Release from military duties is too frequently associated with the vanities of a life of pleasure. Those who have been accustomed to the routine of the station and the camp, have experienced on retirement an *ennui* which they knew not how to satisfy unless by engaging in those fascinating enjoyments which, while they occupy, do not improve the heart. Colonel Moorsom lived not for himself. He felt he had a work to do for his neighbour and for society. He possessed talents which he knew he should improve. He dared not consume his precious hours in folly, or stand idle in the market-place.

He became interested in the prosperity of the County Hospital. He aided its funds and exerted himself in procuring on its behalf a general support. His energetic labours were attended with the material benefit of the institution. In the interests of the local poor he became especially concerned. He applied himself to benefit the inmates of the workhouse. He visited the Industrial Schools, and spoke kindly to those whose conduct merited encouragement. In 1859 he was appointed Chairman of the Board of Guardians. The duties of this office he discharged so faithfully that he was repeatedly re-elected; he held office till failing health compelled him to abandon it.

Colonel Moorsom was one of the founders of the House of Charity in Soho, and he long continued personally to superintend its concerns. He took a deep interest in middle-class education, and on public occasions advocated the cause of its promoters. The Nursing Sisterhood at East Grinstead, founded by Dr. Neale, received his liberal support.

Colonel Moorsom attached himself to that section of the English Church which hold what are termed "high" views. He revered the Church of England as an insti-

tution which had conferred many blessings on a succession of generations, and sympathised warmly with those of her clergy who upheld what he regarded as her distinctive principles and ancient forms. But the Colonel was more than a Churchman; he was an unassuming Christian believer, who loved all the brethren who rejoiced in the common salvation. Predilections he certainly had, but these did not surmount in his inner life the principles of a holy charity.

For some time the subject of this sketch suffered from weak health. In April, 1866, he proceeded to Milan. He returned to Brighton in August, but was again ordered by his physicians to seek a milder climate. He resided some time at Mentone, in the south of France, and then removed to San Remo, in Italy. There his death took place on the 4th of March, 1867. He departed in perfect peace.

The Christian life manifests itself in various forms. Some believers are actuated by the impetuous zeal of a St. Peter, others are adorned with the gentle graces of a St. John. The practical devotedness of St. James is more apparent in others. The subject of this sketch was of this last apostolic school. He evinced the sincerity of his faith by the character and abundance of his works. In the cause of his Divine Master he laboured in season and out of season. He fed the hungry; the destitute were clothed by his bounty; he visited the fatherless and the widow. He has gone to his reward. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

MAJOR ARTHUR VANDELEUR, R.A.

"Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be
Worthy that epithet, stand free
From Time's encumb'ring things;
Be earth's enthralment fear'd, abhorr'd,
Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,
Thy Chief, the King of Kings."

BERNARD BARTON.

ARTHUR VANDELEUR was born at Ralahine, county Clare, Ireland, on the 21st January, 1829. He was the youngest of five children. Two of his sisters died of consumption, and his only brother perished by drowning. Consequent on some domestic troubles, Mrs. Vandeleur left Ralahine in 1835, and established her residence at Limerick. In his sixth year, Arthur was sent to a Sunday school superintended by Lieutenant, afterwards Colonel Carter, of the 1st Royals, so well known for his Christian devotedness. At the age of nine, he entered the grammar school at Ennis; he subsequently prosecuted his studies at a school at Delgany, county Wicklow, and at an educational seminary superintended by the Rev. William Spedding, at Greenfield, county Cork. Both at Delgany and Greenfield, he enjoyed the benefit of earnest clerical superintendence. From childhoood he delighted to read the Bible. In his twelfth year, while a pupil at Greenfield, he retired to his room for Scripture-reading and prayer, during the half-hour which, after breakfast, was granted for recreation. When his practice first became known among the boys, he was assailed by a storm of ridicule, but ere long several of his companions accom-

panied him in the exercise. It was remarked that his lessons were most carefully prepared, and that no boy entered more heartily into the innocent amusements of the play-ground.

In June, 1843, Arthur Vandeleur was deprived of his beloved mother, who was smitten down by consumption. Shortly before her death, she laid her hand on the head of her son and entreated him to give his heart to the Saviour. He promised her that he would not allow a day to pass without reading a chapter of Holy Scripture, with prayer.

Nominated to the Royal Artillery, we now find Arthur Vandeleur at the Royal Academy at Woolwich. Here he was subjected to many strong temptations. Only once in his life, and it was during his residence at the Academy, did he intentionally lead another into the ways of sin. He lamented his fall to the close of his life. "I led him on," he said, "on one occasion, and now I cannot win him back. I have not been even able to trace his course."

Having completed his military education, and obtained his commission, he then obtained a period of leave before joining his regiment. He proceeded to Ireland, and there renewed pleasant intercourse with the guardians and friends of his youth. In 1847, he commenced a diary, which was henceforth regularly kept. We present three extracts from the earlier portion of it, as an indication of his spiritual state at this period:—"Glorious Lord God, who knowest every thought of my heart, enable me to realise Thy presence at all times: let me ever be fearful of offending Thee, from whom I have received so many signal mercies, and strive to show forth my gratitude both with my mouth and by my daily actions." "How easy is it to speak and write seriously, compared to what it is to think seriously. How difficult it is to resist the

tempter, and how well Satan knows every person's weakest points. O gracious Saviour, put Thy Holy Spirit into my heart, that he may enable me to resist Satan in whatever disguise he presents himself. Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may grow in grace and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let me learn to resist the devil more; that, gaining daily more experience under the banner of my dear Saviour, I may at last be able to interpose the shield of faith before every dart which my malignant and active enemy can hurl at my soul." "Good and merciful Lord God, I bless Thy holy name for permitting me daily to have such an opportunity of intercourse with Thee as Thou didst graciously afford by making me to keep this journal. Oh, bring me close to Thee, day by day, and let me hold sweet communion with my own gracious Saviour, Redeemer, Shepherd, and Friend, daily, nay hourly, by faith. Oh, let me rejoice in Thee. Show me more of the vanity and folly of this perishing world, that I may gradually and effectually be weaned from placing either my hopes or my happiness upon it. No, I will have my all in Thee; all my affections, all my wishes, all my hopes, centred in Thee, and in Thee alone."

In November, 1847, the subject of this sketch joined his regiment at Woolwich. On the first Sabbath of this new era, he made the following entry in his journal: "Gracious and Holy Spirit, come with power to my soul, and warm it with love to my dear, my own Saviour. Oh, show to my heart His gracious image, that I may love Him with an intense affection." At this period, Vandeleur joined in the games usual in the army, and when he happened to be a loser, was prone to indulge in manifestations of temper, which were uniformly followed by seasons of regret. On this subject, we quote from his journal,

January 5th, 1848: "In the evening went, very much against my inclination, to play a game of billiards with B—— and A——, and lost my temper in a great measure, which, besides making me the laughing-stock of my companions, was very wrong in the sight of that great God whose eyes are always upon me, and who sees into the inmost recesses of my heart. B—— afterwards asked pardon of me, and when I was coming over to my room, asked me to read a little prayer on meekness of temper. O God Almighty, pardon my sin this night. Against Thee have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight. Oh, pardon me, I beseech Thee, for the sake of Thy dear Son. Oh, intercede for me, blessed Saviour! Thou wast tempted like as I have been, and yet thou wast without sin. Thou knowest all my infirmities, and the ignorance of my heart, and still Thou lovest me. May I ever return Thy love. Enable me to put a guard over my temper; and to watch and stedfastly to guard against all occasions of evil."

At Woolwich, Vandeleur was privileged with the friendship of Colonel, afterwards General Anderson, an officer whose Christian devotedness was blessed to the spiritual benefit of many, and who being dead, yet speaketh in the lives of those who were awakened to spiritual enquiry under his pious teaching. Colonel Anderson opened his house one evening weekly to those officers who were willing to join in Scripture-reading and prayer. Vandeleur's journal abounds with entries expressive of thankfulness for the edification he received at those weekly re-unions. On Sunday evenings he was privileged to listen to the ministrations of the Rev. Capel Molyneux, who then was incumbent of a church at Woolwich.

In the autumn of 1848 Vandeleur was promoted as first lieutenant, and was posted to a company in Jamaica.

When cholera broke out in the garrison at Port Royal in October, 1850, he was assiduous in his attentions to the sick, and volunteered to convey in his pleasure-boat the bodies of those who died to the place of interment along the coast, when, owing to the dread of infection, boats could not otherwise be procured. He was seized with cholera, but, under the good hand of God, his life was spared. In February, 1851, he returned with his company to Britain.

Having now obtained possession of his paternal estate, he proceeded to make arrangements for the repayment of debts contracted by his father, though the creditors possessed no legal claim upon himself. At Woolwich he renewed kindly and refreshing intercourse with Colonel Anderson. In the autumn of 1851 he was, on the Colonel's recommendation, appointed to the Horse Artillery; he joined a troop at Dublin. During two years he remained at that station, he undertook the superintendence of a ragged school in one of the least inviting districts of the city. On Sundays he particularly engaged in communicating religious instruction to the young and old who attended the institution.

On the outbreak of the Russian war, Lieutenant Vandeleur was ordered to proceed with his troop to the seat of opening hostilities. Embarking at Woolwich Dockyard in April, 1854, he entered the Dardanelles in June. On the 27th August he wrote to a friend from "Camp Devna," near Varna. Having stated that an attack of the combined fleets and armies against Sebastopol seemed to be resolved on, he proceeded, "One thing is necessary above all others to me and to all here at the present moment—to prepare to meet our God. Oh! may He to whom alone the future is fully revealed lead me and all of us to put all our trust in the merits and blood of His

beloved Son; then, indeed, may we look forward with perfect confidence and do our duty, even in the battle-field, as unto the Lord and not unto men, heartily and cheerfully. But, oh! what difficulties do we encounter in living to God anywhere. At home there are the charms of the world and the host of Satan's allurements to pleasure, ease, and vanity; here, when removed in some degree from contact with these things, he takes another line, and tempts us to become selfish, overbearing, disagreeable, and unhappy, discontented with ourselves and with everything around us, as if we came out here to enjoy ourselves, and for that alone."

Lieutenant Vandeleur's troop was engaged in the cavalry affair of Bulgarnac on the 19th September, and at the great battle of the Alma on the following day. In both engagements he evinced that intrepidity which is a uniform characteristic of the Christian soldier. About the end of October he was seized with a severe attack of fever and ague, and was in consequence for six weeks in hospital at Scutari. When sufficiently recovered he proceeded in the different wards to exhort and comfort his fellow-sufferers. Returning to the camp before Sebastopol, he had the satisfaction of forming the acquaintance of Captain Hedley Vicars. In the tent of this devoted Christian he joined some other like-minded officers in spiritual exercises. Two months after their first meeting, Vicars was called, amidst the carnage of battle, to the rest of the upper sanctuary. "How little we thought," wrote the survivor, "when, the very day before, we heard him read the beautiful Church service with the deepest solemnity, that so soon he should be taken from the midst of us."

Owing to failing health, Vandeleur, now promoted to a captaincy, obtained leave to return to Britain. He

landed in England on the 25th May, 1855. From a letter written by him in July to the author of the "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," we quote the following passage. He is referring to his departed friend. "I fear I am not nearly so far advanced. In the Crimea my heart was not so happy, because not so holy, as when I enjoyed more frequently the external means of grace. At times I *was* permitted to drink deep at the fountain-head; but I missed the streams sadly. It is only character of the highest order that can thoroughly overcome the force of circumstances. But the promise stands true for the weakest of overcoming strength from above: '*My grace is sufficient for thee.*' Oh, for a deeper insight into the fulness of grace and weight of glory that is in Christ Jesus *for us.*"

In January, 1856, Captain Vandeleur was united in marriage with Mary, eldest daughter of James Molony, Esq., of Kiltanon, Ireland. The attachment, formed early in life, had been founded on mutual esteem. Both parties long shared the same spiritual hopes and aspirations. With his home shared by one so entirely like-minded with himself, he proceeded with redoubled energy to seek both the spiritual and temporal welfare of those around him. Appointed to the office of Captain-Instructor at Woolwich Arsenal, he remained in this situation till April, 1858, his evenings being frequently employed in conducting Bible-classes, and in otherwise making known the precious truths of the Gospel.

Posted to a company at Gibraltar, Major Vandeleur (for he had at Woolwich attained this brevet rank) proceeded to that station in November. Here he engaged, as at Woolwich, in conducting Scripture-readings and prayer-meetings among the men. In the hospital wards he was a regular visitor; his Christian counsels were much

welcomed by the inmates. About eighty boys and girls attended his Sunday-school. But failing health compelled him to return to Britain in April.

From May till September he resided in Ireland; and his health having been somewhat restored, he resumed military duty at Woolwich. Appointed Assistant-Inspector of Artillery at the Arsenal, an office much to his liking, he contemplated the systematic renewal of those spiritual duties which he had delighted to discharge in former years. But consumption had made such deep inroads on his constitution that nothing but absolute cessation from labour could avail in prolonging his life. The physicians were peremptory in his immediately retiring from active service.

The end was near. He contemplated his departure with the composure of one who knew in whom he was believing, and who had entirely consecrated himself to his Saviour. "There is no such thing as death," he said, "for a man who believes in the Saviour." He added, "He cannot die. He is in the life, for he is in Jesus; and thus he is a part of life eternal." "What a blessing that I have not *now* to seek Jesus," he said at another time. Two days before his death he said to his attached wife, "It is a solemn thing to appear before the King of Kings, the Holy God; but I have no fear." Not many hours before the end, he comforted his weeping sister with these words, "I am going home. I have long known that in my Father's house there is a place prepared for me. I know it—I am sure of it." "Jesus only," he uttered, as the shadows of death drew near. He requested his wife to read to him the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke. He made remarks on some of the verses, and shortly after fell asleep. He awoke not, for his soul had passed into the bosom of his

Saviour. So he departed to his inheritance in glory. He died on the 5th of June, 1860, at the age of thirty-one.

The records of Christian life in the army furnish no nobler example of consistent devotion to the service of the Master than that which has just been presented. Acquainted with Divine things from his youth, Major Vandeleur derived from the pages of Holy Scripture that pure enjoyment so often sought for by the young in other ways. He was not exempted from those native tendencies to sin which are the lot of a fallen humanity. His temper was keen, and he inclined to be angry on slight provocation. But he was conscious of his infirmity, and when he was unhappily overtaken by it he retired to ask pardon at a throne of grace, and he always returned from his chamber composed and tranquil. He rejoiced in manly recreations, but when he perceived that his love of sports proved a stumbling-block to others, he straightway abandoned them. Wherever he resided, whether at a place of education or as an officer at a military station, he left behind some memorial of his Christian worth. The converted British officer has the best opportunity of spreading abroad a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He exercises an influence which bears directly on those under his command, and in his frequent removals from one station to another he has an opportunity of planting widely the banner of the Cross. The opportunity was zealously embraced by Major Vandeleur.

CAPTAIN JAMES WILSON.

"Onward, holy champion!
Run the Christian race;
Leave the world behind thee,
Heavenward set thy face:
* * * *
Onward, holy champion!
Angels, bending down,
Watch thy brave endeavour,
Guard thy future crown."

DR. KENNEDY.

JAMES WILSON was the youngest of nineteen children. His father, who commanded a ship in the Newcastle coal trade, educated him to the nautical profession. He served in the navy during the American war, and was present in the engagements of Bunker's Hill and Long Island. On his return from America he was appointed mate of an East Indiaman, and proceeded to Bengal. In the course of conveying supplies to the troops engaged against Hyder Ali, he was captured by the French fleet, and carried into Cuddalore. Suffrein, the commander of the French fleet, accepted a bribe of three hundred thousand rupees from Hyder Ali for the British prisoners; and Wilson, having failed in a most adventurous effort to obtain his freedom, was removed to Seringapatam. He was there subjected to cruel and barbarous treatment, being chained to a fellow prisoner, in a damp prison, and allowed only a single pound of rice daily. He became reduced almost to a skeleton, and endured the most intense agony from the cravings of hunger. The chain

which bound him weighed thirty-two pounds. For twenty-two months Captain Wilson endured the horrors of his imprisonment, till the victories of Sir Eyre Coote having humbled Hyder Ali, induced this barbarous potentate to surrender his captives.

On being restored to liberty, Wilson was immediately seized with a violent fever, and for a time his life was despaired of. He ultimately recovered, when he proceeded to Madras. He resumed a seafaring life, and, becoming joint owner of the merchant squadron which he commanded, he soon realised a fortune. He now resolved to return to Britain.

Having landed at Portsmouth, he made purchase of a residence at Horndean, a place about ten miles distant. He secured as his housekeeper his niece, Miss Wilson, a lady of devoted piety, and a member of a dissenting congregation at Portsea. Though often in circumstances of extreme peril, and severely chastened under the hand of God, Captain Wilson had hitherto not only been indifferent to religious concerns, but had openly professed Deism. Captain Sims, a neighbour at Horndean, and Miss Wilson, had frequently endeavoured to effect a change in his views, but they signally failed. He was more than a match for Captain Sims in the art of reasoning, and his niece found that her uncle was immovable in the unhappy sentiments which he had imbibed.

Captain Sims was entertaining at his house Mr. John Griffin, a young minister, who was then supplying the Baptist chapel at Portsea which he attended. Wilson invited Sims and his guest to dinner. At table Sims introduced the subject of the authenticity of the Scriptures. "You know," said Wilson, playfully, "I have foiled you already on that question." "If I was not equal to this contest," replied Sims, "my minister is," pointing

to Mr. Griffin. Wilson said he was quite willing to hear what Mr. Griffin had to say in the matter; so it was arranged that, after dinner, the subject should be discussed between them in an arbour of the garden.

In an able and interesting manner Mr. Griffin proceeded to place before the proud Deist the usual arguments in support of the Divine Word. After listening for some time, Wilson said, "I confess that since my return from India, on hearing my niece refer to some parts of the Bible, I have been forcibly struck with several things which prove that the Scriptures are an Eastern book; among other things the language of the Psalms, where David says 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over,' most likely alludes to a custom which has continued to this day. I once had this ceremony performed on myself in the house of a great and rich Indian in the presence of a large company. The gentleman of the house poured upon my hands and arms a delightfully odoriferous perfume, put a golden cup into my hand, and poured wine into it till it run over, assuring me at the same time that it was a great pleasure to him to receive me, and that I should find a rich supply in his house. I think the poet expressed his sense of the Divine goodness by allusion to this custom."

As Mr. Griffin continued his arguments the Captain remarked,—"The dispersion of the Jews, and their continuing for so many ages a distinct people, is certainly a very remarkable fact; but there is another people as distinct as the Jews, who have frequently excited my attention,—these are the Ishmaelites. Nothing can be a more accurate description of them than is given,—'Their hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against them.' I have often had them in my service, and seen them in various situations, but no change of

place, connection, or circumstances, in the least alters their character; their hand is against every man, and consequently, every man's hand is against them."

The conversation continued several hours. Captain Sims, who now joined the debaters, said to Wilson,— "Has he convinced you, Captain?" "I will not say much about that," was the reply, "but he has said some things I shall not forget." The subject dropped, and the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, chiefly on religious subjects.

Next day Captain Wilson borrowed from Captain Sims the "Christian Officer's Panoply," a work by General Burn, which he had previously received in loan, but had not read. Soon after he began to read the Bible. Under the pretext of obliging his niece, he offered to drive her to Portsea to her place of worship. In reality, he desired to hear the young minister whose conversation had impressed him so deeply. That Sunday morning Mr. Griffin preached from the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, at the twenty-ninth verse. The preacher spoke with great force, and concluded his discourse by an application eminently practical. It was remarked that the new hearer was especially attentive to every word which fell from the preacher's lips. At the close of the discourse some tears came into his eyes, which he strived to conceal. Returning with Miss Wilson to Horndean, he referred to the deep impression which the discourse of the morning had produced upon his mind. "If what I have heard to-day be true," he said, "I am a lost man." Miss Wilson was overpowered by remarking the change which had occurred in her uncle's sentiments. When she became sufficiently composed, she read to him some of the Gospel promises, and showed him that to such as felt the burden of sin was the offer of salvation made.

Next Sunday Captain Wilson again took his seat in Orange Street Chapel. The discourse was on the doctrine of Justification. The preacher's words were much blessed to him, for he now began to see more clearly the suitableness of Christianity for mankind in their lost condition, as well as personally to experience its saving influences. He waited on Mr. Griffin at his residence, and addressed him in these words :—

"I have no language to express the happiness I now feel, and the gratitude I owe to God I hope will be expressed in the life I have yet to live, by my zeal in the service of God, bearing some good proportioned to that I have manifested in the service of Satan. But, my dear sir, I shall never reward you for the good I have received; were I to give you all I possess in the world, it would be but a poor compensation for the benefit I have derived from your conversation and ministry."

The change which had occurred in his religious views subjected Captain Wilson to persecution from those who regarded him as an apostate. Persons of both sexes who had hitherto cultivated his society began to taunt him with fanaticism. At first he withstood their sallies with his usual good nature, but he afterwards conceived himself called on to abandon associates whom he could not benefit by his teachings, and whose sentiments were directly opposed to those which he now cherished so deeply. Early in 1796 he was admitted a member of the Orange Street congregation, and though he resided ten miles from that place of worship, he was found regularly in his pew.

Captain Wilson now began earnestly to consider what he might do to forward the work of converting others. A discourse of Mr. Griffin's directed his thoughts in this channel. This excellent man had been preaching on the faith of Abraham in leaving his country and friends at

the call of God, and proceeding to a foreign country, without knowing whither he went. Captain Wilson was also led to think of the self-denial of those who are recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. These impressions continued to gain force, till on taking up the "Evangelical Magazine" one day, he found there was a proposal to establish a missionary society in London, and if practicable to convey the Gospel to the islands of the Pacific. Wilson forthwith made offer to take command of a vessel which might bear a staff of missionaries to the Pacific, and otherwise to assist in carrying out the enterprise. His offer was cordially accepted by the promoters of the new society, and in a short period arrangements for the voyage were in active progress. On the 28th June, 1796, he wrote to Mr. Griffin from London in the following terms:—

"My dear Friend,

"According to my promise I write to inform you of a ship having been purchased yesterday afternoon. I this morning took possession. She is the first-rate vessel of her burden in the river; but when I tell you she cost five thousand pounds you will think she ought to be a good one. Such is the high value of ships at present that I think she is worth what we gave for her. She is river-built, two years old, copper-bottomed and fastened, and a compact vessel for our purpose. I cannot help observing that it will require all the well-wishers of the cause to exert themselves to the utmost: but why should I talk thus? Has He not power to command the gold that commanded such a rebellious wretch as I was to be willing in the day of His power?

"Praise be to God for all His mercies. Were it not for the many precious promises I know not what I should

do, for it is really hard parting from all those we fondly love, and entering into a sea of trouble and perplexity. I look back on my past life with pain, to my future pilgrimage I look with fear and trembling; but to that state where we shall all meet, and every tear be wiped from our eyes, I look with a pleasing hope that I shall be one of that happy number that God in His great mercy has chosen. This cheers my drooping spirits, and causes me to press onward for the prize, forgetting the past and the present, and looking only to the future for real happiness. Had I thought that I should have been held up to public view, as I have been by some of my friends, I should most certainly never have offered myself; but now there is no retreating.

"I therefore trust that the Lord will strengthen me for the work, and enable me to accomplish it to His praise and glory. Ah! my worthy and dear friend, you say what I now experience. 'New engagements and new circumstances will cause new trials.' I am persuaded that even at this early stage of the business I have seen more of the human heart than I should have known for years in the calm retreat of a country life. But knowledge is of little use if it doesn't influence the heart. If I do not deceive myself, I think I feel more humble, and Jesus more precious than ever, and a throne of grace the greatest consolation I can enjoy."

On the 27th July he again addressed a communication to his friend, Mr. Griffin. As it contains a positive record of his spiritual progress, we present it entire:—

"My very dear Friend,

"I have just time to tell you I received your kind and affectionate letter. It came at a very suitable time.

I had just returned from the India House, where I met with the severest ridicule. But, blessed be God, I bore it with patience, and I trust this is some proof that He will bear me up through every trial and difficulty.

"I find my mind, though severely pained, yet quite resigned to the will of my gracious God and Father, and can look up to Him for a supply of grace and strength in the trying hour of parting. You are mistaken, my dear friend, respecting my inward conflicts. I have never been more assaulted by the great adversary since I professed to believe the truth as it is in Jesus than I have recently; but blessed be His name, He has kept me, though I have been constrained to cry out, 'O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' My inward and outward trials keep me very low; but I trust the Lord will enable me to carry His people to the furthermost parts of the globe. Should He bless me thus far, I trust I shall then be able to resign all into His hands, for the only thing I wish now to live for is to promote His glory. Your affectionate letter I shall peruse when I am many leagues from you, and will follow your kind advice.

"I hope the Lord will be with you of a truth. I shall be on my knees at half-past six on the morning you allude to for the purpose of praying for you and my church, through whose instrumentality I have received such unspeakable blessings."

On the 10th August, 1796, the ship *Duff*, which had been purchased for the voyage, sailed from the Thames. There were on board four ordained ministers, a surgeon, and other twenty-five pious persons, who intended to become missionary settlers. Six women, wives of some of the missionaries, and three children, constituted the

remaining passengers. Including the crew, there were altogether about sixty persons. The conduct of the expedition and the destination of the missionaries were entrusted to Captain Wilson.

To his friend at Portsea the Captain communicated a long letter from Rio de Janeiro, dated the 15th of November. After reporting that all had hitherto been prosperous, he proceeds:—

"I am persuaded should one soul be called to the knowledge of the glorious Gospel of our blessed God and Saviour, it will more than recompense me for all the dangers, watchings, anxieties, and various privations that I have had or may have to endure in this long voyage. I feel my mind prepared to act as circumstances offer. I am persuaded that God has called me to this work, and that He will carry me through it. I know, my dear friend, in my own strength I can do nothing right; but, as the Apostle says, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.'

"The Bible is no cunningly-devised fable, though I may have my doubts at times of my personal interest in the glorious work of redemption; yet not all the men in the world, nor Satan with all his principalities and powers, can, or ever will, I trust, be able to persuade me that it is not the word of the Most High. Nothing in this life could so completely have weaned me from the things and maxims of this world as this precious volume has done since I have been enabled to believe it to be the word of God. I have not had yet a single wish for any of my temporal blessings left behind, and the only fear I have had has been that the Lord would not prosper the work in my hands."

The remainder of the voyage was performed without mishap of any kind, and the devoted commander of the

mission-ship had the satisfaction of landing the pioneers of civilisation and evangelical truth safely at their remote homes and scenes of labour. Eighteen missionaries, besides women and children, were left at Otaheite; ten were put ashore on the Friendly Islands; and two assigned to the Marquesas. On the 11th July, 1798, the *Duff* entered the Thames, after a voyage of two years. The directors of the Missionary Society appointed Monday, the 6th of August, as a day of solemn thanksgiving for the success which had attended the enterprise. They presented Captain Wilson with an elegant painting, representing an interview of the King and Queen of Otaheite with himself and the missionaries. A narrative of the voyage, prepared under the direction of the Society, was sold to a publisher for the sum of two thousand pounds.

Captain Wilson, before proceeding on his voyage, had sold his house at Horndean. He now established himself in London. In 1799 he was united in marriage to a daughter of Richard Holbert, Esq., of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, a union which connected him with a pious family, and tended to the increase of his already ample fortune.

The future career of Captain Wilson calls for no particular remark. He was included in the direction of the evangelical societies of the metropolis, and was liberal in his contributions to their funds, and likewise in the exercise of private charity. He sustained heavy losses by assisting some of his relatives in trading enterprises; but these trials he bore with calm resignation. He was cheered by receiving encouraging accounts from time to time of the success of the South Sea Mission, and was comforted to find that among the first fruits was the conversion of the King of Otaheite.

The Holy Scriptures were, from the day of his conver-

sion onward, the subject of his daily study and earnest meditation. He committed large portions to memory: these he repeated in his solitary walks.

For some time previous to his last illness he earnestly prepared for that great change which he felt was not distant. At the close of every day he repeated these lines of his friend, Dr. Haweis :—

> "One day more is past,
> And nearer my last,
> To the close of my life and my labours I haste ;
> My strength as my day,
> Renewed—I stay
> On Jesus my hope, and still hold on my way."

As sickness began to warn him that the end was near, he exclaimed, looking at his emaciated form, "What a different body this will be in the morning of the resurrection if I am found in Christ! I hope I shall be enabled to wait with patience till my change comes. I am not afraid to trust my all in the hands of the despised Nazarene." On another occasion, when he was referring to his having committed large portions of the Bible to memory, he said, "I cannot describe the pleasure and advantage I have derived from this practice, especially since I have been laid on this sick bed. I am now incapable of reading much, but I have found a rich fund of consolation in recurring to those fruits of the Scriptures which I have treasured up in my memory."

The last days of Captain James Wilson demonstrated the reality of his conversion, and indicated his full and perfect reliance on the Saviour. He latterly experienced a difficulty of utterance. When he did express himself he gave forth ejaculations of prayer and hope. "Here I am," he said, "waiting for my change. What a mercy!" To his medical attendant he said, "Let me go as easily

as you can." Then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he added, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for I trust mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Not long before his last hours he quoted these two verses—

"My fluttering pulse and faltering breath,
Announce the near approach of death;
How can I meet, dear Saviour, say,
The last dark, dismal, cloudiest day?

"Look to My cross, the sov'reign cure
For *all the ills* thou can'st endure;
Whence dart the beams of endless day,
And clouds and darkness flee away."

On the 12th August, 1814, he gently fell asleep in Jesus. He had only reached the age of fifty-four.

CAPTAIN BAZIN.

"Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands:
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily;
Tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home."

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

JOHN BAZIN was born in the isle of Guernsey, on the 7th March, 1780. His father was master of a small vessel which traded to France. In his ninth year he was removed from school to assist his father in his seafaring duties; he happened to be at Cherbourg when the French Revolution broke out, and thus witnessed the first procession in that place which displayed the national tricolor. In 1793 he was engaged on board a small row-boat, which was captured by a French frigate. He suffered captivity in France for six months, when, with other prisoners of war, he was exchanged. Returning to Guernsey he assisted his father in a cutter which he purchased to trade with Alderney; he was subsequently entrusted with the command of the vessel. In 1802 he married Miss Mary Hall, a young lady for whom he had formed an early attachment. In 1805 he lost his father, and in the following year entered the Government service, commanding a vessel of exploration on the Guernsey station.

In 1808, the vessel which Bazin commanded was lost

while he was on shore, the steward and an apprentice boy perishing in the wreck. The event caused him deep distress, and the chastisement was blessed. He became an attentive hearer of the Wesleyan ministers in Guernsey. A sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Toase, a Wesleyan minister, in which the case of the Philippian jailer was strikingly set forth, produced a lasting impression on his mind. He saw his condition as a lost sinner, and under the power of Divine grace was led to close with the offer of salvation. He joined the Methodist connexion.

Bazin was now employed in conveying troops to Alderney, Southampton, and Portsmouth. During his voyages, he eagerly devoted himself to the spiritual improvement of both passengers and crew. He endeavoured to suppress profane swearing and every other species of social vice, and on every suitable occasion pointed those around him to the riches of redeeming grace.

A more severe trial than he had yet experienced was impending. In 1813, his wife, whom he tenderly loved, was seized with a severe and alarming illness. Heretofore, though a reader of Holy Scripture, and particularly attentive to the domestic and social duties, Mrs Bazin was a stranger to Divine grace, and to the influences of the truth as it is in Jesus. The Captain earnestly sought to lead the thoughts of his cherished helpmate to a contemplation of the great atonement purchased at Calvary, and to bring her to rest her hope in a Redeemer. To the throne of grace he prayed that his teachings might be blessed, and that the light might dawn on a soul which had not yet discovered the need of a Saviour. He was abundantly recompensed in the conversion of his dear partner, who died in the faith of the Gospel.

Captain Bazin entered into a second marriage in 1814, but the happiness conferred by this new tie received a serious check by his being dismissed, soon after the event, from the government service. The grounds of his dismissal have not been recorded, but a certificate which he received from the lieutenant-general of the station sufficiently establishes that improper behaviour or inattention to duty, or incapacity, were not among the causes which conduced to it. Bazin bore his misfortune with perfect composure, and did not use a word of complaint. In a few days he was offered and accepted the command of a packet, which sailed between Jersey and Southampton. Entering on his new duties, he recorded in his journal that he felt the appointment had come in answer to prayer. "Here," he added, "I shall be more at liberty to serve God; and I feel determined to live more closely than ever to Him. And I will also take every opportunity to speak to my crew and passengers."

Captain Bazin now commenced a course of personal efforts for the spiritual benefit of seafaring persons. He had found much comfort in the perusal of an old volume of sermons which he had incidentally obtained, and believing that it would prove useful to his nautical brethren, he caused 500 copies to be printed and circulated among ship-masters. He conducted religious services in his vessel, and distributed tracts, and spoke words of faithful warning and counsel to all on board. The following extract from a letter which at this period he addressed to a brother and sister, testify as to his own spiritual condition:—

"I rejoice to inform you that I feel happy in the love of God. I have the Spirit of God witnessing with my spirit that I am adopted into his royal family, which I

consider the greatest of all blessings; and now while writing to you, I have peace and joy in believing. Now, dear Mary and Charles, I would ask how is it with your affairs; more particularly I will ask you how is it with your souls? The command is, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Are you endeavouring to please God in everything? Do you daily repent of your sins? Do you earnestly pray to God through Jesus Christ, to give you that repentance unto life which never needs to be repented of? And do you pray for that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which works by love, and purifies the heart? And does this love regulate your going out, and your coming in; and all your thoughts, affections, words, and actions? Without such repentance, and faith, and love, you cannot please God, nor be happy in your own souls, either in this world or the next."

At the beginning of January, 1822, Captain Bazin commenced a journal of his spiritual experiences. We subjoin an extract from his first entry:—

"I meet with many things which have a tendency to keep me back from giving myself wholly to God; and, without continual striving, by faith, it will be impossible for me to get on in the Christian life. Oh Lord, revive thy work in my soul, lest I cleave unto the dust. Without Thee I can do nothing. I find that the best of my performances needs the merit of Christ's atonement. Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death. I feel it difficult to keep my mind alive to God in the midst of all my worldly engagements. This evening I was much encouraged in our band; and I long for greater conformity to the Divine image."

In 1823, Bazin accepted command of the *Ariadne*

steamer, which had been constructed to trade between Southampton and the Channel Islands. He sailed once a month during the season to St. Malo and Granville, on the coast of France. At both these places he circulated Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. In this work he experienced no interruption from the local authorities. Many pious persons aided his efforts by grants of money and publications.

In February, 1833, the following entry was made in his journal:—"It is the whole desire of my heart to give myself to God. O Lord, assist me by Thy grace, that I may do that which I so desire. Do with me, and for me, what thou seest best. Make me useful to my family and friends, to my ship's company, and to all who may sail with me this coming season. Bless me in reading and expounding Thy Holy Word; make me useful in France, should I be spared to go thither; and pardon all my shortcomings and sins, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Captain Bazin was in the winter of 1836 called to the Isle of Wight to superintend the building of the *Atalanta*, a steamer which was intended to be placed under his command. He bestowed much attention on the work, but employed his hours of leisure in promoting the religious welfare of the people among whom he was sojourning. His career of Christian usefulness was not to be prolonged. On the 12th of February he was attending a temperance society meeting at West Cowes, and in the course of making an address he suddenly became ill. In half-an-hour thereafter his spirit was with his Saviour. He was in his 56th year.

At the outset of his spiritual career, Captain Bazin experienced occasional humiliation from an inability to subdue his temper, which was naturally excitable. But

he struggled against his besetting sin, and under the influence of the Holy Spirit was enabled to preserve a calm demeanour in circumstances of great provocation. Faithfully and energetically he sought to interest others in the saving truths which had comforted his own soul. He was a diligent labourer in his Master's service. In the very act of pleading His cause he received a call to the upper sanctuary.

CAPTAIN HALDANE.

"Heroic acts,
The more heroic, as not knowing themselves
For such at all."

"LET every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," is an apostolic injunction which may not be lightly departed from. Experience has abundantly proved that the converted sailor or soldier is more serviceable in the Christian cause among those with whose habits he is familiar, than in any other field. The subject of the present memoir was a sailor in the service of a department of the State; but, when he was fully awakened to a sense of Divine things, he renounced the nautical vocation. Was he justified? We are satisfied that he was. The times in which he lived differed materially from the present. Any systematic effort for the public proclamation of the Gospel in the East Indian fleet would have been instantly suppressed. There was an abundant field elsewhere, in which he could unfettered proclaim the truth in Christ. He selected this field, and in so doing relinquished the prospect of wealth and worldly honours.

James Alexander Haldane was born at Dundee on the 14th of July, 1768, a fortnight after the death of his father, Captain James Haldane, of Airthrey. His mother, a lady of eminent piety, died when he was in his sixth year. Till the year 1777, James and his elder brother Robert lived with their uncle, Lord Duncan. After-

wards they were educated at the High School and College of Edinburgh. At the age of seventeen James entered the service of the East India Company as a midshipman on board the *Duke of Montrose*. He had not been long at sea, when an event occurred which seriously impressed him at the time, and was often mentioned by him in after life with expressions of devout thankfulness for the Divine goodness. During a storm he was ordered by the captain to proceed aloft to take in a sail; he had just begun to mount the rigging when, perceiving the difficulty of the work, the captain shouted to him to stop, and ordered an experienced seaman to ascend first. This person was in a few minutes after struck on the head, and fell overboard. His life was lost, but Captain Haldane used to relate that he never knew a sailor better prepared for the great change. During the same voyage the young midshipman fell from a boat into the sea. Fortunately, he had an oar in his hand, which he grasped tightly, and so was preserved.

Consequent on his mother's teaching, the subject of this memoir always read the Bible. When he first went to sea, he accompanied this reading with a kind of formal devotion. But religious impressions which have obtained no abiding root in the heart are soon obliterated. The Bible was laid aside, and the gay and thoughtless midshipman joined the most reckless of his companions in the practices of those that know not God. His family connections gave him the *entrée* to fashionable society both in London and Calcutta, and he drank deep of the cup of worldly pleasures.

In the *Duke of Montrose* young Haldane made four voyages to Bengal, Bombay, and China. During one of his homeward voyages a cavalry officer fixed a quarrel upon him, and followed up a personal insult by challenging

him to mortal combat. From the practice of the times, the young midshipman felt called on to accept. The parties, accompanied by their seconds, left the vessel at St. Helena. On the evening preceding the intended encounter the midshipman made his will, and wrote a farewell letter to his brother. The parties met at early dawn, and were placed by their seconds within the usual duelling distance of twelve paces. By his second Mr. Haldane was admonished to take sure aim, so as to kill his antagonist, who merited no mercy. With the prayer on his lips, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," he aimed at his opponent and fired. The pistol burst, the contents flying upward, and a portion of the barrel striking him on the face. The weapon of his antagonist missed fire. That individual intimated through his second his willingness that the affair should terminate.

Having passed the requisite examination, Mr. Haldane was appointed in his twenty-fifth year commander of the *Melville Castle*, bound to Madras and Calcutta. The fleet of Indiamen, of which his ship was one, was detained in the Downs by westerly winds, when a serious mutiny broke out on board the *Dutton*, one of the ships, which assumed such formidable proportions, that the officers were compelled to renounce their authority. When the alarm was at its height, Captain Haldane ordered out his boat, and proceeded alongside the rebel ship. The mutineers threatened to sink him if he did not sheer off. Regardless of their threats he, having boarded the ship, threw himself into the midst of them. Cutlass in hand, he reasoned with the men, and succeeded in clearing the quarter-deck. Finding two of the crew mad with liquor, and bent on exploding the powder magazine, one wrenching off the iron bars, and the other

holding a shovel of live coals ready to throw in, he presented a pistol at the breast of the former, telling him that he was a dead man if he should not instantly desist. Astounded by his boldness, both the men stood paralysed, and they were placed in irons without venturing on resistance. The mutiny was suppressed.

Captain Haldane was beginning to feel the importance of Divine things. He had shortly before married a young lady of great piety, a niece of Sir Ralph Abercromby, who exercised a most salutary influence on his general conduct. He caused public worship to be celebrated in the *Melville Castle* every Sunday morning, and Bibles and other religious publications to be distributed among the men. Personally he became a devoted student of the Scriptures. He did not proceed on his intended voyage. A year after we find Captain Haldane resident in Edinburgh. He had earnestly reflected as to whether he should continue in his original profession, or dedicate his future life to the more immediate service of that Saviour, who was now his all in all. He determined to do the latter; and, though abandoning the prospect of amassing a great fortune, he did not repent his choice. The following extract from a letter addressed by him some years after to an old friend and fellow commander, will explain the circumstances of his conversion:—

"I never was acquainted with solid, rational happiness till my attention was turned to religion. My former merriment was really like the crackling of thorns under a pot. I was governed by passion, and under such a guide no wonder if I missed my road. Although I believe I had as few qualms of conscience as any one, being completely unconcerned about religion and eternity, my own mind was not altogether satisfied. I knew I must

die, yet it was a subject I banished from my thoughts. The peace of mind I enjoyed did not arise from any good reason I had to hope, either that I should be happy, or be annihilated after death, but from total inconsideration, like a person who should stop his ears and shut his eyes when danger was approaching, and then fancy himself safe. My present peace of mind does not arise from any vision or supposed new revelation I have received. I had a book by me, which from prejudice of education, not from any rational conviction, I called the Word of God. I never so far surmounted the prejudice of education as to profess infidelity, but I was a more inconsistent character. I said I believed a book to be a revelation from God, and treated it with the greatest neglect, living in strict contradiction to all its principles, and seldom taking the trouble to look into it; or, if I did, it was to perform a task, a kind of atonement for my sins. I went on in this course of life, till, whilst the *Melville Castle* was detained at the Mother Bank by contrary winds, and having abundance of leisure for reflection, I began to think that I would pay a little more attention to this book. The more I read it the more worthy it appeared of God, and after examining the evidence with which Christianity is supported, I became fully persuaded of its truth."

Shortly after Captain Haldane had made his resolution to abandon his worldly prospects for the cause of the Gospel, his brother, Mr. Robert Haldane of Airthrey, likewise determined to devote his life and fortune in disseminating the glad tidings of salvation. He sold his valuable estate of Airthrey, intending with the proceeds to carry out a missionary enterprise in India. But the East India Company's Directors, afraid that the work would awaken opposition on the part of the natives,

and so interfere with the progress of merchandise, refused their consent.

Foiled in his Eastern scheme, Robert Haldane now resolved to unite himself with his brother in carrying out missionary operations at home. The spiritual condition of Scotland at the close of the century was deplorable. Many of the parochial clergy were tainted with Socinianism. Others set forth in their discourses the duties of good neighbourhood, and the ordinary practice of morality; but ignored, or dwelt transiently on, the central doctrine of salvation through grace. In the midst of such spiritual defection, James and Robert Haldane commenced the work of revival.

Captain Haldane preached his first sermon in May, 1797, at Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, then a very neglected locality, and inhabited chiefly by miners. The power of his preaching attracted attention, and when he preached afterwards, hundreds flocked to listen. During the summer, he made a missionary tour in the northern counties. He continued his system of itinerant preaching till the Gospel had been proclaimed not only in every part of the mainland, but also in the Orkney and Shetland Isles. In the west country, and in some other districts, he was subjected to interruption from the magistrates, and was threatened with all manner of proceedings; but the stout-hearted man who had withstood the mutineers in the *Dutton*, was not to be overcome in the work of preaching through these petty interferences. In his arduous labours, he received countenance from many earnest Scottish laymen, and from several of the evangelical clergy in England. The Rev. John Newton sent him a message of love and honour, and the celebrated Mr. Simeon accompanied him for a period in his missionary labours. As a clergyman of the Church of

England, Mr. Simeon confined himself to the Established Church, while Mr. Haldane preached on town greens and at market crosses.

The opposition maintained by the Scottish clergy against lay preaching, determined Captain Haldane and his brother to establish a separate organisation for preaching the Gospel in the capital. Several ministers joined their communion, by whom James Haldane was solemnly ordained to the pastorate of the Circus Chapel, Edinburgh. This he soon left for the Tabernacle, which accommodated more than three thousand persons. The subsequent adoption of Baptist sentiments by the brothers separated them from many of their former friends, for whom, however, they still retained an undiminished esteem. Their views on Baptism they did not unnecessarily obtrude,—the grand object of their mission being to uplift the fallen standard of the Gospel.

A narrative of the evangelical labours of James and Robert Haldane for the diffusion of the Gospel in Scotland and elsewhere has been published in a large and most interesting work. From the moment that the brothers undertook to devote their lives to labour in the Gospel, there was no looking back to the world they had left. While the elder brother was expending his tens of thousands in the education of missionaries and preachers, in erecting chapels and circulating the Scriptures, the younger was, at his own cost, travelling through the destitute parts of Scotland, and the north of Ireland, preaching the Gospel to listening multitudes. For upwards of fifty years, he conducted, without recompense, the duties of the ministry.

In the summer of 1848, Captain Haldane visited London, and attended a meeting of the London Missionary Society, of which he had been one of the earliest

members. During his residence in the metropolis, he preached to large congregations in the Scottish Church at Woolwich.

In the following year he had an attack of illness. On his recovery, he wrote a few lines to a friend, which he concluded thus:—"I have not preached for several weeks. The Lord may be pleased to bless the change of air for my recovery; but with long life has He satisfied me, and I am ready to depart when He sees fit."

A few weeks before his departure, he wrote:—"This is the last day of the year, and the last letter I shall write this year. My life has been wonderfully preserved, much beyond the usual course of nature. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and without the shadow of boasting, I can add, I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

His last illness was short and rapid. The words "Grand and precious promises" were repeatedly on his lips. Once he was heard to say emphatically, "To depart and be with Christ is far better," and, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." Shortly before his death, he was asked if he was going to Jesus. A vivid smile lighted up his whole countenance as he instantly replied, "Oh! yes." These were his last words. His death took place on the 8th February, 1851, in his eighty-fourth year.

The annals of Christian biography present rare examples of such devoted self-denial as was exhibited by James Alexander Haldane and his brother Robert. Both had drunk deep of the waters of life, and the refreshing current penetrated their entire natures. They delighted to discourse continually of redeeming love. The world, in their estimation, weighed in the balance

as nothing compared with the glory to be revealed. Having richly experienced the blessedness of the new birth, they eagerly sought to bring others to share its privileges. By their published writings and their public teachings, they widely made known the Gospel invitation, and addressed a warning "Ho!" to the careless and the unbeliever. Through their spiritual labours many souls were drawn from the darkness of error and the bondage of Satan, and led to embrace the precious truths of eternal salvation.

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

"Though round me the waves of adversity roll,
Though the rocks of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hope rests secure in the blood of the Cross."

E. G. Marsh.

Christian ardour and fanaticism are not to be confounded. They are essentially distinct. The former is guided by sober reason, under spiritual enlightenment; in the latter the understanding is dethroned. Every true convert desires to press forward the cause of the Redeemer. But all are not gifted with the same strength of will, or endowed with the same energy of purpose. The subject of the present sketch was a large-hearted man. When grace found him, he gave himself wholly to the service of the Heavenly King. As his faith increased, his resolution was confirmed.

Allen Francis Gardiner was born at Basilden, Berkshire, on the 28th June, 1794. Samuel Gardiner, his father, was a God-fearing man; his mother was a woman of the most exemplary virtues and the most devoted piety. Early imbued with maritime tastes, he was in his thirteenth year sent to the Naval College at Portsmouth, where he remained two years. In 1810, he embarked as a volunteer in the *Fortune;* he afterwards sailed as midshipman in the *Phœbe,* under Captain Hillyer. During one of his voyages on board this vessel he assisted in capturing, at Valparaiso, the *Essex,* an

American war ship, which had taken many English merchantmen. He was one of the officers entrusted with the duty of bringing the prize to an English port. As lieutenant, he joined the *Ganymede*, in October, 1815. He was afterwards appointed to the *Leander*, under Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Blackwood. From this he exchanged into the *Dauntless*, which arrived at Penang in June, 1820.

Heretofore Lieutenant Gardiner had forgotten the religious teaching and Christian counsels of his boyhood. His mother had gone to her rest, and amidst the excitement of unbridled passion he had buried the remembrance of her prayers. He had indulged in the most wanton excesses, denounced Scripture-reading as folly, and without absolutely professing infidelity, had spurned public ordinances and the private exercises of religion. At Penang he received two letters which claimed a careful perusal. One of these was written by his father; it referred to a memento of his mother's last days, which his surviving parent had supplied to him before he left England. The other communication was addressed to him by a venerable Christian lady, who had known him from childhood, and who, for his mother's sake, took the deepest interest in his welfare. In her letter, this excellent gentlewoman depicted the evil of sin and the certainty of its punishment; and, in well-chosen words, pointed to the remedy—a Divine Saviour. She invited attention to the numerous calls of the Gospel to repentance, and showed the power of the Holy Spirit to change the heart.

These letters awakened the remembrance of a mother's prayers, and recalled the period when the Bible was regarded as a precious treasure-store. Gardiner resolved to recommence his Scripture reading. Proceeding to

purchase a Bible, he walked up and down the street in front of a bookseller's shop, till, the premises being clear, he could buy the volume unobserved. Unknown to his companions, he perused the Sacred Word, and sought in prayer that its precious truths might be made plain to his understanding, and that they might operate savingly upon his heart.

From Penang, he proceeded in the *Dauntless* to Malacca, Manilla, Macao, and Canton. Tidings which reached him at Manilla as to the fatality which had attended a visitation of cholera on board the *Leander*, his former ship, produced a powerful impression upon him—and tended to strengthen the good work which had begun in his soul.

After an extensive cruise in the *Dauntless*, he reached Tahiti. He spent a Sunday on shore, and was present at public worship, conducted by Mr. Wilson, the missionary. In the afternoon, he heard ninety native children catechised by a native teacher. Visiting, soon after, the island of Hualime, he found 1200 persons connected with the mission church, of whom about one third were children and young persons, who were attending the mission school.

The *Dauntless* proceeded to Sydney. Lieutenant Gardiner was here attacked with a serious illness, and was ordered to try the climate of the Cape. He arrived at Cape Town in August, 1822. The state of his mind at this period is evidenced by the following extract from his journal.

"The last time I visited this colony, I was walking in the broad way, and hastening by rapid strides to the brink of eternal ruin. Blessed be His name who loved us and gave Himself for us, a great change has been wrought in my heart, and I am now enabled to derive

pleasure and satisfaction in hearing and reading the Word of Life, and attending the means of grace. I trust that this alteration has indeed been effected by the Spirit of God; yet I would not pause a moment to draw the contrast, except to give praise and gratitude to its merciful Author, lest I should be drawn into the fatal snare of presumptuous self-confidence; but adoring my God for His goodness in not having consigned my soul long ago to the terrors of His indignation, I would carefully examine my heart as to the sincerity of its professions, and humbly implore at the Throne of Grace pardon for all that is past, and assistance to guide and strengthen me for the time to come."

Having embarked in September, in a vessel bound for Britain, he again records his experience of God's mercy and saving grace.

"What return shall I make to the Lord for so early, so unmerited a display of His goodness! After years of ingratitude, unbelief, blasphemy, and rebellion, have I at last been melted? Alas, how slow, how reluctant have I been to admit the heavenly guest, who stood knocking without! Nor had He ever been received, had not He Himself prepared the way!"

On his arrival in England, Lieutenant Gardiner proposed to take orders, but this resolution was, on further consideration, departed from. He made offer to the Committee of the London Missionary Society to undertake any duties to which they might appoint him, but they were indisposed to enter on any new field of labour. In July, 1823, he was united in marriage to Julia Susanna, daughter of John Reade, Esq., of Ipsdon House, Oxfordshire. About a week after his marriage we find in his journal these sentences—

"Much of temporal good has been mixed up with the

cup of blessing God has so bountifully filled, and a dear and tender partner of all my joys and griefs has been superadded. What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? Here by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, without which I have no power to do any good thing, I would humbly cast myself at His footstool, imploring that aid which my blessed Saviour has purchased by His merits for all who sincerely apply to the Throne of Divine Grace."

Within eleven years the cypress took the place of the orange blossom. The loving and grateful husband was a widower. During Mrs. Gardiner's lingering illness, he had watched the progress of her malady with a devout composure. A month after her departure, he writes thus:—

"In my deep affliction, He has not left me without many and great sources of comfort. The chief of these is drawn from a review of the manifold grace and love which He vouchsafed to my dearest wife, making her last days the brightest and happiest of her life. Oh what assurance of pardon, what joy and peace and heavenly tranquillity, and ardent desire to be with her Saviour, did He infuse into her soul!" He adds—"Forty years have now passed over me—forty years of patience and long-suffering on the part of an offended God, and forty years of vanity on the part of His wayward, ungrateful child. Still a child I feel I am, and trust I ever shall be. The Lord has indeed of late graven upon me the marks of a child. He has chastised me sorely, and if I neither despise His chastisement, nor faint under it, but pray that it may be sanctified to the saving of my soul, it will result eventually in blessing."

At the bedside of his dying wife, Captain Gardiner made a solemn surrender of himself to the service of his

Saviour. During the period of his married life, he had sailed as first lieutenant of H.M.S. *Jupiter*, cruising on the North American coast, and had afterwards commanded H.M.S. *Clinker*. He now formed the resolution of prosecuting his future voyages in the cause of Missions. On the 24th August, 1834, about three months after Mrs. Gardiner's death, he sailed for the Cape. Africa was to be the first scene of his missionary labours.

When Captain Gardiner reached Graham's Town, the Kaffir war was on the point of breaking out, and many persons endeavoured to persuade him to abandon his journey, till less perilous times. But like one of old, he had opened his mouth unto the Lord and felt he could not go back. Accompanied by a Polish refugee of high rank, he proceeded on his journey. After some impediments and mishaps, he reached Port Natal on the 29th January, 1835. Having crossed the Tugala he came to Unkunginglowe, and there sought an interview with Dingarn, king of the Zulus. After much tiresome negotiation he obtained from Dingarn a large grant of land extending along the bank of the Tugala river, with permission for the planting of a missionary station in the ceded territory. With the approbation of the governor of Cape Colony, Captain Gardiner now returned to England to urge on the British Government the importance of colonizing Port Natal and likewise to entreat the Church Missionary Society to organize a mission to the Zulus. In the latter effort he was successful; the Rev. Francis Owen, and his wife and sister were appointed to the mission.

Captain Gardiner entered a second time into the married state in 1836, when he espoused the eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward G. Marsh, of Hampstead.

In 1837 he returned to Africa. The death of his eldest daughter, an engaging girl of twelve, which occurred on his voyage between Port Elizabeth and Port Natal, did not depress his missionary ardour. He accepted the chastisement, and resolved to persevere in his evangelizing labours. From Dingarn, whom he further propitiated with gifts, he experienced an encouraging reception; the grant of territory was confirmed, and permission was obtained to construct a residence for Mr. Owen and his family. Resolving to make his own permanent home in the new colony, he constructed a dwelling for his household at a pleasant spot between the Tugala and Port Natal. But the light of these mission homes was not to be enduring. Dingarn had conceived an aversion to a colony of Dutch boors whose warlike evolutions, exhibited for his gratification, had seized him with alarm. When the boors were on a visit to his court, and were entertained by him with professions of friendship, he treacherously caused them to be surrounded and slain. The terrible event naturally excited consternation amongst the new English settlers. Mr. Owen and his family departed at once, and the Captain resolved, on deliberate reflection, to seek another field of missionary enterprise.

Sailing to Rio de Janeiro, Captain Gardiner visited Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. By a tiresome journey of 900 miles across the Pampas, he reached Mendoza, and thence proceeded across the Cordillera to Santiago. During a period of four years he travelled from city to city on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific, making long journeys into the interior, in the hope of discovering some safe and convenient spot as a centre from whence to spread a knowledge of the Gospel among Indian tribes. At length he conceived he had realized the object of his

long and perilous journeyings. He was kindly received by Wissale, the chief of the Patagonians, who promised to give protection to a staff of missionaries in his extensive and interesting territories. Returning to England, he presented his case to the Church Missionary Society. The committee of that body hesitated to commence operations in a field, in which the hope of any adequate success seemed most doubtful. But the zeal of Captain Gardiner remained unabated. Having induced Mr. Hunt, the master of an endowed school at Kendal, to undertake the post of missionary, and procured some pecuniary aid from a society established at Brighton, he set sail for the Straits of Magellan and the shores of Patagonia. Another grievous disappointment was in store. Wissale had been wrought upon by some Popish missionaries, and instead of countenancing now sought to impede the mission operations. The mission-house was destroyed, and the natives, instead of giving heed to spiritual instruction, forced the intended colonists to surrender their possessions. Mr. Hunt returned to Britain.

Undismayed by these successive disappointments, Captain Gardiner again proceeded to explore a region in which, he was fully satisfied, a mission-field might be opened up. He fixed on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and resolved once more to attempt the plantation of missionary colonies in this benighted territory. Returning to England, he appealed to the Moravians and to the Church of Scotland, but both declined to enter into his views. A tour through England and Scotland was now undertaken, meetings being held in the principal towns. There was little encouragement. The funds procured, even in the largest towns seldom defrayed the costs which had been incurred. But Captain Gardiner had

solemnly consecrated his life as a missionary pioneer, and so obstacles which would have proved insurmountable to others, only inspired him with resolution. At length a lady in Cheltenham furnished 700*l.*; Captain Gardiner supplemented the amount with 300*l.* from his private resources.

So begun, the new enterprise speedily assumed more hopeful aspects. Six persons offered their services in the undertaking—a surgeon, a missionary, and four pious Cornish seamen. The Captain caused four boats to be constructed at Liverpool, two of them, named the *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, being launches of considerable size. In September, 1850, the ship *Ocean Queen*, bound for California, sailed from Liverpool, having on board Captain Gardiner and his companions, his boats and six months' provisions for the party. On Round Island in the Tierra del Fuego archipelago, all were safely landed on the 5th December.

The remainder of the narrative is gathered from papers subsequently found. Missionary work proved impossible. The natives drove the foreigners from their shores, or robbed them of their supplies. The gunpowder being unfortunately left in the *Ocean Queen*, they had no means of killing birds, or other animals, for food. The two dingies, or small boats, were lost in a storm. The *Pioneer* became leaky; it was afterwards shattered. Several of the party were attacked with scurvy. In May they were exposed to the severities of an antarctic winter. Death first appeared among them in the end of June, when one of the seamen was cut off. Scanty provisions soon enfeebled the survivors. Before the end of August two others of the Cornish seamen were dead. Mr. Maidment, the missionary, died on the 2nd September. Captain Gardiner, it is believed, must have

perished on the evening of the 6th. Mr. Williams, the surgeon, and the remaining seaman, died about the same period.

On the 21st January, 1852, the mortal remains of Captain Gardiner and his companions were discovered by the commander and crew of H.M.S. *Dido*. On a rock, at the entrance of a cavern where the Captain and some of his party had sought refuge, was painted the figure of a hand, and under it "Psalm lxii. 5—8." In his journal Captain Gardiner thus wrote, on the 3rd September:—"Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy,—a comfortable bed, no pain, or even cravings of hunger; though excessively weak, scarcely able to turn in my bed,—at least it is a very great exertion;—but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed, and pray that I may merit the full blessing which it is doubtless designed to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me, as He shall see fit. Whether I live or die, may it be in Him! I commend my body and soul to His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings."

Under "Friday, 5th September," these words are recorded:—"Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feelings of hunger or thirst."

The last entry is inscribed in pencil. It is dated on the 6th, and addressed to Mr. Williams. These are the concluding words:—"Yet a little while, and though [illegible] the Almighty to sing the praises [illegible]

throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food."

In a few hours the soul of the brave-hearted Captain had entered into the heavenly rest. Beside his last-recorded words, let us read the angel's description of the blessedness of martyred saints (Rev. vii. 16, 17):—"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Weighed in the scales of worldly prudence, the pertinacity of Captain Gardiner, in connection with his latest enterprise, may not be justified. But it is not by such a standard we are to determine the procedure of those who have solemnly consecrated themselves to the Lord's service. The entire army of martyrs were non-conformists to prevailing sentiments; they were, as respected earthly interests, unwise. In Captain Gardiner's missionary undertakings we remark a course of self-sacrifice. Home, family ties, social comforts, country, everything that men hold precious and to be desired, were as nothing in his eyes, compared with the duty of spreading the tidings of salvation in the dark places of the earth. The earnestness of his purpose, so abundantly manifested during his life, was sealed by the event of his death. He was not spared, indeed, to witness the accomplishment of his aims. Like Moses he was called hence before his design was completed. Yet his faith failed not; nor was his confidence misplaced. The country of the Zulus is the see of a Christian bishop, with a staff of clergy, while other pastors diligently and successfully labour in the same field. To the shores of Patagonia

the *Allen Gardiner* mission-ship bore the heralds of the Cross only three years after the death of the founder of the enterprise. The Patagonian Mission, liberally supported as an independent enterprise, prospers abundantly. The devoted missionary pioneer has rested from his labours, and the Lord of the vineyard has looked upon his work and blessed it.

CAPTAIN BATE, R.N.

"The Christian parleys with no unmanly fears,
Where duty calls he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at its call,
And, trusting to his God, surmounts them all."

WILLIAM THORNTON BATE was born in 1820. His father was Governor of the island of Ascension. In his thirteenth year he entered the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. He studied there two years. He was chiefly remarked for a persevering turn of mind—the throwing of his whole soul into whatever he undertook. He joined as midshipman H.M.S. *Isis*. Proceeding to the Cape, he remained five years at that station. He obtained a high reputation for intrepidity and untiring devotion to duty. The sudden death of his father, about his twentieth year, seems first to have led him to serious reflection. In H.M.S. *Britannia*, to which he had been transferred, one of his messmates was earnestly seeking the way of life. Their mutual intercourse was blessed.

Having passed Lieutenant, Bate was appointed mate of the *Blenheim*, a line-of-battle ship, which sailed for China. There were several Christian officers on board; they met every evening in a retired cabin for prayer and spiritual conversation.

The *Blenheim* was lying off Canton when suddenly all hands were ordered to prepare to assault the town. It was enclosed by a wall of prodigious thickness, and guarded by forts, situated on the adjacent hills. The

sailors landed, and proceeded to scale the heights. Bate was one of the first to engage in this enterprise. He was wounded in the neck, but continued to fight amidst loss of blood till one of the forts was won.

At the assault of Chapoo he was suddenly involved in a hand-to-hand encounter with a China-button mandarin. He made his opponent prisoner after a desperate struggle, and a few minutes after scaled the city wall, and, descending on the other side, opened the gate to the British troops. Alarmed by his valour, the enemy fled with precipitation.

On the 1st October, 1842, he wrote to his sisters in these words :—

"I think it is probable that I shall remain out here two years longer. The Admiral has, in more than one instance, shown me a great deal of kindness, and a disposition towards me which will benefit me much. It is only for you, my dears, that I live, and for this alone I am glad to give you any tidings of myself which I think may make you all happy ; and if I can only in a slight degree contribute to your comforts, and come anything near what that beloved one (whom, alas ! God has taken to Himself for a better purpose) was, it will amply satisfy me. But, again, I know from your dear and interesting letters that you all three look in a few short years, and perhaps hours only, through the merits of our Heavenly Brother Jesus Christ, to be brought to that everlasting habitation where comforts and all other earthly assistance are neither wanted nor sought after. Be assured that a knowledge of Jesus will in nowise unfit us, whatever be our calling, for the many duties of this life. Indeed, I am thankful to say that the more I am permitted to know of Him, the better adapted I am for my professional duties, a conscientious and faithful discharge of which

will carry all difficulties with ease and satisfaction. And then, again, what a consolation awaits you when called upon to leave this earthly scene! Instead of fearing, we ought rather to be glad, to quit so sinful for so glorious a world, where we confidently hope to meet those who have preceded us but a short time. May you be constant in communion with God and Jesus Christ your Saviour, being dead to all the success of this world and to the reproaches of men, which bring us into a snare. Let us never," he concludes, referring to the recent death of a brother, "forget the chastisement of our Father, so kindly inflicted upon us for our ultimate good, that we may be led to our Heavenly Brother Jesus; and let us say, with thankfulness for it, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word.'"

In the autumn of 1842 Lieutenant Bate was appointed assistant to Captain Collinson in the survey of the Chinese waters. His services in this department proved most efficient; and on his return to England in the spring of 1846 his friends expected that suitable promotion would have been awarded him. This was delayed for two years, but instead of indulging in fruitless complaints he sought, by a course of study at Woolwich and the Naval College, Portsmouth, to acquaint himself more fully with the scientific duties of his profession. In 1848 he was raised to the rank of Commander, and re-appointed to the survey of the Chinese seas. He proceeded overland, and took command of the *Royalist*, the vessel destined for this service.

In the spring of 1852 Commander Bate was seized with a severe attack of small-pox. Concerning his illness he thus communicated with an old messmate:—

"During the early stage I became frequently more or less delirious. My symptoms were very severe—the pox

approaching a confluent form; but, thank God! the protective power of the vaccination, which I had received when an infant, operated most powerfully, and mitigated the disease. I took it almost immediately after Cave* got well, and, I think, the day he left my cabin. It is a fearful disease. I had no conception of its malignity. The pustules even appeared in my eyes and under the hard skin of the soles of my feet, which was most painful. However, I do indeed thank God for the visitation, and would not have had it otherwise for worlds. It has done me a great deal of spiritual good, I hope; and I do trust the sickness will be sanctified to me."

In a letter to a young relative some weeks after, he writes:—

"I feel my sickness has been a great blessing to me, and I would not have been without it for worlds. I trust it has made me a better man, and led me to consider more seriously how little we are profited if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls; for what is there *in this world* which we would barter our souls for? Let me entreat you to 'remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' and not to put it off, as many will do, till a more convenient season. God is better pleased when young people dedicate themselves to Him than He is when they only give the mutilated fragments of old age to Him. God bless you!"

After a cruise in dangerous seas for a period of five years, when he executed a most important hydrographic survey of Palawan, an island three hundred miles long, Bate returned to Britain. The following extract from a letter written by him at this period, in relation to a quarrel which the captain of a ship had with his officers, evi-

* The clerk of the vessel, who had been seized with smallpox, and to whom he had generously given the accommodation of his own cabin.

dences the sense he entertained of his individual shortcomings and his deep conviction of the power of Divine grace:—

"Bad as my example was in the *Royalist*, there was a little religious principle in thought, if not in action, which in the long run leavened the viler part of my nature. Poor dear —— was far above me in amiability of temper and in the other qualities which ennoble man; but, then, he had not a religious man second in command, and there is where I was more fortunate than he. I care not who the man is, if he have no spirituality of mind, he is not to be trusted when difficult questions arise. The more I live in the world the more convinced am I of this. Look at the conduct of the noble and great of the land! Oh! what littleness have some, indeed I may say all, displayed since the pressure of war has been put upon them. In proportion as we discharge our duty faithfully as unto God and not unto man, so shall we find comfort when men speak ill of us."

In January, 1856, he was appointed to the command of the *Bittern*, a vessel of sixteen guns, stationed in Chinese waters. Before returning to the East he bade a kind adieu to his friends, impressing upon each the importance of giving earnest heed to their spiritual concerns. "It does not much matter to me," he wrote to a friend, "whether we meet in this world or not. The great end we must all have in view is a glorious union hereafter, where that painful word, 'Good-bye,' is never heard, and where one's brains and wretched body which we carry about with us here shall be no longer subject to torment and disease."

In April, he entered on command of his new ship. According to the practice which he had adopted in his last voyage, he at once established Divine worship on the

Sundays, conducting the service himself. Soon after, he introduced daily morning prayers with Scripture reading. Respecting the effect of these daily exercises he wrote to a friend, "I think it answers well; the fellows are happy, and so am I."

The *Bittern* proved unfit for service, and instructions were received from the Admiralty that it should be sold and the crew sent home. Meanwhile Bate was appointed to the command of H.M.S. *Actæon*. He was cruising in the Canton seas, awaiting the arrival of his new ship, when the *Arrow*, bearing the British flag, was while lying at anchor off Canton boarded by a Chinese officer and party of soldiers, who carried off twelve of her crew, and pulled down the Union Jack. Yeh the Imperial Commissioner yielded to the demands of the English Consul, in returning the twelve prisoners, but an apology for the outrage was not forthcoming. After due warning, the English Admiral resolved to bombard the city. Bate undertook the perilous duty of leading the storming party. While standing on the bridge of H.M.S. *Barracouta*, surveying the enemy's position, a grape shot smashed his telescope, slightly wounding his hand. Undaunted by the occurrence, he put himself at the head of the attacking force, and mounted the breach in front of a parapet bristling with guns. Soon after, Canton was entered by the British Admiral.

Withdrawing from his occupation of the city, the Admiral again called on the Imperial Commissioner to come to terms. Yeh was obdurate, and the Chinese proceeded to concert measures for the destruction of English settlers at Hong Kong. Reinforcements from England were required effectively to chastise the enemy. Meanwhile as the Admiral was proposing to retire from the Canton river, Bate respectfully submitted that the

entire removal of the fleet might encourage the enemy to further mischief. He offered to fortify and retain the Macao fort until such time as reinforcements might arrive. The offer being accepted by the Admiral, Bate took possession of the island with a band of three hundred men.

From the Macao fort he wrote to a friend:—"I must tell you that I have established prayers every morning in the fort. Poor fellows, many of them know not God, and, I fear, care very little about religion; but, as God has promised that His Word shall not return to Him void, who knows but that a great blessing may be the result? I pray the Lord may take us under His special protection."

To an afflicted friend in India he wrote:—"How mysterious are the ways of God, in His dealings with either nations, families, or individuals; but may you and all who are in affliction take comfort in this, that a time is fast approaching when all that now seems dark and mysterious to us will be clear and bright! And with what wonder and gratitude shall we look back on all the dealings of a tender Father, who knew from the beginning what amount of discipline was necessary for us. So that we may join with the Psalmist in saying, 'Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth;' and may forget our misery, and remember it as waters pass away. But I fear I am irritating what I would fain soothe.

> 'Oh for a heart magnanimous, to know
> Thy worth, poor world, and let thee go!'"

Five dreary months did Bate nobly hold the Macao fort, encountering almost every night a cannonade from

the enemy; its evacuation was at length determined on by the Admiral. In acknowledgment of his valour in heading the storming party at Canton, he was promoted to the rank of captain. He now proceeded to Hong Kong, where his ship, the *Actæon*, was in harbour. Prior to the proceedings at Canton, he had been appointed to surveying duties on the coast of Tartary, but his destination was now changed. His vessel was attached to the squadron which at the end of November sailed for Canton river, with a view to the subjection of the Imperial Commissioner and his troops. From on board his ship he communicated with an old friend on the 4th December.

"People," he wrote, "have a strange notion that Christianity and *work* are incompatible. My great desire is to prove this to be erroneous, and if God bless my labours, I look upon it as a mark of His approbation. I wish the world to see that the Christian officer is the best officer, ready for anything. It appears to me to be a principle little understood, though acknowledged in a general way, that religion arms the heart and steels it in the day of battle to meet all foes, and to be dismayed at no dangers; for he who has Christ *feels* that for him to live *is* Christ, to die, gain, and whatever success attends him is sanctified to him, and the glory of God is demonstrated." * * * * "We are now very busy preparing for an attack on Canton. *Actæon* is at present the advanced ship, and with our heavenly Father's blessing, will I trust keep so. I do hate and abhor war; but as it is a necessary scourge, and one which God inflicts on us for wiser purposes than we can tell, (for we see only through a glass darkly), I like to show the world that the Christian officer can be foremost in his country's cause, for surely if our religion is anything, it ought to give us courage in

the hour of danger. "Have you read the life of Hedley Vicars? What a noble man! After the perusal of it, it makes one feel frightfully humble. How short we come of his bright standard."

Captain Bate was selected by the Admiral to proceed to Canton to deliver the ultimatum of Lord Elgin and the French minister to the Chinese authorities. The period of reprieve having expired, without any reply, the bombardment commenced on the 28th of December at daybreak. In a few hours Bate was preparing to land. A letter on his cabin table, written at this time, bore these words:—"Read the 91st Psalm *for our comfort.*" The italics are his own. The landing was effected at midday. That evening Captain Bate engaged in earnest devotional exercises with his coxswain, which was resumed in the morning when he got up.

It was resolved at once to storm the city wall. Bate, as before, volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. He was in the act of determining the distance from the ground to the top of the wall with his sextant, when he was struck by a shot in the right breast. In half an hour he ceased to breathe.

Thus fell, on the 29th December, 1857, in his thirty-seventh year, Captain William Bate, another witness to the power and influence of Divine grace among those who have fought the battles of their country. During his last Sunday on shore, he partook of the Holy Communion at Hong Kong. Speaking that day to a friend as to the intended bombardment of Canton, in which he felt he would be seriously exposed, he said, "I know I am safe in the arms of my Saviour, in life or in death."

The experiences of so eminent a Christian are worthy of being recorded. From his memoirs, by the Rev. John Baillie, we have selected the following:—

In conversation with a friend, he was deploring deeply his "evil heart of unbelief," his "body of sin and death," his shortcomings, and the slenderness of his attainments, "so far beneath what they might be consistently with his privileges and his experience." "But the Christian life," interposed his friend, "is a struggle, a race, a conflict; and remember, that if you are so continually harassed by sins of infirmity, the great Apostle of the Gentiles was the same." "Yes," Bate replied, "we must through *much* tribulation enter the kingdom." And, after a few moments, he added:—"I am quite sure those are happiest, not who escape trials the most, but who are enabled to bear them the best."

In conversation a friend remarked that the believer, though relying fully on God's promises, often forgot them at the right time, but that there was one precious truth which the soul, however tempted, could cast itself on as a sure resting-place, "Because I live, ye shall live also," adding, that when fears and doubts oppressed, and the darkness was so thick that no ray of light could penetrate it, this promise of Christ was sufficient, and more than sufficient. "Yes," said Captain Bate, "it is quite true; but I prefer such a truth as 'Jehovah Jireh,'—God all-sufficient; for, in the application of a particular promise, I am afraid that I may sometimes be mistaken; but in simply depending on God's all-sufficiency, I never can."

Bate detested war, but was brave and resolute on the field of battle. There was no inconsistency here. He loved peace when it could be honourably maintained, but he stoutly resisted tyranny and those who were the enemies of his country. So long as human passions prompt to deeds of wrong, so long must nations send forth their brave men to defend the right. While communities or individuals continue to act unjustly, others

must be banded together to secure order, protect the assailed, and chastise offenders. The military profession is a necessity. The soldier precedes the missionary, and shields him in his labours. The British navy is the guardian of commerce, and secures to the rightful trader the highway of the seas.

The Christian soldier or sailor fights bravely as a duty which he owes to his profession, to his country, and to God. He has solemnly devoted his life to his calling, and he may not yield less than he has vowed. In his case, valour is not an impulse but an obligation. His leader is in heaven. The Captain of Salvation is his commander. He fears not to die. "In the arms of his Saviour he feels that he is safe, in life or in death."

CAPTAIN MELVILL.

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me."

LYTE.

IT is much to be regretted that a memoir of Captain Melvill which appeared about the year 1815 is now out of print. We have failed to obtain a copy. For the most of the following particulars we are indebted to an interesting little work, entitled "The Church in the Army."

Philip Melvill was born at Dunbar, East Lothian, in 1762. His parents were pious persons. His father early impressed upon him the importance of truth and honesty, and showing him the uncertainty of life, constantly entreated him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth. By his mother he was affectionately led to revere the lessons of Holy Scripture, and to seek by prayer for the Divine guidance. At the age of sixteen he procured a commission in the 73rd Regiment. He joined at Haddington, in his native county. Before parting with him, his mother caused him to kneel with her in prayer; she earnestly commended him to God, and to the service of his country.

The 73rd Regiment was destined for foreign service. It proceeded to India. In July, 1780, Hyder Ali entered the Carnatic with an army of 80,000 men. Colonel Baillie, who commanded the British troops, which did not exceed

3,000, having been disappointed in obtaining relief from General Monro, held up a flag of truce, while his men laid down their arms. No sooner had this act of submission been performed, than the barbarous enemy rushed upon the helpless soldiers, cutting them down with terrible havoc. Unless for the interposition of the French officers in Hyder Ali's army, not a single individual of the British had escaped butchery.

Among the wounded was Lieutenant Melvill. On the rising ground to which the British army had retreated he was hit by two musket balls on the left arm, one passing through part of his left breast. After the surrender he received a severe sabre wound, and was dashed violently to the ground. Some of the enemy proceeded afterwards to strip him of his clothes, depriving him even of his shirt. As he lay in this miserable condition, a passing horseman savagely wounded him with a spear. For two days and two nights he lay on the ground, exposed to a burning sun, faint from loss of blood, and enduring the almost insupportable agony of a burning thirst. On the third morning he was picked up by a party of the enemy, who, for the reward of ten rupees offered for bringing in a European alive, carried him in the most cruel and insulting manner into Hyder Ali's camp. Here he was thrust into a tent already packed to the full by his wounded and captured countrymen. Along with the other prisoners he was afterwards removed to the fort of Bangalore, where, laden with heavy fetters, he was detained four years.

When the success of the British arms had led to the deliverance of the prisoners at Bangalore, Melvill returned to Britain. The extraordinary privations to which he had been subjected, added to the severe character of his

wounds, had entirely unfitted him for further regimental service. He accepted the command of an invalid company at Guernsey. There he married the daughter of Peter Dobree, Esq., of Beauregard, a lady of amiable dispositions and Christian worth. Soon after, Captain Melvill received the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Pendennis Castle, Cornwall.

Hitherto he had been so far guided by the counsels of his youth. Honest and upright in all the relations of life, he had proved himself a good soldier in the field, and a patient sufferer in the prison-house. Only on one trying occasion had he sought to revolt against the dispensations of Providence; when exposed on the battle-field in his wounds, he had, with a view to avoiding further mutilation by the enemy, sought to raise his hand against his life; he lacked strength to execute his purpose. For some time before his marriage he had been regular in his approaches to a throne of grace, and had most earnestly entreated that his steps might be directed in a right way. At length his eyes were fully opened to discern the truth as it is in Jesus.

The conversion of Governor Melvill opened up to him the exact suitability of the Gospel system to the wants of the sinner. He saw his own helplessness and guilt, and clung earnestly to the cross of the Redeemer as his only succour. He found perfect peace and joy in believing. He entered ardently on the Christian course, and earnestly pressed forward to obtain the prize of his high calling. Five times a day he retired to his closet to raise his heart in humble fervent prayer to Him who had brought him to behold the light and the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus. The reality of his convictions was abundantly manifested in the conduct of his life. To the benevolent institutions he contributed most liber-

ally; he was patient under provocation, gentle in reproof, and tender and considerate to all.

The family had proceeded to reside in London. Captain Melvill was called to Pendennis on business. There he was seized with fever. Hearing of his illness, his devoted wife hastened to wait upon him. He was on his death-bed. Soon after her arrival he said to her, "Look to the Lord Jesus. In Him you will always find a sure refuge. He is not only a help, but a very present help in trouble at all times, and in all situations." He was much comforted in the repetition of Cowper's beautiful hymn, beginning "Oh, for a closer walk with God." Certain portions of Scripture, abounding with assurances of God's love, were often quoted by him with deep solemnity. Among these were the passages of Isaiah xli. 13, and liv. 10. He dwelt emphatically on Job xix. 25—27, repeating frequently the last verse of the passage. He spoke of the sufferings endured by the Saviour on the cross as having exceeded all others, and remarked how that all the pains which fell to the believer in the present life were not worthy to be compared with the eternal weight of glory which should be revealed. Mrs. Melvill quoted to him the passage, "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities" (Heb. iv. 15), and then added, "We are not sufficient of ourselves." He immediately exclaimed, with deep feeling, "Oh no, none but Christ, none but Christ!" These were almost his last words. He gently fell asleep.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Several examples in these Memoirs illustrate the truth that the severest chastisement, apart from the special

outpouring of the Holy Spirit, will not lead errant souls to God. We would particularly remark, in connection with the subject of this memoir, the case of Captain Wilson, who, after enduring severe and protracted imprisonment in India, also returned to Britain a stranger to every spiritual impression. Both Melvill and Wilson were awakened afterwards, without any repetition of such striking trials as they had endured in the past. The Saviour came to them, not amidst the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, but in "a still small voice."

"The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth." But while love prompts the rod, rebellion not unfrequently attends its infliction. Men murmur when they suffer loss in undertakings which they deem legitimate and praiseworthy. The sailor complains of the loss of his ship, though his life has been preserved. The soldier murmurs because he has been wounded. Through the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit alone is the purpose of chastisement savingly understood. Then a gracious Father is seen through the clouds of trial,—a Saviour is heard amidst the waves, saying lovingly, "It is I; be not afraid."

Saul of Tarsus was not converted in the hour in which he was struck down by the vision which he saw on the way to Damascus. When, after three days' blindness, he was prompted by the Spirit to pray, then only was the messenger sent to him to make known unto him Jesus.

CAPTAIN HAMMOND.

" Christian soldier ! see the prize,
Golden in yon starry sky ;
Faith and hope within thee rise,
Lift thy banner—lift it high !
Till the battle-cry shall be
Lost in shouts of victory !"

ROOKER.

MAXIMILIAN MONTAGU HAMMOND was the third son of W. O. Hammond, Esq., of St. Alban's Court, Kent; he was born on the 6th of May, 1824. From boyhood inclined to military pursuits, he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and passing the requisite examination, was appointed, without purchase, to an ensigncy in the 66th Regiment. He soon after received a Second Lieutenancy in the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, then quartered at Newport, Monmouthshire. After a short period the battalion was removed to Dover. There "Maxy," as he was familiarly called, entered keenly into the amusements of garrison life, and walked in the broad path of worldly vanity.

Having remained at Dover a few months, his battalion was ordered to proceed to Halifax, Nova Scotia. After a passage of forty-five days, they reached their destination, in August, 1842. Hammond continued to pursue the career of pleasure which had hitherto proved his chief concern. He was an enthusiastic promoter of cricket matches, races, balls, angling, and other pastimes. Moose-hunting was a favourite enjoyment; he rejoiced

to remain in the woods for successive days and nights, prosecuting this exciting sport. So long God was not in all his thoughts. Referring to the state of his life at this early period, he afterwards wrote:—"It is good for me to remember how I walked in times past, according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, a child of wrath! Oh! how justly might I then have been cut down as a cumberer of the ground, a rebel against God, a wilful and an open transgressor of His holy laws, and oh! how rich, how abounding has been the mercy which spared me, and which, I humbly trust, has brought me as a poor penitent to the foot of the Cross of Christ."

During a moose-hunting expedition he nearly lost his life in crossing a stream. The event of his danger and escape awakened him to reflection. The sudden illness of a companion, who had been seized with his ailment in the woods, also made a powerful impression upon his mind. He began to avoid the late hours of his mess companions, for the retirement of his own quarters. A captain of the regiment, whose Christian character was well known, had just returned from England; he invited Hammond to join a party which met in his house weekly, for reading the Scriptures. The invitation was accepted. This took place in October, 1844. On the 17th December, Hammond thus writes to his father. After describing the apprehension he had experienced in joining these Bible meetings, and the comfort he had obtained from them, he proceeds:—"I then began to read every morning and evening in my own room, and to write notes on the most striking passages, which I found of great assistance. This awakened my conscience, and by earnest prayer to God, He at length opened to me my awfully sinful

state, and showed me the sinfulness and corruption of my heart. Every day shows me more and more my own natural weakness and inherent depravity, and makes me feel the necessity of trusting to myself for. nothing, but constantly to seek God's assistance, without which I should fall back into my former state of sin. I may now, through God's assistance, and mercy, be enabled to pass the remainder of my days in His fear and love, and so be rendered fit for eternal happiness when I die. But before this, I had been rushing headlong to my own destruction, and should inevitably have fallen but for God's lovingkindness and mercy. I received the sacrament a few Sundays ago for the first time since I joined the regiment. I hesitated for some time whether I thought myself worthy or not, and at length made up my mind to take it; my feelings then I cannot describe; but I was deeply impressed with the solemnity and importance of this blessed ordinance, and afterwards experienced a comfort which I had never till then known. I shudder to think how awfully I have sinned in receiving it unworthily at home, merely because I was afraid to decline doing so to you. But I never then knew what danger I was incurring, and how I was provoking God's anger against me. Oh, how I bless God for His mercy in having brought me to a sense of my awful state."

A soldier "'listed in Messiah's band," Lieutenant Hammond now sought to interest others in the precious truths which refreshed and gladdened his own soul. With several officers of his regiment, and others, he commenced Sunday classes, formed by soldiers of the various regiments, who assembled in a large room within the barracks to receive religious instruction. As this good work was making satisfactory progress, an order

was received prohibiting officers of the Rifle Brigade from communicating religious instruction to their men. The prohibition was exceedingly distressing to him. Other spheres of Christian labour were opened up.

He became a devoted student. Hitherto he had only snatched from his numerous engagements of pleasure sufficient time to read the newspapers. He now found abundant leisure for a general course of reading. His evenings were much occupied in the study of the Scriptures. In his unconverted state he had been addicted to swearing, and he used to think that nothing could induce him to renounce this habit; but it was overcome. Excessively fond of music, he had spent whole afternoons in listening to the performances of the regimental band; he now denied himself the gratification of his taste. Several officers of the regiment, like-minded with himself, met with him weekly for mutual prayer.

In August, 1845, Lieutenant Hammond thus expressed himself in letters written to two younger brothers, one of whom was preparing for the ministry:—"Depend upon it, dear H——, that a man can never be truly happy until he has found a higher object to live for than what the world affords. I used to think myself quite happy, and so I was. But where would it all have been, if I had been deprived of health, and had been unable to enjoy the things that constituted that happiness? No; if we wish to find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, we must live to Him who died for our sins." "They call religion madness and enthusiasm; but what can be greater madness and enthusiasm than to be devoting one's life to the affairs of this world? And yet how carelessly we all live while we are in health and strength, and enjoying all the luxuries and comforts of life! I wish I could say, 'To live is Christ,

to die is gain!' but I feel so much our blessed Lord's injunction, 'Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is.' We are told to exhort one another, and to pray for one another. I should be very thankful if you would urge, advise, and instruct me, as I value and enjoy it much, and I wish you all to pray for me. I am very weak and sinful, and need all your prayers."

After an absence of four years, Lieutenant Hammond visited his parents and other relations in England. During his period of furlough he was called on to offer his sincerest sympathies to the Christian officer through whose instrumentality, under God, he had experienced his awakening. This excellent man had been deprived of his young wife, one like-minded with himself, and whose delightful converse was greatly blessed to all those who, under his roof, sought to know "the way of God more perfectly." The removal of one whom he regarded as a sister in Christ deepened in the heart of "Maxy" Hammond the impressions of Divine things, and led him to live still more as a sojourner in the present, and a traveller towards the eternal world.

In 1846 we find him again with his regiment, now stationed at Montreal. He had been brought to realise more than hitherto the great privilege, and inestimable blessedness of prayer. He proposed that prayer to a common Father should be made a bond of union between some of his former Christian associates and himself, now locally separated from him; and resolved daily to remember in prayer all those in whose temporal and eternal welfare he was especially interested.

His sentiments on the subject of prayer at this period were communicated to a friend in these words:—"How unlimited are the promises to prayer! Our unbelief

would say that God cannot condescend to hear. But wondrous as is His condescension, He does nevertheless hear and answer; and in answering, abundantly bless. May we all drink more deeply into the spirit of prayer, and thus 'prove God, whether He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it.' I hope you have some friends and companions with whom you can enjoy Christian fellowship. But you have always with you the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother; and you have His comforting assurance that He will never leave you nor forsake you. He is the same who tabernacled here on earth in human nature 1800 years ago. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His love is the same, His forbearing mercy the same, His sympathy the same, and His grace the same. 'Lo! I am with you alway.' He is ever present to our faith, literally present by His Spirit, to keep, sanctify, teach, guide, uphold, and comfort His people."

The potato disease which so severely visited Ireland in 1847 caused extensive emigration from that portion of the kingdom. Many of the emigrants proceeded to Canada. Their arrival at Montreal was attended by the breaking out of typhus fever among them, which proved so virulent that at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, sixty or eighty deaths occurred daily. Lieutenant Hammond did not neglect this new field of Christian labour. Prohibited by regimental order from personally visiting the sick emigrants, he actively provided them with necessaries, and made arrangements for their comfort. And when two of his friends, the clergyman at Montreal and a naval captain, were seized with the epidemic, he attended them both with devoted solicitude, till one after the other died from the disorder. In August, 1847, the

battalion was removed from Montreal to Kingston and Toronto. Hammond was sent to the former station. Here his presence was signally blest; an evening school was established, reading-rooms were opened, meetings for prayer were held, and the cause of temperance was promoted. In a letter, dated Kingston, October 3rd, 1848, he writes:—"My daily habits are these: Up about seven; prayer, with my servant, at a quarter to eight; breakfast at eight; reading Bible and prayer till ten; parade, ten till eleven; read or write till two or three, with prayer for family and friends during this time; out of doors till dusk; reading and prayer before mess; mess till half-past eight; read till eleven; prayer and to bed about half past eleven. With regard to society, I know only a few. I have determined to mix with worldly people not more than I am obliged."

About this period Hammond entertained the idea of entering the ministry. To a friend he conveyed his sentiments in these words:—"I have thought seriously and prayerfully over the matter in every way, and hope I am desirous to do the will of God, and to follow only that in the way He shall direct. The great lack of ministers in the church, my belief that the opportunities of usefulness are incomparably greater in the church, and, if I am not deceiving myself, a desire in my heart of giving myself entirely to the Lord's service, are among some of the reasons I would allege for desiring to enter the sacred ministry. I feel my own insufficiency, but I know that God will give strength to do the work, and wisdom to the foolish, and understanding to the ignorant, if those things be duly sought of Him in prayer." The friends whom Hammond consulted, respecting his intention to enter the church, dissuaded him from abandoning his military calling.

Since his conversion, he had been careful in selecting those only as his friends and associates who were proceeding on the way Sionward. In reference to the choice of friends he thus communicated with one of his brothers —"I am convinced that next to the Bible and the instructions from the pulpit, nothing is so good for one as the society of real Christians. God has graciously made this provision for our wants, and so ordered it that we mutually receive and communicate good to one another. And as we are commanded to separate from the society of an ungodly world, we are thus graciously permitted to enjoy the pleasures of society and companionship with those who love the Lord. Nothing struck me more forcibly when my own mind was directed to seek the one thing needful, than the difference between the friendship of the world and that friendship founded on Christian principles, proceeding from our common union in the faith of Jesus. What has become of all those who professed friendship in the day of worldly gaiety and dissipation? Their friendship is like the wind — hollow, empty, and passing away; while that of Christians never fails, and neither time nor distance ever obliterates it. Every day shows me the necessity of making the line of separation between the world and the disciple of Jesus more clear and decided."

In the spring of 1849 the subject of this memoir, who had shortly before obtained his company, was posted to the command of the depôt in the Isle of Wight. The deep humility which marked his career since the period of his conversion appears in a letter addressed by him from Parkhurst barracks to one of his brothers:—"June 10, 1849. I feel at times as if I had no love—as if my religion were mere hypocrisy, the form of godliness but destitute of its vital power. Indeed, we ought to be

ashamed that we love Him so little; that we are doing so little for Him. I find this especially the case, when thrown amongst worldly men. Then it is not an easy thing to walk as a Christian, desiring to be known in no other character than as a disciple of Jesus; content to wear the reproach of the Cross; to be thought a weak-spirited fellow for His sake; confessing Him before man, and setting up our banner in His name; studying to adorn His gospel in all things with 'meekness of wisdom.' I don't know when I have felt my own weakness and utter helplessness more than since I have been here. How blessed a thing it is for us, that we are not kept by ourselves, but by the Keeper of Israel."

The ordinary conversation of the mess-room had become uncongenial to one who lived so near to God. Captain Hammond longed for domestic life, and was deeply concerned that he might obtain a wife who might prove to him a true helpmate in the Lord. In August, 1850, he was married to Rosa Anne, daughter of G. J. Pennington, Esq., of Cumberland Street. About two months before this event, he thus wrote to a friend:—"Parkhurst, June 15, 1850. I desire to recognise the hand of my gracious and loving Father in this great instance of His goodness, for I cannot doubt that the gift is from Him. I feel that His blessing will rest upon our union. What a mercy to have been permitted to secure the affections of one who will lead me on, and help me forward in the journey homewards!"

At Parkhurst barracks Captain Hammond took charge of the depôt school; he established a Sunday-school, and conducted service at the hospital on Sunday afternoons. He had the satisfaction to remark some spiritual fruit from his evangelical labours. Having been removed to Canterbury in 1851, he there got up a weekly Bible

Class for the use of boys, and induced several of his brother officers to meet fortnightly at each other's houses for scripture reading and prayer.

To a brother officer he thus expressed himself in a letter, written at Chatham on the 24th December:— "Blessed be God, glad tidings have come to you and to me, so that we two may rejoice in the wondrous event which we at this time commemorate. And as the wise men declared that they had seen His star in the East, so may we, too, be enabled to testify that the midnight shadows have passed away; that the day has dawned, and that the day-star has arisen up in our darkened and foolish hearts. Yes, my dear brother, I would wish you a merry Christmas, not in the worldly sense which is wont to desecrate this holy season, and to dishonour Him whom we profess to remember, but in a sense of a holy rejoicing in the blessed fact which is revealed to us that *unto us* a Child is born, *unto us* a Son is given, whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." He adds, "Oh, to be enabled to say with Paul, 'I have a desire to depart and be with Christ!' If this desire is faint and difficult to trace, which I often feel it must be, because communion with Him on earth is so little cultivated, the soul that lives nearest to Him will long most to be with Him where He is."

In the autumn of 1853 the battalion of the Rifle Brigade having returned from Canada, Captain Hammond left the depôt at Chatham for head-quarters at Canterbury. There he obtained charge of the week-day and Sunday schools; he got up a separate class on Sundays for the buglers, in whose spiritual welfare he took a deep interest. In the summer of 1853 his domestic happiness was increased by the birth of a daughter. The

autumn of 1853 was spent in camp at Chobham. He afterwards accompanied the second battalion of his regiment to Portsmouth.

The ambitious projects of Russia had at length culminated in actual warfare. On the 27th February, 1854, Captain Hammond embarked at Portsmouth, with the second battalion of his regiment. From on board the transport ship he wrote to a brother officer in these words:—"I would entreat you, my dear friend, to remember what a tremendous *reality* religion is—a reality upon which hangs our destiny for eternity. As far as I have practised it, for the last nine or ten years, I have experienced its blessedness under all the changing circumstances of life, and it is that which induces me now to press the subject on you."

From the camps of Gallipoli, Scutari, and Devna, Captain Hammond communicated to his wife and other correspondents at home his feelings of distress on account of the irreligion by which he was surrounded. We present a few extracts from his letters on this subject:—"The most painful part of this kind of life is, the being obliged to hear the horrible oaths and bad language that the men use. This morning I spoke to my company on the subject, and I trust there may be some improvement outwardly. But, oh! one's heart sinks at the thought of so many souls dead in sins—sold under sin to Satan." "The language of the men is awful," he writes in another letter. "Never before," he writes from Scutari, "have I felt so much need of putting on the armour of God, and it seems sometimes as if this is the place where Satan's seat is; and my soul longs for the perfect purity above, where there will be no sights and sounds of sin, and where we shall no longer be made wretched by the corruption within, which, after all, is our worst enemy."

From Camp Devna he communicates to Mrs. Hammond his detestation of "the gossip and evil speaking and laughing at other people" which prevailed. He adds, "The hospital-tent is a sad place for a dying man. One feels how almost hopeless it is for any one to begin to seek Christ there."

Amidst these painful surroundings, intensified by the bitterness of separation from his wife and child, he derived comfort and support from an earnest waiting upon God. Daily he conducted devotional exercises alone with his servant; he retired to solitary places in the vicinity of the camp for the purpose of secret prayer and meditation, and distributed tracts and other religious publications among those who evinced an interest in Divine things.

The stagnant marshes of Devna proved most detrimental to the troops, among whom disease extensively broke out. Hammond was seized with fever; he was sent to the hospital at Scutari, and, consequent on the report of a Medical Board, was ordered to return to England. He landed in Britain early in October. On his recovery from his illness, the idea, which he had entertained at a former period, of entering the ministry, was renewed. He cherished an utter loathing of camp life; his soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. He abhorred war and its awful accompaniments of carnage and bloodshed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he consulted on the subject of his views, readily consented to admit him to orders. But as the war was continued, he felt that he dared not withdraw from his post. He resolved to return to the Crimea, saying, on the eve of his departure, "I feel that my path of duty lies in the army, whether for life or death."

During the period that he remained at home, subse-

quent to his restoration to health, he was assigned the command of the depôt at Southsea. On Sundays he conducted a service for the sick in hospital, and read and prayed separately with those who were seriously ill. He conducted a Sunday-school, and was earnest in private prayer that his labours might be blessed to the spiritual benefit of the children. In August, 1855, he was ordered to return to the seat of war. When his period of departure was fixed, he called the members of his family together, including his parents and a brother and sister, and conducted devotional exercises along with them, with deep solemnity and earnestness of manner. He prayed that he might be enabled to "honour God, whatever scenes he might pass through."

On the voyage, he thus wrote to Mrs. Hammond:— "Off Eddystone Lighthouse, August 14, 1855. With an aching heart I am passing away from the land which contains my wife, child, and all whom I love dearest on earth. Were it not that I can, through grace, feel that my Saviour God, is with me, my heart would sink beneath the weight of the past and anticipation of the future. Already I have felt that it has been good for me to have been thus cut off from the happiness of my home. My heart has been drawn closer to Jesus, and my constant prayer is—

> "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
> E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."

On the 27th August, his letter to his wife contains these words: "Hitherto, thank God, I have had no disquieting thoughts for myself. Feeling so fully that I am in His hands, I can calmly look forward to all dangers and risks to which I shall probably be exposed. The determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God

affords, at this season, peculiar comfort. Seek to cherish His blessed truth, that all is before appointed. Then come what will, all must be well. I have no presentiment of coming evil, and no vain confidence of escaping danger. I place myself in the hands of my Saviour God. I rest in the finished work as a poor guilty sinner. I hope in His mercy, and leave the issue in His hands without carefulness."

Two days elapsed between the landing of Captain Hammond in the Crimea and the final attack upon Sebastopol. During the interval he visited the sick in hospital, shaking hands familiarly with every old soldier whom he recognised. The storming was fixed to take place on the 8th October, and his company were to be engaged. On the evening preceding he thus wrote to his wife:—"My inauguration will probably be a serious one, but I can calmly leave the event in the hands of a Saviour God. Come life, or come death, my only hope is in the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

In a postscript to this letter, he adds—"I have had a peaceful time for prayer, and have committed the keeping of my soul and body to the Lord my God, and have commended to His grace and care my wife and child, my parents, brothers and sisters, and all dear to me. Come what will, all is well." To a brother officer, he said that same afternoon—"I am quite ready for anything that may happen."

Next morning Captain Hammond led his old company into the trenches. Having remained some hours in the third parallel as a reserve, the Rifles were ordered to the front to support the assailing party. Amidst a storm of shot and shell the riflemen rushed forward. Among the foremost in attacking the enemy was seen the tall form of Captain Hammond. The most extraordinary bravery

could not cope with the numbers of his assailants. He was surrounded by an array of bayonets. He fell on the parapet of the Redan. A bayonet wound in the heart caused his death, which must have been instantaneous. Captain Hammond had only reached his thirty-first year.

Thus was this gallant soldier called to the honours of the upper sanctuary. He was brave in both armies. He had fought the good fight under the banner of the Cross, and he was in like manner courageous under the standard of his country. He fell on the field of duty. In his blood he testified the sincerity of his faith.

Reader, are you prepared for the last journey. Do you proceed in the wilderness leaning on the arm of your beloved? Have you girt up your loins ready to cross the Jordan? Have you taken oil in your lamps to meet the spiritual Bridegroom. Is this precious truth your comfort in the midst of trials and perils of every kind—that the Saviour died for his people, and liveth to bestow upon them the best gifts? Do you realise the Divine promise—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour"? (Isaiah xliii., 2, 3.) Reader, this declaration is truly a glorious one; it points to help in times of weakness, comfort in seasons of trial, and deliverance in the midst of death. To those who believe in the Lord's promises, death is a silvery pathway to the golden city—the vestibule of the land of light. It is a messenger of mercy, conducting to the confines of a glorious and eternal inheritance.

CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS.

"His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet waters in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

TENNYSON.

"I HAVE often heard it said 'The worse the man, the better the soldier!' Facts contradict this untruth. Were I ever a leader of a forlorn hope, allowed to select my men, it would be most certainly from among the soldiers of Christ; for who should fight so fearlessly and bravely as those to whom death presents no after terrors?" So wrote Captain Hedley Vicars, just twelve months before he fell mortally wounded, while gallantly leading on his men against his country's enemies.

Hedley Shafto Johnstone Vicars was the son of an officer of the Royal Engineers, and was descended from an old Irish family, which originally came from Spain. He was born in the Mauritius on the 7th December, 1826. When he was twelve years old his father died; shortly before his death he placed his hand on his son's head, and prayed that he might become "a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His holy name."

Obtaining a commission in December, 1843, Hedley joined the depot of the 97th regiment stationed in the Isle of Wight. In the autumn of the following year he

was ordered to Corfu, and from thence, in 1848, he accompanied his regiment to Jamaica. His life had hitherto been one of entire thoughtlessness; he had indulged in those excesses which are familiar to those who know not God. At Jamaica there was an excellent ministry, and he was privileged with the example of the pious family of Dr. M'Ilree, surgeon of the regiment. He began to bow the knee in prayer.

The 97th regiment was removed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in June, 1851. In November of that year, he was turning over the leaves of a Bible which lay on his table. He read these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." The words seemed as a message from heaven; he scarcely slept that night, but he prayed much. In the morning he arose, satisfied that the message was "sent for him." He had found peace in Jesus Christ. "The past," he said, "is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood." He was brought through grace to enlist in the service of Him to whose standard thirteen years before he had been commended by his father's prayers.

Of his converted life, the first act was to purchase a large Bible. He placed it open on his table; it was to be his new colours, "to speak for him before he was strong enough to speak for himself." "So you have turned Methodist," said one. "Don't be a hypocrite," said another. His companions fell off; the trial was severe, but he had put on the armour of heaven. From the faithful preaching, and personal intercourse of Dr. Twining, the garrison chaplain, he experienced much comfort; he taught in a Sunday-school, visited the sick, and read the Scriptures, and engaged in prayer with

inquirers. By his example, several of his brother officers were awakened to spiritual life.

In the spring of 1852, he was appointed adjutant of his regiment. "Vicars," said the colonel, "you are the man I can best trust with responsibility." To a relative the new adjutant thus writes:—"In the performance of the arduous duties of an adjutant, I trust I may never neglect the more important duties of a Christian, and that I may do all to the glory of God." The following is from his diary, November 22nd. "Let me devote all my energies to the work of endeavouring to bring my fellow sinners and fellow soldiers unto Jesus, and do Thou, my Heavenly Father, bless my feeble efforts, and make me the means in Thy hands of bringing many from darkness to light. May I ever feel it a glorious privilege to be permitted to raise my voice in the cause of that Saviour whom I have so often rejected and denied; and when discouraged by seeing no good results, let me put faith in Thee and in Thy word. 'Cast Thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it again after many days.' May I never omit earnest prayer for all those in whom I may perceive any sign of grace, and never despair of the hardest-hearted sinner, remembering what I once was."

These sentences, inscribed in his diary about this period, further represent the earnest character of his faith.—"Had my salvation depended upon keeping the law, I should be without hope, for I have broken it thousands of times. But through this man, the Lord Jesus, is preached the forgiveness of sins, and they that believe are justified from *all things*. Oh, then, let me close with God's free offer of salvation to all, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Let me look to Christ as my righteousness, sanctification, and

redemption. Let me lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, working out my own salvation with fear and trembling, remembering that it is God that worketh in me to will and to do of His good pleasure. I would from this day give up the remainder of my life to the service of God."

In 1853, the regiment returned to Britain. Lieutenant Vicars had now an opportunity of rejoining his family circle. During leave of absence, he employed himself in works of beneficence. At London he taught in Lord Shaftesbury's ragged schools, visited repentant thieves, and accompanied city missionaries in their labours. He zealously assisted in the work of preaching to the navvies of Beckenham. In private he comforted the desponding, and prayed with those who had found the Saviour. We extract a few sentences from a letter which at this time he addressed to Miss Marsh, who afterwards became his biographer. "Notwithstanding the advantages of Christian education, and godly parents, the dictates of reason, and the remorse of conscience, I lived for many years in total forgetfulness of a death-bed, and a judgment day. But that God, who might so justly have cut me off in the full career of rebellion, at length (and oh! how feebly can I express my sense of His goodness) opened my eyes; and that stubborn heart, which neither the terrors of hell could deter, nor the wrath of God restrain from recklessly pursuing the path of destruction. He softened and changed by shewing me the love and tenderness I was despising and trampling under foot. I can never forget the intensity of my feelings when first I saw my Saviour on the Cross, nor the flood of joy which burst in upon my soul when I read in his flowing blood full pardon for all that was past. Years

have gone by since then, but I have been pursued by His grace, and kept by His power from falling away, and thus dishonouring the Christian profession." He adds, "And what a balm for the weary and heavy-laden, what a cure for the guilty, is offered alike to all in the Gospel of Christ! And oh, what a glorious truth when brought home to the anxious heart by the Holy Spirit; what a sweet and precious doctrine is thus set forth! Full and free forgiveness, perfect acceptance, and assured reconciliation with God; and this already effected by Divine mercy, and sealed with the sufferings and death of the Son of God."

In February, 1854, the subject of this memoir proceeded to Gibraltar to visit his uncle, Colonel Vicars, R.E., who had there been attacked with a dangerous illness. His presence proved a source of help and comfort to the invalid.

He returned to England in March, much to the satisfaction of his friends, who had apprehended that he might be called on to proceed from Gibraltar direct for the seat of war in the East. On his return, he zealously resumed his missionary labours. He addressed assemblages of the navvies at Beckenham, took part in the devotional exercises of those whom he numbered among his spiritual associates, and was present at the annual meeting of the Christian Associations in London. Among the men of the 97th regiment he had already produced a remarkable reformation. About four hundred of their number were in a greater or less degree influenced by his example and teaching.

On the 21st March, Lieutenant Vicars addressed a letter to one whose spiritual converse had been much blessed to him, in which he used these words "God grant, dear friend, your love for Christ and devotion to

His service may be blessed, not only in winning fresh jewels for the Saviour's crown, but in imparting stronger faith and more earnest zeal in the hearts of those who have been already visited by the Holy Ghost, and melted by the Redeemer's agony and bloody sweat, and by His Cross and passion. I can never repay you for that onward and steadier progress which I feel that you have been instrumental, through the grace of God, in imparting to my Christian course. I should find it difficult to tell you what solid grace and elevated enjoyment I have derived from communion with my best of all earthly friends. May the gladness and sunshine of the Saviour's presence ever more and more be inwardly experienced by you in all its glowing, quickening power and heavenly delight, as a rich foretaste of those pleasures which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but which God hath prepared for you and, I trust, for me!" To his youngest sister he wrote—"Be assured you will feel far happier in this world even, by making religion your chief business and study, than by all the pleasures and gaieties which your young heart may now probably be longing after. I tell you, candidly and sincerely, that I would willingly part with every earthly pleasure for life, for one hour's communion with Jesus every day." He writes in another letter—"I often grieve when at night I look back on the many precious hours of the day lost, given me for the purpose of making a closer acquaintance with Jesus; and I suppose the greater happiness we find in Him here, the greater will be our enjoyment of Him hereafter."

The light company of the 97th regiment was ordered to be ready to embark in May. In prospect of proceeding with it to the seat of war, Lieutenant Vicars felt himself subjected to new trials and anxieties. He was about to quit society of a most congenial kind, for the

roughness of camp life. Among those from whom he was to part was one to whom he had proposed to unite himself in the dearest of earthly bonds. He was less concerned about the perils of the battle-field, for, like the subject of the preceding memoir, he had covenanted to submit himself to the Lord's will. At times he believed that he should not return to the endearments of an earthly home. Not long before his embarkation, he said to an attached friend—"When I am shot, write to my mother; see her when you can; comfort her as God will teach you." He added that he entertained an impression that he should not return, and that it did not depress him, but rather inspired him with a greater trust in God, that He would make the name of Christ glorified in him, whether by life or by death." To the same friend he wrote—"Death is to the believer, after all, but an incident in immortality; for Christ says, 'He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life.' How earnestly I thank my Heavenly Father for having led me betimes to prepare for that certain eternity beyond the grave!" In another communication he wrote:—"The Lord has called me to eternal life in the army, and *as a soldier I will die.*"

With such sentiments Hedley Vicars left England. From on board the *Orinoco* he wrote to his mother:—"I am in God's hands, therefore fear not for me. Nothing could make my hands stronger than knowing that your mind is at peace and quiet. We know that all things work together for our good, that Jesus loves us with an everlasting love, and that it is not only in health that He is with us, but when we come to die He will 'comfort' us, and bear us safely through the valley of the shadow of death."

Wherever he was, Lieutenant Vicars rejoiced to be

employed in the cause of his Saviour. On shipboard he established a Bible-reading class, and endeavoured to interest his brother officers in the good news of the kingdom of God. The troops on board the *Orinoco* were first destined for the Piræus. On his arrival, Hedley Vicars had an opportunity of visiting the Acropolis at Athens, and examining a spot consecrated by the preaching of St. Paul. From the Piræus he communicated to his relatives, and other Christian friends, respecting the state of his inner life. "Often do I fear," he wrote, "lest by word or deed I should bring dishonour on the name of Him we love; but yet I feel a quiet confidence that He will keep me by His grace and power, and enable me to persevere to the end." "Jesus is very precious to my soul,—my all in all. Often have I been on the point of falling away, and yet His arm has held me up, and kept me from bringing dishonour on His blessed name. To Him be *all* the praise and glory." "I would not, for all the world could give me, go back to my former state. I have gained immeasurably more than I have given. In exchange for fleeting pleasures now, I have hopes of lasting joys, which mortal eye hath never seen, nor ear heard of, nor heart can conceive."

A course of trial, greater than he had yet experienced, was now to test the practical earnestness of this soldier of Jesus Christ. Cholera and malignant fever broke out in the 97th regiment, which together cut off, within thirty-four days, no fewer than a hundred and twenty persons. From the commencement of the visitation, the chaplain of the British Legation, who had hitherto ministered to the troops, was not allowed to continue his services. These Vicars at once offered to supply. He took charge of the funeral parties, and read the service

of the dead at each successive interment. He conducted Divine service on Sundays, and daily visited the hospital wards. He prayed with individual patients, and often spent days and nights with more earnest inquirers. To those who were in a condition to read he handed tracts; he pointed out to all the great doctrine of salvation. Many listened to his words of Christian consolation; some expressed their firm reliance on the finished work at Calvary. The visitor of so many sick beds was refreshed and strengthened for his Christian labours by meditations daily among the rocks by the sea-shore.

We present a few extracts from letters written by Lieutenant Vicars at this anxious period. "I always feel refreshed and strengthened myself whilst talking of Jesus to others. Surely there is no subject so delightful to a sinner as 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'" "In my own soul I have enjoyed a peaceful, happy time, leaning on Jesus. It is true, this is a spiritual desert, but seldom have I had more hungerings and thirstings after Christ and holiness." "To men of my own age I can now speak more boldly than I could a little while ago. But I do find it very hard to say anything on these subjects to an old man. I pray to be enabled to do so, when the occasion comes, with courage, but always with deference and respect." "When a dying man can say or feel, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' he wants no more; it is Jesus he thirsts for, and longs to hear about. I have witnessed the effect even of the name of Jesus. I have noticed a calm and peaceful look pass more than once over the ghastly face of the dying, as that blessed name passed my lips." "Death is dreaded as a fearful thing to go through; but I think, with Jesus very near me, I could welcome it to-morrow. The prospect of meeting in a few hours that glorious Saviour,

whose love we can never conceive here in all its magnitude, makes me long 'to depart and be with Christ.'"

On the 3rd of November, Lieutenant Vicars obtained his company by purchase; and on the 15th of that month he embarked with his regiment for the Crimea. In the immediate prospect of his voyage to the seat of hostilities, he wrote to a friend in England in these terms:—"It grieves me to think of the sorrow it will cause to my L—— and to you, should anything happen to me; but for myself I fear not. If I were trusting to myself in *any way* I might indeed tremble at the whistling of every bullet, and dread being summoned in an instant before the judgment-seat of Christ; but I can see no cause for alarm, even at the very moment when soul and body are about to separate, with the crimson cross in full view.

'For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.'"

He arrived in the Crimea in the midst of those terrible privations, due to official incompetency, and to which so many fell victims during that terrible campaign. For three weeks after his arrival, he slept in the open air—his bed consisting of dried leaves spread upon stones. When two tents were afterwards pitched, one for the company, and the other for his personal use, he surrendered his own tent to his men. When relieved of his duties in the trenches, he was engaged in exhorting the careless, comforting the sick, and directing the wounded and the dying in the pathway of safety. His other hours of leisure were appropriated in private devotion and in communicating with his friends in England. On

the 13th, one of his letters contained these words: "We are expecting every day to meet the enemy, in open field, or to storm the fortress. I wish they would go at it at once." "Be not anxious about me," he adds, "I am safe in the arms of my Saviour in life or in death."

In the end of December, Captain Vicars was on the verge of the eternal world. Having returned cold and weary, after being a night in the trenches, he incautiously caused his servant to kindle a fire of charcoal in his tent. In the afternoon he was required for picquet duty, but his servant was unable to awaken him. Medical aid was immediately procured, and after much difficulty consciousness was restored. His merciful preservation led him to renewed ardour in the cause of his Redeemer. Christian officers from other parts of the camp, who had heard of his spiritual labours, now joined his society. They united with him in Scripture reading and the other exercises of devotion. Among those who joined him every Sunday in these pious exercises was Major Arthur Vandeleur, whose memoir is included in the present work.

As the winter advanced, boxes filled with warm clothing, and other comforts suited for camp life, reached Captain Vicars from his kind friends in Britain. These he caused to be liberally distributed among his men, and handed to the sick in hospital. Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and cards of prayer, which had been sent to his care, he disseminated throughout the camp. He prayed that a blessing might attend the spread of the Divine seed.

Amidst the severities of a Crimean winter, and the privations to which he had been exposed, Captain Vicars maintained a mental calm—a contentment of soul. He said that he disliked grumbling; but he possessed that

serenity of spirit which temporal considerations could neither confer nor diminish. On the 5th March, he thus wrote to his mother: "Oh, darling mother, how precious I find the Saviour to be to me in these perilous times—with what trust and confidence can I place myself, both for time and eternity, beneath the shelter of His cross!" To his intended partner in life he wrote: "I wish we might go at Sebastopol at once, for I am growing tired of this delay; and, if the truth were told, I fear my military ardour is giving way to my deep longing to see your face again. But I cannot see how the Allied Powers can agree to peace until the stronghold, which has so long withstood us, falls into our hands. Therefore, as the honour of my Queen and my country is involved in this matter, not even to return to you, dearest, would I leave the Crimea save through the harbour of Sebastopol."

The end was near. He had observed the national Fast on account of the war with much solemnity. In the evening of that day he spoke cheerfully of heaven—its joys and eternal blessedness; and of his own bright prospect of soon joining the hosts of the redeemed. On the evening of the next day—the 22nd March—a Russian force of 15,000 men successfully attacked the French advanced parallel, and proceeded to assail the British lines. As they approached, some regarded them as a portion of the allied army. Vicars discovered that they were Russians. He coolly ordered his men to lie down. As the enemy had come within twenty paces, he shouted, "On your pins, and charge." In a moment, the bayonets of the 97th were close upon the enemy. One who took part in the charge has described to the writer, that a large proportion of the invaders were paralysed by the unexpected movement, and at once fell

back. Captain Vicars was foremost in the attack. "This way, 97th," he called out, as he dashed forward at the head of his men. A bayonet wound inflamed his courage. Two of the enemy fell by his sword. As he raised his arm to smite a third, his arm fell powerless by his side. Amidst the shouts of triumph, he was borne from the field. He believed that his wound was slight, but a main artery had been severed. "Cover my face," said the dying soldier. The heavenly messenger was near. From the carnage of the battle-field his soul passed to the bosom of his Saviour—the resting-place of the redeemed.

In the course of delivering an address to soldiers at a military hospital, the author of this work referred to the career of Captain Hedley Vicars, as illustrating the union of soldierly qualities with deep religious earnestness. At the close of the address, one of the patients rose from his bed, and uttered these words: "What you have said is true. I served under Captain Vicars, and a braver soldier and a better Christian, I feel certain, did not exist in the British army."

When great men die, those who become the chroniclers of their lives are rejoiced to procure some evidence that, amidst the engrossing concerns of time, they had sometimes entertained a thought about the future life. Charity forbids us to condemn any of our brethren, but rather to entertain good hopes concerning them. But the biographer may not hesitate to characterise the life of Captain Hedley Vicars. He was "a burning and a shining light." He walked with God; he followed closely in the footsteps of his Divine Master. His conversation was in heaven. The graces of the Christian character adorned him most largely. He increased in likeness to the Master, and in meetness for heaven.

Yet his spiritual aspirations did not diminish his love of country, his loyalty to his Sovereign, or his affection for his kindred. His heavenly hopes increased his courage and intensified his valour. The cheers attendant on a victory accomplished by his prowess, were among the last accents which he heard on earth. Another song of triumph met his enraptured ears at the portals of heaven.

CAPTAIN HARRINGTON.

"My numerous foes now beat me down;
But then, I'll wear the victor's crown;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King!"

RALPH ERSKINE.

"TRAIN up a child in the way. he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." How many parents are everywhere to be found whose old age is depressed by the wayward conduct of their children, while they remain blinded to the true cause of that perversity which they deplore so deeply. Most rarely do children who have been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord prove a cause of permanent anxiety to the parental heart. There may be sad deviations from the course of rectitude, early teachings may be obscured by the fascinations of sinful pleasure; but, under the influences of the Holy Spirit, the wanderer will return from the paths of folly to that Saviour whom he had early been taught to love.

In many instances the effects of early religious teaching and Christian example remain permanent, proving like the well-rooted tree, secure against the storms of trial and the blasts of temptation. In the subject of the present memoir we have an interesting illustration of this truth.

Hastings E. Harrington was born in 1835. By his father, the Rev. John Harrington, he was taught from

childhood to reverence the teaching of Holy Scripture, and to rest his hopes on the finished work of a Saviour. In his godly upbringing, his mother, a woman of exemplary piety, took her part with deepest solicitude. His parental home breathed the atmosphere of prayer and holy living. He chose the military profession, and entered Addiscombe College in his seventeenth year. There his strict attention to his religious duties subjected him to some ridicule; but when his companions saw that none were more attentive to the duties of the class-room, or joined more heartily in the recreations of the place, they began to regard him with respect and admiration. He continued to retain many friendships which he had formed at Addiscombe.

In the autumn of 1852 Harrington proceeded to India as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery. His first station was Peshawur. During his residence at Addiscombe he had been particularly observant of the Sabbath, and regular in his attendance on the public ordinances. He rose daily an hour before bugle for his secret devotions. At Peshawur he continued to evidence the same earnest concern in "the one thing needful." "I never met in this country," wrote one who knew him at Peshawur, "a more thoroughly high-principled and well-disciplined young man. He is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and by his diligent and devout observances of all holy ordinances he is an example to many."

Sealkote was his next station. On his way he halted at Jhelum, to visit a Christian friend. The conversation of this individual was eminently blessed to him. In regard to the visit he thus wrote:—"First came deeper views of self, and then clearer, brighter views of Jesus, which was better than all,—of His power to save, His

willingness to save; nay, to more than save, to justify despite all the unworthiness, the guilt, and the vileness which these deeper views of self brought to light."

In another letter, dated from Sealkote, he wrote thus:—"How consoling it is for us to think that 'Truth' is one of the attributes of a covenant-keeping God, and that its twin-sister is 'Mercy!' They are almost invariably mentioned together in the Bible. But we must not forget that in this 'Truth' is implied the satisfaction of 'Justice,' and that there is but one way of reconciling sinful man with a sinless God. How true religion endears all the relations of life! and how do friendships deepen and increase in value when they can bear to be tried by this test!"

Lieutenant Harrington was absent on a short leave on the breaking out of the mutiny at Sealkote, in the spring of 1857. Having learned at Cashmere some particulars as to the disaffection, he hastened by rapid journeys to rejoin his battery. He arrived in time to take part with General Nicholson in his engagement with the Sealkote rebels at Trimmoo Ghat. He was wounded by a bullet in the right foot. In reference to his wound he writes:—"There is hardly any inflammation, which the doctors say is owing to my extremely temperate habits. It is a sweet thought, 'preserved in Christ Jesus' and safe in Him, despite all shortcomings, and infirmities, and unfaithfulness to Him and our best interests."

When the column halted at Umritsur, he communicated to a friend these words:—"Do not misunderstand me when I say I have lately found much comfort in the words 'Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.' It is totally distinct from 'The conscience void of offence' (which I would I could more constantly feel), but forcibly suggests the fulness and efficacy of the blood

of Jesus, and the 'perfect grace' which follows sins for ever blotted out. I have half feared sometimes to realise all that is contained in this text, and it is now as if the Comforter were at hand, whispering 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'"

We next find Lieutenant Harrington engaged at the siege and assault of Delhi. Ordered to take one of the street gates, he evinced extraordinary heroism in the execution of this duty. Amidst showers of grape-shot he escaped unhurt. Attached to the movable column under Colonel Greathed, he was next engaged in action at Bolundshuhur, and afterwards in the sharp and decisive engagement with the rebels near Agra. He met at Agra one of his brothers whom he had not seen for several years, and was refreshed by the society of other Christian friends.

Headed by Sir Hope Grant, the column reached Cawnpore on the 27th October. Crossing the Ganges into Oude, it joined, on the 12th November, the force of Sir Colin Campbell, assembled at the Alumbagh. In the operations which were connected with the relief of Lucknow, Lieutenant Harrington exhibited the same forgetfulness of personal danger which had characterised him heretofore. For distinguished gallantry, in bringing in, with one or two others, a wounded man, he won the Victoria Cross. On the 20th November he received a severe and dangerous wound. The bullet entered at the left side of the head, and was extracted under the right ear, of which the drum was destroyed. In reference to the event he wrote thus:—"I bless God that I was enabled, when blinded and half-stunned by the bullet, and uncertain whether the blow wasn't mortal, still to say in my heart, 'Thy will be done.'" The following sentences form part of a letter which he addressed to his

parents on the 12th December:—"Of sickness and pain I have had my share lately, and the last blessing in disguise has seemed often nigh, even at the door. We are never otherwise than on the very brink of a shoreless sea; but now and then the waves of eternity seem more near than at another time, or the ear is more ready to catch the burden of their 'low, lone song.' It is very sweet to be reminded by you that there is rest and comfort in the certainty that, through Jesus, our dear Saviour, I am ready for the hour of death. It is not boasting when I tenderly thank you for, as it were, congratulating me on what I feel to be the truth."

The temperate habits of Lieutenant Harrington again materially availed him. His wound rapidly healed. Transferred to the Horse Artillery, he served under Colonel Turner in Sir Hope Grant's flying column, and was again before Lucknow, with Sir Colin Campbell, in March, 1858. During the siege he acquitted himself with his accustomed valour. At the storming of the Secundra Bagh he was struck in the right thigh by a spent ball; he did not report himself as wounded.

On the fall of Lucknow he marched, with Brigadier Walpole's column, into Rohilcund. At the attack on the fort of Rooyah, on the 15th April, he received a severe wound in the left thigh. The ball penetrated so deeply that it was found, after many attempts, impossible to remove it by the probe; he was consequently, after many months' suffering, subjected to a painful operation, which resulted in its expulsion. While still a severe sufferer from the presence of the ball in his wounded limb, his letters to his parents were full of expressions of contentment and cheerfulness. From one of these communications we make an extract:—"Some few are privileged, as death approaches, to have bright views of the

'Canaan that we love,' and to them the swellings of Jordan lose their terror. But the eye of faith is too often dim with death, and the feet totter with fear, and the suggestions of the Evil One seem too true. Ah! then it is we must lean more than ever on the everlasting arms of the Saviour, and simply rest in Him who has been through all before, and who will go with His redeemed ones step for step, till they are safe on yonder side."

Having proceeded to Simla for the benefit of his shattered health, he there received the sad intelligence of the death of his father. The severity of the shock was mitigated by the consideration that the deceased was ripe for the great change, also by the endearing sympathies of Christian friends. In the following January he landed in England. He received his Victoria Cross in June, from the hands of his gracious sovereign. In October, 1860, he returned to India, in the *Colombo*. Along with a devoted young officer, he was engaged daily during the voyage in communicating religious instruction to soldiers and others on board. These labours, accompanied with earnest prayers, were productive of interesting results. Several of the passengers were led to an open acknowledgment of the truth as it is in Jesus.

From Calcutta, Lieutenant Harrington was sent up the country to join the expedition to Sikhim. At Sinchal, a ridge of the Himalayas, where he was some time stationed, he suffered much from the intense cold; but amidst all his privations his heart abounded with love and gratitude to God. "I wish," he wrote to his friends at home, "you could see those glorious mountains, surpassing my wildest imagination; the highest so close and distinct (awfully so,) as to carry one's thoughts, and almost one's self, right up into the presence of the high and

holy One that inhabits eternity; and then how sweet to remember that He who is God from everlasting, before the mountains were brought forth, is our God of love, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!"

From the camp at Sikhim, Harrington was posted to the H. A. troop at Muttra. He was only a few weeks at that station when he obtained intelligence that he had been promoted as second captain, and had received the adjutancy at Agra. He entered on his duties as adjutant in June, 1861.

His career was drawing to a close. About ten hours of office work daily, in addition to a routine of out-door duties, speedily undermined his constitution. On the afternoon of Friday, the 19th July, he desired that he should be placed on the sick list; he was already in the first stage of cholera. His sufferings were most severe, and entire prostration rapidly supervened. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," he whispered to Mr. Ross, the devoted Presbyterian chaplain, who prayed with him during his sickness. At nine o'clock on Saturday morning, his spirit left its frail tenement to enter on the heavenly inheritance. "Rest, rest," were his last faint words.

So closed, at the early age of twenty-eight, the career of a gallant soldier and devoted Christian. Short as his life was, he was enabled to bear strong and decided testimony in the cause of his Master, and to illustrate on many a well-fought field, that the profession of the gospel is not incompatible with martial ardour and soldierly enterprise. He survived every prejudice which his strict attention to his religious duties had originally evoked. He was beloved by his brother officers; they raised a monument over his grave. By his men he was reverenced

and honoured, though he did not fail faithfully to reprove their vices. In respect of self-discipline, the principles which he had imbibed checked an impetuosity of temper to which he was subject. He became meek and gentle, and incapable of resentment. His secret communings with Heaven were part of his daily life. He greatly loved the walls of Sion, and rejoiced to listen to the faithful exposition of the Divine Word, whether from the lips of Episcopalian or Presbyterian chaplains. He had seen death in many forms; he had often been on the border land; and so the call, when at length made to him, found him ready.

LIEUTENANT THE EARL OF ROCHESTER, R.N.

"What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past."
HURDIS.

"BEHOLD I stand at the door and knock," said the glorified Redeemer to St. John; "if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The grace of God leading to repentance and bringing salvation is manifested to a prodigal among the husks, to a Peter in the act of lying, and to a Saul while persecuting the saints. In the history of England, there is not a more striking instance of the marvellous power of Divine grace, through the merits of a Saviour, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, than that which is presented in the life and death of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

This short-lived nobleman, whose profligacy passed into a proverb, was son of Henry, Earl of Rochester. He was born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, on the 10th of April, 1647. Having been sent in early life to the free-school of Burford, he there distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1659, he was admitted a nobleman of Wadham College, Oxford; in 1661, he was created M.A. in convocation. He now travelled in France and Italy. On his return he attached himself to

the Court. He was appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Comptroller of Woodstock Park.

Possessing a love of adventure, he volunteered into the navy. In the autumn of 1665, he went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich, who was sent to assail the Dutch fleet, then returning from India, richly laden. The Dutch vessels had reached Bergen, in Norway, when the attack was made on that port. Lord Rochester was in the *Revenge* ship, commanded by Sir Thomas Tiddiman. During the action he manifested extraordinary intrepidity.

During the summer of 1666, Lord Rochester proceeded to sea a second time; he joined the ship commanded by Sir Edward Spragge. He was present in a desperate action which lasted four days. During the heat of the engagement he proceeded in an open boat, carrying a message from the admiral's ship to another vessel in the fleet. His courage on this occasion gained him a high reputation, which was, however, forfeited not long after, by an alleged reluctance on his part to engage in some "affair of honour."

The Earl now abandoned seafaring, and proceeded to attach himself closely to the Court. His handsome person, fascinating manners, and his predominant abilities, gained him a host of friends, who praised his wit, made merry at his licentiousness, and either extolled or excused the very worst of his excesses. He became one of the most profligate courtiers of a most wanton Court. Exempting himself from restraints of every kind, he plunged recklessly into the most loathsome vices. Endowed with poetical gifts, which, if properly cultivated, might have made him an ornament to his country, he seldom employed his pen otherwise than in satirizing those who reproved his levity or condemned his licen-

tiousness. He openly professed infidelity, only admitting the existence of a supreme power, without any of the beneficent attributes of the Godhead. He seldom spoke without making use of profane oaths. During a period of five years he was never at any time perfectly sober.

He possessed a sound and vigorous frame, but no constitution could long withstand such a course of dissipation. He was frequently prostrated by illness, and at such seasons he was visited by remorse, and suffered terribly from the upbraidings of conscience. But as his strength was restored, "he returned like the dog to his vomit," seeking in the vortex of forbidden pleasures to bury the impressions of his sober and solitary hours.

In October, 1679, a sickness more overpowering than any which he had encountered heretofore confined him to his bedchamber. He became uneasy and anxious. He had been interested in perusing the "History of the Reformation," by Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, which had lately been published. He sent a message to Bishop Burnet, requesting a visit. To the prelate he explained his anxious condition, and invited him to a conversation on the subject of religion. Dr. Burnet entered into a learned discussion with his lordship on the obligations of morality, on the claims of natural religion, and on the evidence in support of a Divine Revelation. The Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Marshall, the learned rector of Lincoln College, reasoned with him on similar topics. Lord Rochester was interested by their arguments; he admitted the reasonableness of the Gospel system. But he could only admire the beauty of the edifice; he durst not venture to seek shelter under its roof. But the Master called.

One day the Rev. Mr. Parsons, his mother's chaplain, happened to read to him the 53rd chapter of Isaiah.

The earl listened with an unwonted attention. He was struck with the predictions which the chapter contained; he saw them realized in the advent and crucifixion of the Saviour. He felt the truth thrust upon him with an overwhelming power. To quote the earl's own words as reported by Bishop Burnet, "as he heard the chaplain read he felt an inward force upon him, which did so enlighten his mind and convinced him, that he could resist it no longer; for the words had an authority like rays or beams in his mind, so that he was not only convinced by the reasonings which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually constrain him, that ever after he as firmly believed in his Saviour as if he had seen him in the clouds."

Lord Rochester found perfect peace and joy in believing. He had laid the burden of his sins on that Saviour who died to sustain the load of human transgression. He experienced the efficacy of his precious blood to purge away the sins of the most guilty. "Oh, blessed God," said he, "can such a horrid creature as I am be accepted by Thee, who has denied Thy being—contemned Thy power? Can there be mercy and pardon for me? Will God own such a wretch as I? Shall the unspeakable joys of heaven be conferred on me? Oh, Almighty Saviour, never, but through Thine infinite love and satisfaction. Oh, never, but by the purchase of Thy blood."

A former associate came to visit him. This individual had not heard of his conversion. Having entered the apartment when his lordship was in the act of prayer, he concluded that his noble friend had become insane, and expressed himself to this effect to one of the attendants. His lordship called the individual beside his bed, and gently addressed him in these words:

"O, remember that you contemn God no more; he is

an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins. He will in mercy, I hope, touch your conscience sooner or later, as He has done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, therefore I am the more free with you. We have all been mistaken in our conceits and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless; therefore, God grant you repentance. Perhaps you may be disobliged by my plainness, but I speak the words of truth and soberness, and I hope God will touch your heart."

Lord Rochester caused portions of Holy Scripture to be read to him daily. Certain passages gave him particular comfort; he committed them to memory, and repeated them frequently. He prayed often and most fervently. One night he exclaimed aloud that the tempter had sought to assail him by casting upon him vile imaginations, and thereafter he praised God that His grace had enabled him to overcome.

In 1666, his lordship had married Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, Esq., of Enmore, Somersetshire, a lady of fortune. From a career of gaiety, Lady Rochester had endeavoured to find peace in the communion of the Church of Rome. She was now led, through her husband's teaching, to return to the Protestant Church. They received the Holy Communion together. Their children were frequently brought into his lordship's chamber; he blessed them in the name of God, and commended them to the Divine protection. He carefully provided for their godly upbringing.

He had composed profane verses and licentious pasquinades. These he ordered to be collected and burned. He prayed that none might suffer ruin from following the evil example which he had exhibited. He desired that his old companions might be informed that he abhorred his

former practices, and that his earnest desire on behalf of all his friends was, that they might be brought to repentance. "If God be yet pleased to spare me," he wrote to Bishop Burnet, "I hope, in your conversation, to be exalted to that degree of piety that the world may see how much I abhor what I so long loved, and how much I glory in repentance and in God's service."

In a letter to Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, his lordship used these words:—"Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance, while it is called to-day, before the evil day come, and they be no more. Let them know that sin is like the angel's book in the Revelation; it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Let them know that God will not be mocked; that He is a holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity; that He requires the whole man, and the early man. Bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Aware that the faith of his last days would be liable to misrepresentation, he drew up a dying declaration, which he subscribed in the presence of witnesses. This document contained these passages:—"That from the bottom of my heart I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope and without God in the world, and have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the Holy Spirit of grace." He concludes by warning all who have been drawn into sin by his example:—"In the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny His being or His providence, or despise His goodness, no more to make a mock of sin, or to

condemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever-blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone I, one of the greatest sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness."

Lord Rochester gave particular instructions for the prompt settlement of his debts. He sought to make restitution to those whom he had injured, and heartily forgave all who had done injury to himself. He thanked his servants for their fidelity, and made provision for their comforts after his decease.

As the end approached, his pious ejaculations became frequent. A few days before his death he used these words:—"I shall die; but, oh, what unspeakable glories do I see! what joys beyond thought or expression am I sensible of! I am assured of God's mercy to me, through Jesus Christ. Oh, how I long to die, and be with my Saviour!" Lord Rochester died in perfect peace on the 26th July, 1680. He had only reached the age of thirty-three.

The Lord Jesus died for the vilest and most guilty. He saves to the very uttermost. But Satan has many arts wherewith to destroy souls. If he may not stifle the warnings of conscience, he plunges the alarmed sinner into the labyrinths of despair. The subject of this memoir had frequently been led to pause in his course of profligacy. Reflection at length came. Satan, who had been heretofore permitted to suppress the voice of conscience, could not now lead his votary into the whirlpool of despair. As the sinner earnestly sought the truth, the Divine Spirit saw him a great way off, and opening his eyes, enabled him to behold in the finished work of Jesus the enlightenment which he needed. He came to experience the joy of the forgiven prodigal, for whom the father on his return prepared the

abundant and delicious feast. Clothed and purified, he was led to abhor his former wanderings, and to loathe the husks which Satan had heretofore presented as the substantials of pleasure. Rescued from the fearful pit and the miry clay, he felt that his feet were established on the Rock of Ages.

LIEUTENANT RHIND, R.N.

"Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legends of wily friends oppose
Throughout the evil day.
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness Divine."

WILLIAM GRAEME RHIND was born at Gillingham, Kent, on the 18th September, 1784. His father, a native of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, held a command in the Royal Navy; he died when the subject of this memoir was only two months old. Along with an elder brother, William was educated under the care of his mother, a woman of great Christian worth. At the age of twelve he entered the navy as a midshipman. In his thirteenth year he witnessed the horrors of warfare, being present on the 25th October, 1812, when the American frigate *President* successfully attacked the *Macedonian*, a British frigate, in which he then served. With his surviving shipmates he was carried prisoner to America, where he remained about two years. He afterwards served with Sir Thomas Hardy in the *Triumph*, on the coast of South America, and in 1815 he went to the West Indies in the *Ariadne* frigate. Here he was seized with yellow fever, but was soon enabled, through the skill of the ship's surgeon, to resume his duties. One day he was in pursuit of some amusement, when, passing

a house in which a number of negroes were assembled, he heard one of the number declaring to the others the glad tidings of salvation; and he was so struck with the words of the dark evangelist, that he abandoned his purpose and returned home. In the winter of 1816-17, peace having been proclaimed, he retired from active service.

Lieutenant Rhind now took up his abode with his mother, who resided in the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, near Plymouth. An affectionate son, he joined his mother in her walks; on Sunday he accompanied her to the church door, where he quitted her, and proceeded in quest of pleasures of his own. One day, as he was leaving her at the door of the church, she said to him, "William, you are going, I suppose, to hear the band?" This address first awakened him to permanent reflection; the difference between his mother's course and his own took deep hold of his heart, and he was led to feel his sinfulness in the sight of God. When his comrades were falling around him in the *Macedonian*, he had offered up prayer for his preservation; and the preaching of the devout negro had led him to pause in a career of sinful pleasures. A few plain words, spoken neither in exhortation nor reproof, were now blessed by God to his discovering his need of pardon and of deliverance from death everlasting.

In a place of worship at Plymouth, shortly after, he heard these words from the pulpit, "Is there any poor sinner here feeling the burden of sin?" It was with difficulty he could retain his seat. The message of the Gospel came to him at that hour; he beheld, by a living faith, that gracious Deliverer who can alone remove "the burden of sin" from the heart and conscience; he rejoiced in the marvellous love of God, and resolved to dedicate

his future life to bringing others to the discovery of those sublime truths which now so relieved and gladdened his own soul. He was much in prayer. In his walks, knowing that spiritual danger was ever nigh, he often uttered the petition, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil." He took every suitable opportunity of warning the unwary and exhorting the unconcerned. A naval officer of his acquaintance had fallen into the habit of using profane oaths. One day, as they were conversing together, Lieutenant Rhind laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, and earnestly entreated him to abandon a practice which God regarded with displeasure. The officer was subdued, and thanked him for his faithfulness.

The state of his mind at this period is evidenced in the following extracts from a letter to Captain Greenway, a brother officer:—"Let me inquire after your dear parent and sisters. Remember me most kindly to them, and say that, after having sailed down the river of time, it is a poor brother's prayer for them that they may launch into the sea of 'love,' where there is no gallant ship, or galley with oars, but where the continued south wind of eternal pleasure sweeps the harps of the redeemed with songs of gratitude to Him whose name is above every name. Yes, the name of Jesus bears in its bosom the most glorious charms. Do I feel my sins like a burden on my poor heart? 'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' But how do I know that I am one of His? At the great day of the feast, Jesus stood up in the midst, and said, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.' . . . . . How fully do I agree with you that we are only the almoners of

the Lord; I remember once hearing of a minister who, having to preach a charity sermon, took the following text, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' Looking around stedfastly on his congregation, he observed, 'Those who like this security, let them lend, and then sat down, while the eyes of all were fastened on him. Many, of course, were displeased, until, in the sober hour of reflection, they saw such ingenuity in the words, and such truth and beauty, that they sent large subscriptions. Certainly, the words are plain and animating. Oh, that God may give us grace to follow them!"

Lieutenant Rhind's classical education had been of a rudimentary character. In 1822 he entered Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies about three years. At Cambridge he became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Wolf, a converted Jew; he was also intimate with Mr. Alexander, another Jew, who being brought to a knowledge of Christ, was afterwards appointed Bishop of Jerusalem. Mr. Rhind had the honour of being the first who induced the future bishop to enter a place of Christian worship.

Compelled to relinquish his academical studies from impaired health, he returned to Plymouth. Consumption was apprehended, but it was afterwards discovered that he was labouring under the afflicting malady of the stone. He submitted patiently to the requisite operation, and his health was restored. In the furnace of affliction his faith was strengthened. "Every sorrow," he wrote, "points to that land where sighing hath no place. Our God watched over Job in every moment of his trouble. Not a boil arose on his fevered body but by the permission of God; and when they had done his purpose, the cloud blew away, and all was serene. Yea, the last end of that man was more prosperous than the beginning."

On his recovery Lieutenant Rhind found congenial employment in distributing Bibles and tracts in the war ships and other vessels in Plymouth harbour. When he was so occupied on one occasion he was rudely challenged by the owner of a yacht, a Member of Parliament, who threatened to throw his books and tracts into the sea. Mr. Rhind listened to the railing unmoved, and often prayed afterwards that the Lord would give repentance to one who had acted so unworthily. On the Hoe, a space near the shore at Plymouth, he began to hold meetings for preaching the gospel. He visited the workhouse, planned a Bethel for sailors, and established a library for the invalid seamen of the Naval Hospital. To the unfortunate females he addressed words of warning and forgiveness.

In 1828, Mr. Rhind married Mrs. Isbell, a widow, who likeminded with himself, proved to him a helpmate in the Lord. He now removed to London. He became secretary to a Society for Promoting the Principles of the Reformation, and otherwise sought to advance the cause of Christ in the metropolis. On the invitation of a friend who had lately inherited a large landed property in county Wicklow, Ireland, he proceeded thither in 1832. Residing in Clorah Cottage, on the banks of the river Vartrey, his house became a centre of blessings. He dispensed medicine to the sick, provided clothing and other necessaries for the destitute, and by his personal visits cheered and comforted those who were in trouble. He was enabled to provide employment for many families who had otherwise been in want. To Catholics and Protestants alike he declared the good news of salvation. He held meetings for worship three and four times a week, which were well attended. About the third year of his residence in county Wicklow, his cottage took fire, and he

was severely burnt in an attempt, which was happily unnecessary, from the promptness of the nurse, to carry off the burning bed in which he supposed his children were asleep. For a time he became blind and deaf, and even delirious. But he providentially recovered, and he thereafter set apart to prayer the week of the alarming occurrence, and of God's mercy to him in sparing his household and restoring himself.

Mr. Rhind was offered a living in the Church, but he declined to take orders. In 1838 he left Ireland. Before his departure, he issued an address to the inhabitants of the district in which he had for some years prosecuted his evangelizing labours. We extract the concluding sentences. "Now, dear friends, I have just recalled to your memory these three things: first, that the Scriptures are your birthright and your blessing; and every day you live, if you can read, and don't look into them, you say to the Lord Jesus, 'I don't mind Thy commands, I will not search Thy word.' Secondly, that if you are saved, it is not your works, but the blood of Jesus Christ that must save you, and the Holy Ghost who must teach you; and if He does, He will make you *holy* men and women, and children, delighting in good works. The third thing is daily to ask yourselves—am I going to heaven or to hell? Am I on the narrow or the broad road?"

Mr. Rhind now took up his residence at Hereford; he afterwards removed to Ross, in the same neighbourhood. In these and the adjacent towns he frequently preached in the open air. There were attempts occasionally made by profane persons to interrupt his meetings, but he bore all with patience, and prayed for the offenders. He subsequently made missionary tours in different parts of the country, now preaching the Gospel to those who crowded the Promenade at Cheltenham, at other times discoursing

of salvation to a few humble sailors at some obscure seaport. Not a few acknowledged that the first stirrings of spiritual life were awakened within them by his faithful and earnest teaching.

When infirmities prevented his being actively engaged in proclaiming with his voice the Divine Message, he committed his thoughts to paper. He composed several admirable tracts; he had long rejoiced in using such silent messengers. In 1848 he was again subjected to severe chastisement; his daughter, Mary Frances, died of a two days' illness, in her sixteenth year. He did not murmur, but meekly submitted to the Lord's will.

The career of this eminent servant of his Divine Master was drawing to a close. During the last year of his life he was unable to continue his public labours. In his seclusion, he earnestly meditated on the love of Christ. As the rapid failure of strength began to intimate that the end was near, he said to a member of his family, "Dear I——, all my hopes are in that precious Cross of Christ." "You are going, dear William," said Mrs. Rhind. "Yes," replied the dying believer. "In perfect peace?" "Oh yes," was the reply. He fell asleep in Jesus, on the 17th March, 1863, at the advanced age of seventy-nine.

When the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., visited Plymouth on one occasion, he sent for Mr. Rhind, and offered him such employment in the service as might be agreeable to him. "Your Royal Highness, I am content to remain as I am," said Mr. Rhind. He had solemnly dedicated himself to the work of an evangelist, and having opened his mouth unto the Lord, he felt he could not go back. In the work of his Master, he was instant in season and out of season. He was continually engaged in the business of his Heavenly Father. He

sowed the seed beside all waters. Travelling by railway in Lancashire, a fellow-passenger uttered a profane oath. He placed his hand on the shoulder of the offender, and said, "Sir, you must not swear." The person thus reproved at first manifested impatience; and in the way of self-justification, exclaimed, "There's many a bad one goes to meetings." "Too true," replied Mr. Rhind; "but no swearer goes to heaven." The scorner was silent. As he left the carriage, he offered his hand to Mr. Rhind, and said, "I don't love you the less for what you said to me." On another occasion, the subject of this memoir awoke a fellow-traveller to reflection. While crossing the Irish Channel, all the passengers sought shelter in the cabin from a shower of rain. Mr. Rhind availed himself of the opportunity to distribute some religious publications. As his little boy handed one to a young officer, he said in accepting it, "Do you wish me to set this to music, sir?" "It is given to you to read," said Mr. Rhind. The scoffer read, and the truth reached his heart; he became a convert, and an earnest labourer in the cause of Christ. It was one of Mr. Rhind's maxims, that "as the Christian knocks at his neighbour's door, his prayer should ascend—'Lord, let my speech be to the comfort of those with whom I may converse.'"

LIEUTENANT H. B. T. ST. JOHN.

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally."

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

FEW particulars have been recorded of the early history of Lieutenant St. John. He was a son of the Rev. B. St. John, rector of Ideford, Devonshire, and was born in 1822. Obtaining a cadetship in the Indian army, he left England for India in January, 1839. He possessed a remarkable faculty for acquiring languages, and was appointed interpreter of the 10th Native Infantry. He subsequently held a similar appointment in the 1st Native Infantry.

Though brought up under pious teaching, the subject of this sketch proceeded to India an entire stranger to the saving influences of Divine grace. Nearly three years thereafter he continued in a state of indifference to all spiritual concerns. He plunged into debt and its attendant difficulties. A friend presented to him Venn's "Complete Duty of Man." He read the volume, and became awakened to serious reflection. He met with the Rev. Robert Noble, a devoted missionary, and was interested in his Christian counsels and spiritual conversation. He renounced the society of gay and thought-

less persons, with whom he had associated. He became a diligent reader of Holy Scripture. After a severe mental struggle, the truth began to dawn upon his soul. He enlisted under the banner of the Cross. In the spring of 1842 he had fully resolved that henceforth he should be upon the Lord's side.

From his letters and journals published after his decease, we are enabled to obtain some traces of his spiritual progress. In June, 1843, he wrote to Mr. Noble in these terms:—"While there is love in Christ there will be love to our fellow-creatures; and, as we are the members of one great Head, it is our privilege and duty to sympathise with those whose God is the same as our own, to comfort them even as God has comforted us. We can scarcely conceive how much good may spring from an affectionate word in season, especially when the heart long frozen becomes by habit proof against religious emotions. Such a word revives a dying conscience, and is often the forerunner of a change of life. . . . . The Christian looks up with deep reverence, and attributes his safety in all dangers, the guidance and direction of all his affairs, to fatherly love, and the care of Him who ever heareth and answereth all his prayers. Abraham's intercession for Sodom, and the abundant promises of the New Testament, must leave us without doubt concerning the efficiency of every prayer, however weak, offered up with humble trust in our Saviour's merits. Indeed, I may with great safety affirm that I never have offered up a prayer to Almighty God which has not been answered in a way more than I could either desire or deserve. Though seasons of doubt at times occur, and the soul becomes clouded with despondency, it is only the presage of a genial sunshine dispersing every mist, and clearing up every unfavour-

able aspect. We are encouraged and invited to more perseverance, and learn the blessed lesson, that all shall work together for good to those who love the Lord. . . . . I heard the following circumstance mentioned some time since, which shows us there are those around us who seek the Saviour, though unknown. A Christian, in taking his walk, heard some people in conversation, apparently behind some rocks near the roadside; on stopping to listen, he distinctly heard a man praying in a very beautiful manner, extemporaneously. A short time after, two men of the King's Own Regiment issued from behind the rocks, whither they had evidently retired from their comrades, to enjoy communion alone with God. Seldom indeed do we see piety of this kind among soldiers.

* * * * *

"There have been times when, in the privacy of my own room, Christ has been wonderfully revealed to me; and, looking on myself as a sinner, and through Jesus seeking the guidance of the Spirit, I have felt confident of my acceptance, and laid me down to sleep, 'Knowing that if our earthly house of this tabernable were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

These sentences were included in a letter written to Mr. Noble in October:—

"Perhaps one of my great faults is, that I look *too much* at my own heart. God seems to say, Look more to Him who gave Himself for you; there is righteousness to fill your soul, while all you can find in yourself is filthy; a desiring of something in self gives me much distress. I am of opinion that the soul requires our best hours; the whole morning until twelve or one o'clock should be sacred with one who has no other calling; 'as

we sow so shall we reap;' and he who has once tasted heavenly peace and joy in the Holy Ghost will always be hungry and thirsty for them. God's promises are only to those who seek. The Sunday is a sweet and precious day; I have always found it strengthen me for the new week. To go to church praying, and when there to pray without ceasing, that both the prayers and sermon may be a means of grace, and then to return praying to the closet, strikes me as a Christian duty; it is a hard one; the flesh and the heart strive for their own way, but when Christ triumphs all will go well, and our Christian warfare is not an idle one. Christ gives us rest on the way, and encourages us with a lively view of our eternal rest, telling us to take courage and press on, for the time is short, and ruin is at hand."

These few words, included in a letter to Mr. Noble, dated Kampta, February, 1844, attest the depth of his spirituality at this period:—

"One thing is needful in all our undertakings,—the grace of God, and that we set about all things with a single eye to His glory. God give me grace to lay out all my talents to the best account, for this is my hearty desire."

For some time Lieutenant St. John had devoted his morning hours to the perusal of Holy Scripture. In this exercise he had experienced much comfort. On this subject he thus expresses himself in a letter to Mr. Noble, written from Secunderabad, in April:—

"Are not too many contented with a mere perusal of the Bible, instead of making it their study? What a book is God's Word! We can never think or reflect upon its truths too much, or exhaust a single passage of it. Herein we learn our true character; we see man in

the commencement, and may look forward with the eye of faith, and behold him as he shall be in the last days, when the knowledge of the 'glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' Then will fallen man be restored, and the world to that state in which it was when God said, 'It is very good.'"

In the same letter he writes:—

"Heart training is the business of life; how pleasant the sensitiveness of a watchful frame, and a desire to do all things with zeal unto our God! At times I am deeply impressed with the amazing importance of this. To me, my sorrow is, that I do so little, learn so little; but knowledge, unless sanctified, and properly appropriated, is vanity of vanities."

The two following quotations from a letter to Mr. Noble, in December, breathe the spirit of Christian ardour:—"When we look around us, and behold how diligent the enemies of the truth are in spreading superstition, and consider the readiness of the human heart to pervert everything good and holy, surely this is true charity to watch narrowly the friends in whom we take an interest, and not, for want of a word in season, to allow them to depart from Him who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' . . . . . Yes, what so sad as 'departing from God'? Who are those that depart from God? They are those that never experimentally knew Him, who never experienced the new birth, without which we can never enter the kingdom of God. They can understand the pleasures of the Gospel, but not its crosses; their house is built upon the sand. These are the persons that make shipwreck of their faith. They are not God's servants from choice. They think that they believe, but it is not so. They make a compromise with conscience, a truce with the Devil.

They have never known Christ, and therefore have departed from Him, because they were not of Him. Their love is divided between Christ and the world."

In July, Lieutenant St. John wrote to one of his sisters in these words:—

"Do we live as having immortal souls to account for, as pilgrims on earth? Is heaven the object of all our desires, the goal of all our hopes? Is the law of God our delight? Do we meditate on it day and night? Will death be gain to us through Christ who died for us? Have we the fruits of the Gospel in our inward hearts, as well as the practice in our lives? Let us examine our tempers, affections, motives. Do these tend heavenwards, or are they not all sensual, devilish? Do we know anything of the peace of a quiet mind stayed on Jesus Christ, the blessed comfort of a Saviour? Where is our peace, joy, love, meekness, temperance, goodness? What do we do for Christ? Or do we not rather contemplate salvation as a matter beyond our finite ideas? And now, my dear sister, I will ask you, with the affection of a brother whom I think it very unlikely you will ever see again, Do you feel anything of the value of your immortal soul? Have you come to Christ for the pardon of your sins, to Him who holds out mercy to you now? But if you die without repentance, mercy is then gone for ever. Do you pray in private earnestly? Do you read God's Word? Is it the touchstone of all your actions? Do you frame your life according to its blessed and comfortable precepts? for His commandments are not grievous. Oh, if Christ be not your portion, what will uphold you in a dying hour? No tears shed over our dying couch can then aid us, no friendly hand sustain us. We must die; nothing can keep us a moment beyond our time in this world;

but if we die Christians, then the most comfortable hour of our life is come."

The following sentences are from a letter written by Mr. St. John in September, 1844:—

"The love and tenderness of ten thousand earthly friends, of ten thousand mothers towards their sucklings, if compared with His, are less than a drop of water to the ocean; and His power is infinite too. He afflicts not for His own pleasure, but for our profit, to make us partakers of His holiness, and because He loves us. Separation from our dead friends and relations is hard to flesh and blood, but grace can make it tolerable. A time of weeping must come, but the morning of joy will make amends for all. In this world, experience cannot fail to convince us that there is no happiness unmixed with pain and sorrow. Here our enjoyments are so deformed and disfigured by sin, that they almost cease to become such. Thus, on this side of the grave, we can expect little comfort, little satisfaction; here we are travelling in a strange land, and God forbid that we should think ourselves at home, until we reach His kingdom."

The prayerful reading of the Scriptures was diligently continued. The Lieutenant wrote to a friend in March, 1845:—

"No superficial, cursory perusal of the Scriptures will be fruitful to us, we must take the Word with us to our closets, and give hours to its blessed truths, in much prayer and humble seeking of the Holy Spirit's teaching. We must plough and harrow our fields well, if we would reap an abundant harvest; the mere gathering together of the weeds and stones, and then to cast in the grain, will promise but a poor return. No, the fallow ground must be broken up and the soil purified, if the husband-

man would realize his hopes; and we, too, have barren, fruitless hearts, which require much culture to make them productive. We must watch them, water them with every spiritual exercise; unceasing must be our vigilance. The good and evil seed will spring up together, the one to beautify and adorn, the other to overrun and destroy. While the former increases our pleasure and excites our feelings, the latter is nauseous to our taste, and we feel it an intrusion. Sin and holiness thrive in the same soil, but they are declared enemies. If we desire peace in our hearts, let us cast out all enemies without the walls, and shut the city gates upon them. Not till then can we hope for quiet."

The subject of this sketch was rapidly ripening in meetness for the heavenly inheritance. On march with his regiment to Belgaum, he wrote to his brother on the 25th March, 1845:—

"I can only write you a line from camp to say how deeply I desire your spiritual and temporal welfare; to see you, my dear brother, a devoted soldier, and a consistent Christian.

"Christianity will hallow all your undertakings, and make you happy in life, in death, and in eternity. 'May God prosper you in all your ways,' is the prayer of your most unworthy brother. Be diligent in the pursuit of knowledge; work hard whilst you are young, and treasure up a store of useful information and learning, which will assist you in doing much good, and afford comfort and pleasure to a mind like your own. Seek to lead your sisters, assist them with your superior attainments, and desire to see them, with yourself, fitted for much usefulness."

These were dying counsels. On the same day he wrote to his mother:—

"We had a case or two of cholera last night. 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him fit.' Then, O sinner! take warning; in the midst of life thou art in death. Let this be a call to serious self-examination and prayer,—How soon thou mayest stand before God! Try and realise this."

Just five days after these letters were written, Mr. St. John was seized with the premonitory symptoms of cholera. After a period he got better, but the distemper appeared the following day with increased severity. About two p.m. he sent for the surgeon, to whom he said that "he felt that the stroke was for good; that little could be done for him; God had sustained him to this hour, and He would sustain him through it. A few hours more—though they might be hours of pain—would lead him to the throne on high, where he knew he had forgiveness and a Father waiting to receive him." He repeated nearly the whole of the 39th and 139th Psalms during the intervals of intense pain. When asked if he suffered severely, he replied, "God will have mercy on my vile body, for my soul is entirely His." Among his last words were these: "Christ has long been mine; truly Heaven is now my portion." He sunk into a state of entire prostration and deep sleep about six, and at a quarter before nine ceased to breathe. He went home to his Saviour at the early age of twenty-three.

We conclude our sketch of the life of this short-lived Christian officer, by presenting an extract from his journal:—

"To be a Christian is a hard thing; there must be no sitting down, saying God is merciful, we will leave all to Him. No mammon in God's service: how awful! 'I know thy works, that thou hast a name to live and art dead.' May this be not my case; no outward washing of

the cup and platter. But we must count the cost, and strive to enter in at the strait gate. All depends on ourselves, on our cherishing God's grace, so that it is not bestowed in vain. Self-denial, prayer, the instant reading of God's Word, with ardent supplication for the Spirit's guidance, arduous watchfulness and inward labour of the soul against sin, brotherly love one to another; above all, waiting patiently the Lord's will, must be realised. Only let us be determined; think often of heaven and hell, those pleasures that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,' and of that 'outward darkness and gnashing of teeth.' Surely such thoughts as these will make us stop short in our ruinous course, and a 'still small voice' will whisper, 'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

LIEUTENANT HENRY ANSTRUTHER.

> "It matters not at what hour of the day
> The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
> To him untimely who is fit to die;
> The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
> The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
>
> MILMAN.

Two Christian officers, who entered on their heavenly rest from the gory battlefield of the Crimea, have already been commemorated. We proceed to narrate the history of a third, who, in the same memorable campaign, surrendered up his spirit to the care of that Saviour in whom he trusted. All these—Hammond, Hedley Vicars, and Lieutenant Anstruther—died young, yet not prematurely. They had all found the Saviour, and were early called from the outer court to the glories of the inner sanctuary.

Henry Anstruther was the second son of Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie, Fifeshire, and grandson of Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B. He was born at Balcaskie on the 4th June, 1836. His education was chiefly conducted at home, under private tutors. At the age of sixteen he procured a commission as ensign in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, commanded by his uncle, the late Major-General Sir Austin W. Torrens, Deputy-Quartermaster General.

Under the upbringing of devoted Christian parents, Henry Anstruther had from his boyhood lived near to

God. He had known the Scriptures from his youth. At his mother's knee he had been taught the hallowed duty of prayer. When he joined the army, the religious principles of his youth were not forgotten. Among his military associates he was remarked for his unobtrusive piety.

On the outbreak of the Crimean war, the 23rd Regiment was ordered to the scene of conflict. From the Guards' camp, Gevrechle, Henry Anstruther thus writes on the 3rd of August, 1854. "I pray that God may take away my hard heart, and give me a heart to know and love Him for Christ's sake." On the 18th of the same month a letter to his father contained these words:—"Thank my dear mother for her little hymn, and tell her that I will be sure to learn it by next Sunday, as if I were going to say it to her in the sitting-room. I only wish I really was to be there; but we can only pray that God may preserve us all to meet some day at dear old Balcaskie, should it be His will. I ought to be very thankful to Him for having preserved me in all this sickness, as I am still very well indeed." The sickness to which he makes reference was the Asiatic cholera, which was then decimating the ranks of the army. A few days after the despatch of his letter to his father, he addressed one to his mother, in which he informed her that he had learnt her hymn, and could "say it quite well."

The landing of the allied army on the shores of the Crimea had now been determined on. In the prospect of being soon engaged in active warfare, Lieutenant Anstruther wrote to his mother:—"I trust, my dearest mother, that I do think more seriously than I used to do, and I think I feel so much more comfort in my Bible; for if I read it attentively, and look at the passages you

marked in it, I always find some verse suits my condition when I feel rather *down* at the thoughts that I may never see you all again." He added:—"I shall have to carry the colours in any operation we undertake, so I must take care that no Russian gets hold of them. I will take care that my Bible is sent to you, my darling mother; it is the only thing that I value. God bless and keep you all is my earnest prayer, and that we may all meet again. Give my best love to dearest papa; do not let him distress himself very much about me. . . . . That God may bless and keep you all, whatever happens, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate son."

The end was nigh at hand. When the allied forces landed in the Crimea, they found the Russian army awaiting their approach on the heights of the Alma. The battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th of September. Henry Anstruther bore the colours of his regiment. When he was last seen alive he was within fifty yards of the Russian earthwork, and rather in advance of the line of attack. Waving his sword in one hand, and the colours in the other, he seemed to form a rallying-place to the men. Here he fell, shot through the heart. The colours which he carried were found pierced by twenty-six balls.

The battle was fought on Wednesday. On the preceding Monday he had retired from the camp to the hillside above it, and there, with a like-minded companion, read suitable portions of Holy Scripture, and commended his soul to his Redeemer. The letter of that companion, which informed the afflicted parents of their son's death, has been rendered in verse by the Most Reverend Archbishop Trench. As an appropriate sequel to this short life-history, it is subjoined—

"We crown'd the hard won heights at length,
Baptized in flame and fire;
We saw the foeman's sullen strength,
Forced, grimly, to retire.

"Saw close at hand, then saw more far,
Beneath the battle smoke,
The ridges of the shattered war,
That broke and ever broke.

"But one, a Scottish household's pride,
Dear many ways to me,
Who climbed that death-path by my side,
I sought but could not see.

"Last seen, what time our foremost rank
That iron tempest tore—
He touched, he scaled the rampart's bank,
Seen then, and seen no more.

"Our friend to aid, I measured back
With him that pathway dread;
No fear to wander from our track,
Its landmarks—English dead.

"Sight thickened, but our search was crowned,
As we too well divined;
And after briefest quest we found
What we most feared to find.

"His bosom with one death-shot riven,
The warrior boy lay low;
His face was turned unto the heaven,
His feet unto the foe.

"As he had fallen upon the plain,
Inviolate he lay;
Nor ruffian spoiler's hand profane
Has touched that noble clay.

"And precious things he still retained,
Which by one distant hearth,
Loved tokens of the loved, had gained
A worth beyond all worth.

"I treasured these for them, who yet
Knew not their mighty woe;
I softly sealed his eyes, and set
One kiss upon his brow.

"A decent grave we scooped him, where
Less thickly lay the dead,
And decently composed him there
Within that narrow bed.

"Oh, theme for manhood's bitter tears,
The beauty and the bloom
Of scarcely twenty summer years,
Shut in the darksome tomb.

"Of soldier sire, the soldier son—
Life's honoured eventide
One lives to close in England, one
In maiden battle died.

"And they that should have been the mourn'd
The mourner's part obtain;
Such thoughts were ours as we returned
To earth its earth again.

"Brief words we read of faith and prayer
Beside that hasty grave,
Then turned aside, and left him there,
The gentle and the brave;

"I calling back, with thankful heart,
With thoughts to peace allied,
Hours when we two knelt apart
Upon the lone hill-side.

"And comforted, I praised the grace
Which him had led to be
An early seeker of that Face
Which he should early see."

SERGEANT WILLIAM MARJOURAM, R.A.

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb!—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?"
WATTS.

WILLIAM MARJOURAM was born at Easton, Suffolk, on the 20th October, 1828. In his fourteenth year he left his father's house, and engaged himself at Ipswich as a cabin-boy in a merchant-vessel. In the course of a few weeks he returned home. When a year older he enlisted in the 58th Regiment, but immediately relenting, he paid the smart-money, and departed. In June, 1844, he joined the Royal Artillery, with the firm resolution to be a soldier. He was sent to Woolwich. Having undergone the preparatory drill, he was in July, 1845, appointed acting bombardier. In 1848 he became corporal.

Hitherto Marjouram, though generally attentive to his duties, was addicted to excessive drinking, and chose reckless associates. For an offence, which could not be overlooked, he was reduced from his rank of corporal; and on another occasion, when he had absented himself without leave, he narrowly escaped a severer punishment.

In April, 1851, Marjouram sailed with his company for Halifax. He had been married the year before, and had ceased to be a drunkard. But he remained a stranger to the concerns of religion. In the beginning

of 1852 a work of revival began in the Wesleyan Church at Halifax. A sergeant of Marjouram's company, hitherto an avowed enemy of the truth, was brought under the power of Divine grace, and he earnestly sought to induce others to seek an interest in the great salvation. He persuaded Marjouram to attend the Wesleyan chapel one evening, when several ministers were to deliver addresses. Ashamed to be seen in such an assembly, Marjouram proceeded to the gallery of the chapel, where he conceived no eye should rest upon him. What ensued we shall narrate in his own words:—

"I listened to the invitation given by the ministers to come to Christ. Oh! what a struggle there was between the strivings of God's Spirit and the carnal affections of my mind. I felt fully condemned; but the thought of meeting with my old companions as a disciple of Christ had almost sealed my doom, when, by an influence which I could not control, I was constrained to take the decisive step. I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and pleaded for mercy and deliverance from the distracted state into which my soul was plunged. How long I remained here I cannot tell; but, when I ventured to look up, the chapel was nearly empty, and only one or two ministers were standing by me. I cannot say I experienced any excessive joy on rising from my knees, yet I felt like a man who knows that he is safe in time of danger. But Satan did not seem willing to part with his prey so easily. He stormed and tossed my poor soul about in such a manner, that I could have almost wished for death rather than life. But the next morning a peace beyond expression had settled in my mind and heart. I felt, of a truth, the Spirit bearing me witness that I was a child of God. My companions soon dis-

covered the change, and for about six months did all they could to perplex and annoy me; but, blessed be God! I was not only enabled to return good for evil, but even rejoiced in doing it. Soon was the wrath of man turned to God's praise; for I remember on one occasion, about six months after my conversion, I was on my knees in a barrack-room, surrounded by about ten or eleven men. During the time I was engaged in prayer their curses were fearful, but I was strengthened to pray for them, and felt little disturbance. The next morning, one of these very men came to me and said, 'Bombardier, I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you last night. Oh! I would give anything if I were like you."

In the new way which he had chosen, Marjouram was joined by his wife. Amidst the boisterous oppositions of the barrack-room, he was comforted by sympathy and likemindedness at the family hearth. The following extract from a letter which he despatched from New Zealand, in 1858, to a friend at Woolwich, will sufficiently illustrate the course of his life during the remaining period of his residence at Halifax:—

"Do you know that Captain Hedley Vicars and myself used to meet in the prayer-meetings at Halifax? That Bible-class of Dr. Twining's, too, I know, and remember almost every meeting Captain (then lieutenant and adjutant) Vicars attended from the time he gave his heart to God. Even at the six o'clock prayer-meeting he mentions that he attended on Sunday morning, I, too, was present, and, in fact, it was the first place in which I ever heard him pray. I came home from America in the same vessel with him (the *Simoom*); but after we landed at Deal, I heard no more of him, until his fate became known to the world; so you may think how much I

value the written life of this good soldier; would to God, the army were full of such men!"

In the summer of 1853 Marjouram returned to England. His company was sent to Woolwich, and there —the scene of his former dissoluteness—he sought to interest his fellow-soldiers in those precious truths which had brought peace and joy to his soul. In 1854 he was restored to his rank of corporal. His company was now ordered to New Zealand. On the 4th August they embarked at Gravesend in the freight ship *Polar Star*.

The circumstances of the voyage led Marjouram to ponder more deeply on the mercy and loving-kindness of God. The vessel had been assailed by a heavy gale, which had just abated, when, early on the morning of Sunday, the 1st October, a cry of "Fire," and a volume of smoke issuing from the hatchway, caused the utmost alarm. An attempt vigorously made to extinguish the fire having failed, the captain gave an order to batten down the hatches. This measure tended essentially to allay the progress of combustion. With the captain's permission, Marjouram conducted the usual Sunday morning service. The boats were got ready; but it was found that they were insufficient to accommodate one-half of those on board, and many things were lost in the confusion essentially needed, in the event of this mode of escape being resorted to. A female passenger, who had been ill since she had embarked, died in consequence of the alarm.

The evening of the third day since the commencement of the fire had now come. The destructive agent had made terrible progress, in defiance of every effort for its subjugation, and there were clear indications that very shortly the flames would burst out in uncontrollable violence. Marjouram and his wife had been very earnest

at a Throne of grace. Relieved of his duties in watching on Tuesday morning, he opened his Prayer-book with the intention of reading. His eye caught these words in the 46th Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." The words seemed as a message of deliverance, and he shouted them aloud. Another cry followed, which was passed from stem to stern, "A sail on the weather-bow." The firing of some blue-lights was responded to by a similar burning from the deck of the other vessel. The hymn was raised, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." In half an hour deliverance was at hand. The hailed vessel was the *Annamooka*, bound for Cadiz. Next morning the last of the crew had just left the burning ship, when the flames burst out furiously, and caught the rigging. The boats had just been hauled up into the *Annamooka*, when the *Polar Star* suddenly disappeared. In eighteen days the whole of the passengers and crew of the lost vessel were landed safely at St. Helena.

Corporal Marjouram had not been long on shore when he experienced a kindly greeting from an old comrade. He invited the Corporal and his wife to share his dwelling. Other benefactors followed. Several earnest persons sought the acquaintance of the pious soldier. His wife was largely befriended by Christian gentlewomen. In a few months Corporal and Mrs. Marjouram embarked for Britain, and in April, 1855, were again at Woolwich.

In the following September the Corporal again sailed for New Zealand. He reached Auckland in December. He was now promoted to the rank of sergeant. At New Zealand he found drunkenness lamentably common among the troops. With the permission of the commanding officer, he established an abstinence society,

Bible readings, prayer meetings, and a soldiers' institute. The following is from his diary:—

"It has often been asserted that soldiers cannot be good Christians, inasmuch as they are necessarily compelled at times to break the Sabbath, and in many other ways to transgress the laws of God. I am quite of a contrary opinion; and while I freely admit that the Christian soldier has to perform many duties which he would not undertake in civil life, and which are often a source of perplexity to him in the army, still I would refer the objector to the histories of General Havelock, Captain Vicars, and Captain Hammond, as well as to those noble soldiers whom Mr. Wesley mentions in his journal, together with many others whose Christian characters have been an honour to the Church. And may I not quote the language of our Lord to the Centurion, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.' This man had to perform all the duties connected with his military life, yet he was not accused of Sabbath-breaking, nor excluded from being a member of the church militant. When the soldiers came to John and said, 'What shall we do?' he did not require them to give up their profession, and so escape the duties they were compelled to perform, but simply 'to do violence to no man, and to be content with their wages,'—an expression enjoining cheerful performance of the duties of their sphere, as well as complete satisfaction with its rewards."

The following entry in his journal is dated 26th November, 1858. He laments the lack of sufficient fervour in the cause of Christ, and earnestly desires to consecrate himself anew:—

"Christ does not appear so precious as I could wish. The influences of the Holy Spirit are not enjoyed as

they used to be, and I feel it to be high time to consecrate myself afresh to God. My worldly acquaintances tell me I am a good man, and this adds to my misery, for I conceive myself at once to be acting the hypocrite, the very name of which stinks in my nostrils. God forbid that I should ever play the deceiver! Although I may spend my days in sorrow, and mourn because of the depravity of my heart, yet I hope I shall always be able to utter the language of Job, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

His health having been for some time in a declining state, Marjouram began to experience an occasional languor, which he was apt to misconstrue into a want of his former zeal in the Master's service. These sentences are from his diary, under March, 1859:—

"Oh, that I had more holiness of soul, and could more readily exclaim with the Apostle, 'I had rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better!' But I feel that my faith is very weak. Sometimes a joy passes through my soul when I think of my Saviour, and the world, with all its pleasures, seems vanity and loss. But this happiness soon departs; disease of body deadens my spirit, and I am led to think that the Lord has forsaken me altogether. Yet His glorious promises remain as true as ever. O Lord, help my soul out of this darkness, and although my body may sicken and decay, yet let my soul trust wholly in Thee!"

In camp at Waireka, he thus writes in his journal, September, 1860:—

"My own communion with God is much disturbed, but I still cling to Him. My hope of salvation is still in my dear Saviour; and I pray that the day may speedily come, when I shall again be able, more peacefully than at present, to devote my heart to Him and His service.

O Lord, watch over me, and keep me amidst this sin and wickedness; incline my heart to obey Thee, and let my soul be comforted by Thy Holy Spirit."

In October, he writes as experiencing a renewal of his wonted courage, and a full reliance on his Heavenly Guide.

"Thirty-two years of my life have now passed away, and traces of the inroads of climate and disease are beginning to show themselves upon me. My soul, which neither age nor time can affect, is still slowly travelling towards its eternal home; and although the road may sometimes appear difficult, yet, blessed be God, the Spirit of truth is my guide, and the love of Jesus my consolation. True, I am deficient in that faith which the Christian warrior should ever possess; and at times the languid spark of grace seems ready to expire. But, though almost alone against hell, earth, and sin, I dare believe in the mighty name of Jesus. Strengthen me, O Lord, I beseech Thee. Let no affection of body daunt my soul, but may it draw me nearer to Thyself. May I have grace to make known my troubles unto Thee; and do Thou grant me such deliverance as Thou seest to be best."

For a period of five years Marjouram took part in the desultory course of warfare common in New Zealand. In every engagement he evinced the intrepidity characteristic of the Christian soldier. But prominent distinction in such a campaign was impossible. We again quote from his journal:—

"Heroic courage and hardihood, skilful stratagem and brilliant manœuvring, the well-known characteristics of British fighting, were at a discount against an enemy that avoided all engagements, and knew only how to sneak along like serpents under waving fern, despatch

hundreds through the long grass, butcher solitary sentries, dress up in hogs' skins, contrive night surprises, run away with any who might chance to fall under their first discharge, and occupy the interval in tomahawking them to their satisfaction."

In reference to the fact that many of the opponents of British rule in New Zealand were nominally converts to Christianity, Sergeant Marjouram offers these remarks :—

"The very people who ought to have set them an upright example, have been a stumbling-block in their path. The white man has daily degraded himself as a drunkard in their presence. They have been constantly cheated in the most outrageous and barefaced manner. Any earnest longings they might once have cherished to exchange a heathen for a Christian life, have been utterly put to flight by the disgraceful spectacle presented in the lives of those who professed the faith they were invited to adopt. If we are to credit the statements of missionaries, it is certain that the candle of the Lord shone brightly at one time among this benighted people, and many have been pointed out to me as able once to give a good reason for the hope that was in them, but are now living in open rebellion against God. Once the Lord's day was esteemed by them as sacred, and nothing could induce them to desecrate it. Now the calm of Sabbath rest appears to have forsaken for ever this lovely island; while the Christian pen can only write a sorrowing 'Ichabod' over the record of her deserted faith. God, who knows my heart, knows how willingly I would spend my life in the mission cause were I competent for so glorious a work."

The career of Sergeant Marjouram was not to be pro-

longed. He had long complained of general debility, accompanied by a feeling of lassitude. At length a medical board reported that he was unfit for service, and recommended his return to Britain. On the 1st of February he left New Zealand; he landed at Plymouth on the 22nd of May. Two days thereafter he reached his destination at Woolwich.

His indisposition continued. On the 31st May, he made the following entry in his journal:—

"Still very ill. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon me, but I feel thankful that I am enabled to bear my sufferings patiently. I do pray, for the sake of those I love, that my health may be restored; but I would add in all sincerity, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' Only let me sink deeper into the fountain of bliss day by day. I feel Thee to be, what I have always desired Thee to be in the hour of death, a present Saviour, who will dispel those dark misbeliefs which at times arise in my mind, and give me heavenly visions—joys suited to a saint about to throw off the chains of mortality and enter upon his everlasting rest. But, O Lord, what a poor saint I am—unworthy of the name; should I ever reach heaven, and such abasement be permitted there, I should be ashamed to acknowledge the title, or join the hallowed song. My heart exclaims, 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor!' and this is now my comfort to admire the goodness, mercy, and grace of God in Christ."

Sergeant Marjouram was admitted into hospital. He felt that his end was near. To a friend who asked him if he could now wholly rely on the Lord Jesus for salvation, he replied, "I can trust my all in His hands; I know he will never leave me nor forsake me." He exhorted his wife, and a Christian friend who joined her in

attending his last hours, to press forward to the heavenly goal he was about to reach. "I am going up," he said; "come with me." He added, "I am on the Rock." His last words were, "Happy" — "Rejoice" — "Amen." Then he fell asleep in Jesus.

Christianity refines and ennobles the entire nature. The Christian, remarked Dr. Thomas Chalmers, is essentially a gentleman. Of this truth, the case of Sergeant Marjouram proves an illustration. Amidst the unfavourable surroundings of the camp and barrack, he walked with God, commending himself to his equals and inferiors by the gentleness of his manners, and to those in a higher rank by his integrity and faithfulness. His diary and letters bear the impress of sound knowledge and an experimental acquaintance with the sacred truths concerning which he wrote. By faith he followed the Master in the outer court, and he was early admitted to share His glory in the inner sanctuary.

SERGEANT JAMES LINCOLN.

"Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue."

TUTTIETT.

JAMES LINCOLN was born at London on the 13th July, 1826. In his seventeenth year he enlisted in the 61st Regiment. He soon after volunteered into the 98th Regiment, which proceeded to China, and then to India. When a child of seven, he had, in a country churchyard, thrown himself on his knees, and earnestly prayed. The occurrence he had never forgotten. He felt he had dedicated himself to God; and amidst the temptations of youth and of opening manhood, the remembrance of the event proved a source of support and comfort. The 98th Regiment landed at Calcutta in November, 1846. They were marched to Dinapore, and there, cholera having broken out, no fewer than two hundred of their number were cut off. Lincoln had heretofore been under religious impressions; he now dedicated himself, with greater earnestness, to the Lord's service. He sought to interest his comrades in the precious truths of salvation.

Though a faithful believer in the doctrines of the Gospel, Lincoln was yet relying on his own self-righteousness; he had not fully discovered his need of the sustaining influences of Divine grace. Owing to good

conduct and attention to duty, he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. But a terrible fall was before him. He was found in a state of intoxication, and being tried by regimental court-martial, he was reduced. The discipline was blessed to him. He humbled himself in deepest penitence before God, and obtained that measure of grace which was needed. He so conducted himself that, in the course of fifteen months, he regained his lost rank.

In the early part of 1849 the 98th Regiment was stationed at Lahore. Here Lincoln experienced a new trial. His brother Charles, who was also a sergeant in the regiment, died of small-pox. On this occasion he despatched a letter to his parents, some extracts from which will illustrate the state of his mind at this period. Referring to the sad event which had taken place, he wrote :—

" This, my dear parents, is a loud call for us. As the prophet said to king Hezekiah, ' Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.' Truly, a few short years at most must finish our journey here below, or perhaps a few weeks, or are we certain of days? No. Then, my dear parents, let others do as they will, but let us seek that 'one thing needful' which shall never be taken away from us. Though we are great sinners, yea, the vilest of the vile, still, my dear parents, Jesus' blood can wash away all, and make us fit to dwell with the saints in glory." He adds :—" Let us seek that better part which shall never be taken away from us, so that if we meet no more in this sinful world, we may meet around the Throne in glory, where pain and parting are no more, but happiness and joy for evermore. Give my kind love to my dear brother and sisters ; tell them that this leaves me in the enjoyment of good health, and

that I have all the blessings this world can give, and though I have lost one who was dear to me, tell them that I have still One who has promised to be more than a brother to me, and that I have truly found Him to be so, for it is Jesus, and He alone, that has comforted me under this visitation, and I would earnestly entreat them to seek Him while He is to be found. Let us be wise betimes, for our end will shortly come."

The regiment removed to Peshawur in the autumn of 1849. There Sergeant Lincoln took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his fellow-soldiers. He contributed five pounds towards the erection of a soldiers' chapel. Promoted as colour-sergeant, he was enabled to be more liberal in the contributions which he had long made for the support of his parents. From Dugshai, in August, 1857, he wrote to his parents in earnest anxiety respecting their spiritual condition. We present an extract from this letter:—"It has been proved by thousands while in this world that, by taking upon them the profession and practice of godliness, 'the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;' and though you must expect, by so doing, to get frowns from ungodly neighbours, and bitter persecution, yet consider that such are only for a few years, perhaps months or days; but the joy that will await you on your departure is for ever. On the other hand, if you are determined still to pursue your old course, the horrors and misery of the lost await you for ever and ever. Do you recollect what Moses said to the children of Israel? 'Behold, I set before you this day, life and death, a blessing and a curse,—a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God; and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the Lord your God; therefore forsake the evil, and choose the good.'"

In the autumn of 1853 the regiment proceeded to Calcutta. In the barracks at Fort William, Colour-Sergeant Lincoln held prayer-meetings, distributed tracts, and otherwise sought to promote the cause of Christ.

In the spring of 1855 he accompanied his regiment on its return to England. He now entered into the married state. His wife, the daughter of a friend whom he had long held in esteem, proved in every sense a fitting help-mate. The family altar was raised at once. But the domestic happiness which had dawned upon the Christian Sergeant was destined to experience a painful interruption. When tidings of the Indian mutiny reached this country, the 98th Regiment received instructions to embark for the East. The women were to be left behind. Lincoln bore the trial with the resignation which became one who had dedicated himself alike to the Lord's will, and to the duties of the military calling. The regiment sailed from Portsmouth in October, 1857. During the voyage some drunken men of the regiment set fire to a quantity of spirits in the hold, but the flames were extinguished in time. A prayer-meeting was held every evening, and about thirty persons joined in the exercise. In January the regiment landed at Kurrachee. They proceeded to Mooltan, and afterwards to Campbellpore. At these stations Lincoln conducted Bible classes, and held prayer-meetings. His pious labours were attended with happy results.

In the course of 1858 the subject of this sketch was joined by his attached wife. Next year, when the regiment was removed to Peshawur, his health began to decline, and it was determined by the surgeon that he should be sent to Murree, a military sanatorium on the Himalayas. The change did not avail. He was suffering from liver complaint, and the disease continued to

make a rapid inroad on his constitution. It was hoped he might be able to return to England, but it proved otherwise. On his passage from Mooltan to Kotree he suddenly became worse, and in the course of a few hours he gently sunk into his rest. "God be merciful to me," were among his last words. His death took place on the 28th January, 1862.

For some years Lincoln held the office of quarter-master sergeant in his regiment. He also occasionally discharged the duties of other departments during the absence or indisposition of his comrades. His consistent walk and faithful attendance on all his duties had gained him universal commendation, both among officers and men. When tidings of his death became known at Rawul Pindee, where the 98th Regiment was then stationed, the commanding officer caused the event to be notified in Regimental Orders, accompanied with these words of well-merited eulogy:—"This excellent non-commissioned officer, by his strict attention to his duties, and by his Christian life and respectable conduct, earned for himself the esteem and regard of his officers, and the commanding officer feels sure that his comrade sergeants, and all in the regiment, will feel regret at his death."

The army is, amidst every conceivable drawback, a noble field for Christian enterprise. The God-fearing soldier is honoured alike in life and in death. He has a hard ordeal to endure at the first, but this being overcome, he henceforth obtains the esteem and love and confidence of all. When he dies, he is lamented as a common friend. Such an one is the only wise soldier, for he wears the buckler of righteousness. He fears not death, for beyond its dark tide he can descry light, and life, and glory.

CORPORAL JAMES MURRAY.

"Soldier of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

"From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day."

CHARLES WESLEY.

JAMES MURRAY was born in the neighbourhood of Belfast, of parents who occupied a respectable position in life. Having obtained a superior education at school, he was apprenticed to an apothecary at Belfast. At the expiry of three years, he was sent to the University of Glasgow, there to prosecute medical studies. Moved by a love of adventure, he left Glasgow, and, unknown to his parents, sailed for America. He opened at Quebec a medical store, but the enterprise proved unprofitable, and was abandoned. He now became an unsettled wanderer, and at length, urged by necessity and the desire of a more regular course of living, he enlisted in the United States' army at Boston, in 1830.

In the army, his early career was marked by the follies and irregularities which had characterized him in former years. He was frequently intoxicated, indulged in profane swearing, and associated with persons of dissolute lives.

In the autumn of 1832 his company was stationed at Fort Brady, on the banks of Lake Superior. There was a great spiritual awakening at the station, accompanied

by a movement in the cause of temperance. Corporal Murray had discovered the unhappy effects of drunkenness; he now became a pledged abstainer. But the religious movement was obnoxious to him. He was a Roman Catholic, and he ridiculed those who assembled for worship. On one occasion, he made an attempt to interrupt the exercises in which at a prayer meeting, a number of his comrades were engaged.

A Bible-class was established at the station. Murray was induced to attend. In reading the Scriptures, he could perceive no authority for the ceremonies of the Romish Church. He began to attend the services of the Protestant Church. Several of his companions, awakened to a sense of their spiritual danger, had sought and obtained peace. Murray abandoned his licentious practices, and in a correct moral life persuaded himself he should obtain present comfort and secure heaven at the last.

In the spring of 1833 he saw the light fully. He came to acknowledge his utter depravity and helplessness, and earnestly inquired of one to whom he unbosomed his feelings, if there was mercy for such a sinner as himself. His friend engaged with him in prayer, and commended his case to the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. He had latterly undergone a severe mental conflict. He had doubted the power of Divine grace to change his impenitent heart; he had experienced a dread in coming to Christ, with his load of guilt upon him; he had hoped that his sins were forgiven, and again had become encompassed with doubts and apprehensions. One night while reclining on his bunk in the guard-room, deeply engaged in silent prayer, the cloud which had rested on his soul seemed suddenly to disappear, and he began to experience peace and joy in believing. On the last Sunday of April, he

made his public profession of the Gospel at the table of the Lord.

The regiment was removed to the Fort at Chicago in August, 1834. In the following September cholera appeared among the troops. Corporal Murray was seized. His case early assumed a malignant form. "I am about to leave you," he said to one whose ministerial services had been blessed to him. "How do you feel in this near prospect of death?" inquired his friend. "It does not look fearful," he replied; "I am not afraid to die." "Your confidence at this hour is in Christ, I trust?" continued his friend. "In Christ only," said the dying man; "only in His merits do I hope for acceptance." After several days of severe suffering he calmly resigned his spirit. Just before his death he said, "There's rest hereafter." His death took place on the 13th September, 1834.

Subsequent to his conversion, the life of Corporal Murray became a brilliant example to all around him. Often assailed by temptation, he never departed from the good path he had chosen. The inconsistent lives of many professing Christians moved him with pain, but never led him to doubt the practical effects of true religion on the heart and life. In answer to one who put a question to him on this subject, he replied, "I have that within me that will not let me doubt." Though originally in a position superior to the rank which he held in the army, he never complained as to his worldly circumstances, but on the contrary, distinguished himself by attention to the commands of his officers. From the evening prayer-meeting he was rarely absent. He earnestly sought the spiritual welfare of his comrades, and by his consistent walk obtained among them a good report.

CORPORAL ROBERT FLOCKHART.

"Soldier! does the shadowy foe
Darken the field of fight?
Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,
For Christ shall give thee light."

A UNIVERSAL longing after happiness points to the primitive dignity of man, the original aspirations of his unfallen nature. Created in the Divine image, and thus possessed of a vast capacity for enjoyment, man sought a more comprehensive realisation of spiritual felicities. The tempter beguiled him by the promise of higher knowledge—the dazzling hope of godlike wisdom. Man has since, in his natural condition, grovelled in the dust, searching for joys which there cannot be found. The sensualist persuades himself, amidst his filthy surroundings, that he is on a pleasing journey conducting to the palaces of pleasure—the gardens of delight. But the gold of heaven rests not amidst the dust of earth. The path of the voluptuary is marked by disappointment at every step, and the sword of eternal justice smites him in the end. The subject of this memoir stood on the verge of the yawning gulf. There the Holy Spirit found him, imparting to him a foretaste of heavenly joys.

Robert Flockhart! We have seen the little old man, in the days of our unthinking boyhood, perched on a chair by the west end of St. Giles' Church, at Edinburgh, discoursing with quaint earnestness to groups of persons who regularly gathered together at the sound of

his well-known voice. In those days we were totally unacquainted with the deep spiritual earnestness of the man, and so we seldom paused to listen to him. Deeply we regret now that it was so, for peculiar as were his utterances, he was pre-eminently a man of God—an unlearned but genuine Apostle.

He was born of humble parents at Dalnottar, near Glasgow, on the 4th February, 1778. His parents having removed to Edinburgh, he was there sent to school in his fifth year. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a nail-maker. He afterwards wrought at this trade in different towns of the west of Scotland, and latterly at Leith, near Edinburgh. Here he met with a recruiting party, with whom he enlisted as a soldier. He was sent by sea to Chatham. He encountered a dangerous passage, and on his arrival found himself among a body of recruits, who displayed, in his own words, "nothing but swearing, drinking, quarrelling, and fighting on every hand." The 81st Regiment had lately returned from the West Indies, thinned by a severe mortality, and Flockhart was one of those appointed to supply its ranks. He accompanied the regiment to Guernsey, and from thence to the Cape of Good Hope. At Guernsey, gin being procured cheaply, a large proportion of the men had become addicted to intemperance. About thirty out of a hundred of their number died during the three months' passage to the Cape. At the new station, intemperance and other irregularities continued, with a corresponding amount of sickness and mortality. In 1803 the regiment received a route for Britain. Flockhart and some others volunteered into the 22nd Regiment, which proceeded to the garrison of Fort William, Calcutta.

With a view to the subjugation of Holkar—a noted

robber, who with his mounted followers had caused serious devastations—the 22nd Regiment was in 1805 removed from Calcutta on active service. After a march of nearly two thousand miles Holkar was overtaken at Hyphasis river on the borders of Persia. He surrendered without risking an engagement, and his pursuers proceeded to station at Burhampore.

The subject of this sketch had been promoted as corporal, but having been found drunk and disobedient to orders, he was reduced. His life, according to his autobiographical sketch, had hitherto been tainted by the worst of vices. These are his own words. "I ran greedily in the commission of every sin. . . . . I believe there is not a sin I have not been actually guilty of, except murder. . . . . I was worse than a beast."

The reduction to the ranks from his position as a non-commissioned officer moved Flockhart considerably. He felt humbled and was conscious of his disgrace. Having been attacked by a severe ailment, he was sent to hospital. Heretofore he had sought his entire happiness in the riotous intercourse of the profane. He now began to read a little. A comrade, shocked by his incessant oaths, checked him in a few simple words. Reflection was awakened. "Allein's Alarm" was handed to him by some one; he read a portion daily and became anxious. He renounced his practice of blasphemy. A pious sergeant remarking the change, counselled him to read the Bible, and taking him to his private room, engaged with him in prayer. In an unoccupied ward, he personally confessed his sins, and cried aloud for mercy. For a time he descried some streaks of light, but the morning of his hopes was speedily beclouded. A horror of great darkness came upon him—the great power of evil seemed bent on his destruction. His sins appeared as a

mountain between him and God, and pardon seemed impossible. As he sought the city of spiritual refuge, the avenger seemed ever on his track.

For a month he got no sleep. Suggestions of self-destruction came into his mind, and haunted him fearfully. He prayed night and day. At length he obtained peace and joy. He was brought to realise the love of Christ—and found in a gracious Redeemer, rest from the load of sin and the sense of guilt which had enslaved him so fearfully.

Flockhart was in his twenty-ninth year. Converted by the grace of God from a course of profligacy, his first aspirations were that he might be spared to promote the cause of Christ, which he had so lamentably dishonoured. He has recorded a portion of the prayer which he now offered up :—"O Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, spare me as long in Thy service as I have been in Satan's, and make me as zealous in saving souls, and in converting sinners by my good example, as I once was in destroying souls and ruining my fellow-men by my bad example." That prayer was answered.

The good work on which he had resolved Flockhart began at once. He read passages of Scripture to his fellow patients in hospital, and prayed with them. He became a hearer of Mr. Chamberlayne, the celebrated Baptist missionary, then at Burhampore; and having been invited to his private dwelling, derived from his and Mrs. Chamberlayne's private conversation much help and encouragement. He remained in hospital about two years. Having rejoined his regiment at Fort William, he publicly avowed the doctrines of the Baptist Church. He was publicly baptized on the 26th August, 1810.

In the following year the 22nd Regiment was employed in taking the Isle of France. On the surrender

of Port Louis, Flockhart and a number of the Baptist brethren in the regiment retired to a field, and returned thanks to God for victory and preservation.

Long in a condition of feeble health, Flockhart was now examined by a medical board, and was reported unfit for foreign service. Returning to England, he was stationed first at Chelsea, and afterwards at the Isle of Wight; in both places he associated with Christian brethren. He was now appointed to the 12th Veteran Battalion, at Youghal, in Ireland, from which he obtained a transference to the 9th battalion of that corps at Edinburgh Castle.

Returned to his native land, Flockhart proceeded to visit his parents, whom he sought to interest in the precious truths which now so abundantly strengthened and cheered his own soul. Among the members of the 9th Veterans he found the same gross licentiousness as he had remarked at every other station where he had served. The adjutant of the battalion was a person utterly indifferent to religious concerns, and in the discharge of his public duties was much given to the use of oaths. Flockhart privately remonstrated with him on the habit, which he seemed disposed to admit was unseemly. But when, on a renewal of his evil practice, the pious soldier again presented himself as a reprover, the officer repelled him with disdain. As the men assembled for parade, Flockhart collected a group around him, and solemnly addressed them respecting their spiritual concerns. This being reported to the adjutant, he committed the speaker to prison. But the present persecution was not effective in silencing the tongue of one who had solemnly devoted himself to the Lord's work. He was confined in an apartment immediately over the entrance archway into the castle. On the following

Sunday he preached from the window of his cell to hundreds of persons who flocked from the city into the garrison to listen to the music of the band. Among his auditors was the commanding officer, who next day ordered his release, and publicly gave him permission to preach to the men as frequently as he might desire.

One day, as he was preaching in a barrack-room, he received a severe stroke on the back of the head, which prostrated him on his face. The assailant was the gunner who kept the canteen, and who had got alarmed for his gains. Flockhart refused to report him, but proceeded to pray for his conversion. The man, universally condemned for his offence, became distracted, and throwing himself into the sea, perished by his own act.

In 1813 Flockhart was stationed for some months in Blackness Castle, situated on an island in the Frith of Forth, opposite to Linlithgow. He preached in the neighbouring towns and villages. At Linlithgow the magistrates threatened him with imprisonment. Returning to Edinburgh Castle, his extraordinary zeal in preaching the Gospel, not only to his fellow-soldiers, but to the crowds in the Grass Market, awakened suspicions as to his sanity. The garrison surgeon reported him as mentally disordered, and he was consigned to Morningside Asylum. There he was at first subjected to many severities, and, as a supposed means of allaying his symptoms, was deprived of his Bible. He effected his escape on two occasions. He subsequently gained the favour of the governor of the institution, and received his permission to preach to the inmates.

In November, 1814, Corporal Flockhart was again at liberty. He had already received his discharge, and on account of his being the inmate of an asylum, was allowed a pension of a higher scale. He had married

shortly before, and as his wife was likeminded with himself, he was encouraged to devote a considerable portion of his time to the work of an evangelist. For some time he taught a school, and upwards of twenty years he was a regular visitor at the infirmary. But the chief duty which he imposed upon himself was to preach the Gospel every evening in the streets of Edinburgh. He continued to discharge that duty without intermission for upwards of forty years. He was often discountenanced, and in the earlier years of his labours was frequently subjected to imprisonment. But he steadily persevered, accounting it all honour to suffer for the Master's sake. He had auditors every evening; some acknowledged that they had been awakened by his preaching, but the result of his long-continued and devoted labours can only be fully known in the eternal world.

For two years prior to the final call, the earnest Street Preacher was, owing to bodily infirmities, confined to his dwelling. Ministers and other earnest persons visited him frequently. All who joined with him in conversation were refreshed and edified. The noble old man, now confined to his bed, felt himself dying. He desired to see the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, whose numerous philanthropic and spiritual labours he cordially approved. The Doctor, on approaching his bed, expressed himself concerned to see him so ill. He answered, "I'm going home, I'm going home." He then spoke a few words to his visitor, respecting the publication of his Autobiography, and listened attentively to words of praise and thanksgiving. Dr. Guthrie, describing this interesting scene, writes:—"I have seen many dying, but none whose face wore an air so heavenly. It looked as if light was streaming on it down from those gates of glory that angel hands were rolling open to admit his departing

spirit. The spirit passed peacefully away to join that saintly throng who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Robert Flockhart died in the autumn of 1857. Many of the clergy and members of the city council honoured themselves by following his remains to their earthly resting-place.

PRIVATE SAMUEL SPROULE.

"The line of march to heaven is plain,
Through Jesu's blood, for he was slain;
The Saviour's orders are for thee:
'Take up thy cross, and follow Me,
And thou shalt sure a victor be.'"

PRIVATE SOLDIER.

SAMUEL SPROULE was born at Glasmullah, county Tyrone, Ireland, on the 7th July, 1828. By his father, a respectable farmer, he was intended for one of the liberal professions, but the death of this parent, when he was only in his fifteenth year, led to his abandoning learned pursuits. Having had the misfortune to lose his mother in childhood, he was now invested with the entire charge of the farm, but the habits of levity which he had contracted entirely unfitted him for the duties. In the course of three years he was obliged to relinquish his inheritance, and he proceeded to consummate his folly by entering the army as a recruit.

He was now a private in the 44th Regiment. In 1847 he accompanied the regiment to Malta, which remained there four years. During this period cholera broke out among the men, and a large number were carried off. The appalling character of the visitation led to a spiritual awakening, and a number of non-commissioned officers and men, hitherto careless, became serious. Among these was the subject of this sketch. Concerning the saving change which he now experienced he afterwards wrote to the military chaplain at Malta, in these words:—

"O blessed day that ever my lot was cast in Malta! How shall I have reason to praise the Lord through eternity for bringing me to land upon its shores, and for placing me under your ministry? Truly I might say, on the day I first set my feet there, I was blind, but blessed be the Lord, who in his infinite mercy has opened my eyes to a view of my lost and ruined condition. And herein is His marvellous wisdom manifest, that the same Spirit who gave me a sight of my miserable state by nature and practice, also pointed to a crucified Redeemer. Lord, what shall I render unto Thee, for this boundless love, in giving Thy well-beloved Son, to die in my stead —a poor, guilty, miserable, lost sinner? Lord, I give Thee my heart; come and take up Thy lasting abode therein, and destroy everything which is contrary to Thy blessed will, so that I may love Thee with a 'perfect heart, and serve Thee with a willing mind.'"

He adds—

"There it was, in the very island in which the Apostle Paul, eighteen hundred years ago, proclaimed the everlasting Gospel; there, with my feet standing on the very soil on which the Apostle stood, did the Lord say unto my poor trembling soul, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.' O glorious hour, O blessed day, in which I first stood before its shore!"

In 1851 Private Sproule was removed with his regiment to Gibraltar. Here he was privileged with the friendship of a Christian gentlewoman, who has long devoted an important portion of her time towards promoting both the spiritual and temporal interests of British soldiers. The society of this excellent lady was greatly blessed to the young inquirer. At her house he met persons likeminded with himself, and had frequent opportunities afforded him of engaging in social prayer.

His spare time in barrack was employed in composing tracts and hymns. Some of these were printed and circulated.

From Gibraltar, he wrote to a relative in these terms:—

"Time is fast hastening on; death is approaching with hasty steps to carry you to the tomb, and if *unprepared*, what will all the world be to you? What will friends, honours, riches, possessions then prove?—all vain bubbles. Nothing but an interest in the Saviour will support you in that dying hour. But, dear friend, do not deceive yourself; do not think that attending to the outside of religion merely will save your soul. No, nothing but being 'born again,' being 'in Christ,' will save you. Your heart must be changed, your affections must be renewed; in a word, 'old things must pass away, all things must become new.' Jesus is 'the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Him!' Oh then, go to Christ just as you are. Take nothing with you but your sins, and take them all; cast yourself at His feet as a poor, helpless, miserable, undone, guilty creature, and let the language of your heart be as that of the publican of old, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

At the commencement of 1852 Sproule drew out the following resolutions. We owe the reader no apology for printing them in full.

"I enter upon the performance of the following resolutions, not in my own unassisted strength, but in the all-sufficiency of Almighty God, and may He enable me by His spirit, to carry them into effect:—

"1. Never to break my fast in the morning without first reading a portion of God's Word, and asking His blessing thereon, except when prevented by duty, or other lawful causes.

"2. Never to speak without purpose, or merely to gratify an idle curiosity.

"3. Ever to act as in God's sight, knowing that all my ways are open to Him with whom I have to do.

"4. Whenever Satan tempts me to sin, to cast my eyes towards Gethsemane and Calvary, and cry unto the Lord for strength.

"5. Never to absent myself either from the public or private means of grace, except when prevented by duty or other lawful causes.

"6. Ever to remember that I am a dying mortal, and that in a few years at most I must go the way of all living.

"7. Always to endeavour, both by my works and words, to advance the Kingdom of God upon earth, and spread the spiritual dominion of His Son.

"8. Never to withhold my hand from any subscription which has for its aim the glory of God and the good of man.

"9. Never to speak an unnecessary word tending to injure my neighbour; or contributing to lower him in the estimation of his fellowmen.

"10. Never to allow sin to go unreproved, when opportunity presents itself, either in my equals or superiors, and always to reprove them in an humble, Christian spirit.

"11. Never to strive to win over Christians from other denominations to my own.

"12. Always to read over these resolutions at least once every week, and at the same time remembering that it is only through the assistance of Divine grace that I can be enabled to carry them into effect.

"13. Every night to pray for the Holy Spirit's influence, so that I may be enabled to fulfil these resolutions,

and that I may be strengthened to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things!"

From Gibraltar, Sproule sailed for the Crimea. He landed at Gallipoli and proceeded from thence to Bourdaloue, and afterwards to Varna. There he was seized with fever and ague. On his recovering he joined his company in the Crimea, where he shared the terrible discomforts of the winter of 1854-5. He took his share of working in the trenches before Sebastopol. In May, 1855, he thus refers to the horrors which he had just passed through. "Our poor fellows were exposed to hunger, nakedness, cold, frost, snow, and piercing winds, and to add to all, the enemy's shot in the trenches, and dire disease in the camp. The horrors of that winter might be witnessed, but cannot be described; well may all who escaped be thankful to the Lord that their bones were not left to moulder on the barren heights of the Crimea. I am sure it was almost a miracle that I escaped." He records in his journal, "I was nine months without ever stretching myself on a bed, having nothing to lie on but the earth or boards."

The 44th Regiment returned to Britain. Sproule now obtained his discharge. He joined the Metropolitan Police, but after twelve months' service, failing health compelled him to retire. With a view to the recovery of his inheritance, he had saved a portion of his regimental pay, but having entrusted the amount to an individual on whose probity he had placed an ill-founded reliance, he now found himself on a sick bed without the means of support.

The new trial was borne with Christian resignation. Remittances reached him from different quarters, and he was not permitted to want for anything. His sickness was premonitory of a speedy call from the sorrows of

time to the unalloyed joys of the upper sanctuary. He bore his affliction with the meekness which became a genuine follower of the Saviour. When he was confined to his bed, and his deliverance seemed near, a friend who could not visit him personally, sent him this text, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." These words were received by the dying soldier as a message from God; he died with the slip of paper which contained them resting on his pillow. One of his last utterances was the publican's accepted prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

God is sometimes pleased to restore the prodigal to his father's house on earth, there to rejoice with kindred and early friends on what the Lord hath done for him. At other times God permits the sins committed in youth to affect the entire future of human life, and the repentant wanderer experiences no resting-place till he reaches his heavenly home. All is ordered wisely and for the best by a kind and gracious Father. It was the anxious wish of the subject of the present sketch that he might regain his paternal inheritance, and in the scene of his youthful folly, exhibit an example of spiritual earnestness. But the infinite disposer of events decreed that this desire should not be gratified. An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading was prepared for him in the better country. To its possession he was called early.

PRIVATE ROBERT CRAWFORD.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now;
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

MRS. HEMANS.

ROBERT CRAWFORD was born in the county of Renfrew, about the year 1839. His mother was a person of sincere piety; she devoted herself to the careful upbringing of her son. After an imperfect education at school, which the narrow circumstances of his widowed mother would only admit, Robert was apprenticed to a trade. He afterwards determined to enter the army. In September, 1859, he enlisted in the 79th Regiment, the dépôt of which was then stationed at Perth.

The author of this work, who held the office of chaplain of Stirling garrison, became acquainted with Robert Crawford in the autumn of 1860. Crawford had accompanied the 79th dépôt to Stirling Castle, and had undertaken to lead the psalmody in the garrison chapel. He frequently called for the writer, and often expressed to him his deep concern in religious truth. He was overtaken by a severe ailment, which entirely unfitted him for duty. He was sent to hospital.

The writer now saw Crawford very often, and had

many conversations with him respecting the principles of his inner life. He was often subjected to acute suffering; but, when the state of his health permitted, he modestly related his spiritual experiences. He always spoke of himself with extreme diffidence, and often expressed his deep thankfulness that he had been preserved from falling into temptations which had ensnared others. One day the conversation happened to turn on the prevalent vice of uncleanness, when Crawford related the following narrative. It was jotted down by the author in the narrator's own words:—

"From the outset of my career as a soldier, I found myself surrounded with snares and temptations. I looked anxiously for a suitable companion—a comrade likeminded with myself, but as yet I had found none. My walks were therefore solitary, but I prayed the Lord that He would help me, give me grace in time of need, and lead me to lean upon the Saviour. In my prayers I experienced much comfort, and I was fully satisfied that they were heard. One evening, as I was walking alone in one of the streets, I was abruptly addressed by a young female, who asked me where I was going. I paused a little, and she repeated the question. 'I am going,' I answered, 'to buy some paper, that I may write to my mother, telling her about the present state of my life.' 'You are well off,' replied the poor unhappy girl—'that yours has been such a life that you can tell your mother about it.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is the life which every one ought to lead, but I fear there be some who, instead of so living, pursue a course that leads down—down to the chambers of death.' I then asked her about her own life, and, with the tear falling down her cheek, she informed me that she had been decoyed from her parents' house, and for about nine months had

been living in lodgings. She was, she admitted, in the condition of a wanderer on the public streets. 'Poor creature,' said I, 'you are following a course which is fearful in the eyes of men, and terrible in the sight of God. May God have mercy upon you.' She repeated that I was well off that I was not afraid to meet my mother, and not afraid to write to her. I then pointed out, in a few simple words, the beauty and purity of the Christian life, and showed her that those who walked honestly before God would never be put to shame. She was deeply moved; and instead of prolonging the interview, I gave her my hand, and asked her to meet me the following evening. As we parted, these words dropped from her lips—'Fearful in the eyes of men, and terrible in the sight of God.' Having purchased the writing materials which I had left the barracks to procure, I returned to my quarters, and earnestly did I pray during the night that the poor lost wanderer whom I had met might be arrested in her lawless career, and brought back into the sheepfold.

"On the following evening we met at the hour appointed. Surely my prayer had been heard, I thought, for I remarked a very decided change in the poor girl's aspect and manner. I asked her what she had been thinking about. With a quiver on her lips, she said she had not slept all night for thinking of the life she had been leading and the home she had left. 'Worst of all,' she added, in evident anguish of spirit, 'I am fearful in the eyes of men, and terrible in the sight of God.' I told her not to grieve so bitterly, for she had only to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all her heart, and to pray to God, through Him, to have mercy on her, and to turn her from the evil of her ways. 'If I was home again,' said she, 'I would lead a very different life; but how I

am to get home, I know not. The people with whom I am now living will do their utmost to keep me, and my parents will refuse to receive me. I really do not know what to do.' So saying, she burst into tears. I told her to keep up her heart—that God would surely open up to her a way of escape; and that He who was Himself ready to receive the repentant sinner on his return, would certainly lead her parents to cherish towards her feelings of forgiveness, and to receive her back into their family. I then asked her to explain how she had been induced to leave her parents' house, to follow a life of sin. She stated that, on the occasion of a public fair, she was addressed by several soldiers, who persuaded her—she could not tell how—to join their party, and that they induced her to remain with them all night. Having never before absented herself from the house of her parents, she was afraid to return home. She had since been a wanderer on the public streets, having as her companions the most worthless of her sex, and lodging at nights in habitations of loathsomeness. 'Did your parents never inquire after you?' said I. 'Often,' she replied, 'very often they sought for me; but the keeper of the house where I lodged always denied me, and abused my parents for suspecting that they had knowledge of me. I have avoided them myself; for how could I meet my father and mother, whom I have so deeply wronged?' 'If you are willing,' I responded, 'to leave those wretched people with whom you have associated yourself, and to return home to your parents —and resolve, God helping you, to lead a different life for the future—I shall call upon your parents, and endeavour to induce them to receive you, and to do this with kindness rather than upbraiding.' The poor creature sobbed bitterly; she supplied me with her parents'

address, and we parted to meet again on the following evening. Late in the afternoon of the succeeding day, I waited on the parents. They at once asked me to sit down by their fireside, and their manner encouraged me to proceed with my errand. 'Have you a daughter called ——?' I inquired. 'We had,' said the father, 'but she is lost—lost—and we are even ashamed to hear her name.' They explained that she had for nine months been absent from the house, that they had in vain attempted to discover her place of lodgment, but that they knew she was following a career of sin. 'Then I have good news for you,' said I, as I proceeded to detail the narrative above related, concluding by an earnest request that they would forgive her and receive her home again. No words of mine can convey the expression of gratitude and joy which, as I proceeded, was more and more visible in the countenances of those sorely tried, but now rejoicing parents. 'Gladly shall we receive her,' exclaimed both, almost in one breath. 'Many sleepless nights has her absence caused us—and often,' added the father, 'has her mother started from her bed, and cried aloud in the bitter anguish of her heart. Bring her now and she shall be made welcome." Such was the intensity of the parents' feelings that I deemed it proper that a few hours should elapse for the restoration of their composure, ere their erring but now repentant child should be introduced to their presence. I shall not dilate upon the scene. The poor misguided wanderer hid her countenance from her parents' gaze, and hastily retired to an inner chamber, where she loudly wept. I remained some time in the house, and, before leaving, engaged in prayer with the household, commending all, especially the returned penitent, to the grace and mercy of God. I called a few days after, and all were happy and rejoicing.

The dêpot with which I am connected was now called to Stirling, so that I have not seen any of the family since. But I have frequent letters from the parents, and they assure me that their daughter is devotedly leading the Christian life—a follower of her Saviour."

With Crawford's permission, this narrative was printed and extensively circulated among the troops. It has since been frequently reprinted, and many thousand copies have been circulated among soldiers and others.

Crawford was long confined to the Military Hospital. He employed much of his time in reading the religious works of the hospital library. The Bible was his daily companion. He searched the Scriptures with an earnest purpose. He experienced much comfort from particular chapters and texts. He spoke much of the finished work of Christ. He was most earnest that his comrades should be interested in the precious concerns of salvation. To those who came to him in an inquiring spirit he addressed words suited to their particular circumstances. He talked so lovingly that none ventured to address him with an unkind word.

One day he handed a paper to the author of this work, which he requested him to read. It was an address to his fellow-soldiers. A few corrections were made in the style, and the paper was printed and circulated. It is subjoined.

"Dear Comrades—It is seldom a brother-soldier thus ventures to address you. But I know that many of you will read what I have to say. There are three things which deeply concern all mankind. These are—*Sin, its Punishment, and its Remedy.*

I. *What is Sin?* Sin is, in the first place, a violation of the law of God—an alienation of the heart from Him,

and disobedience to His commandments. It is innocence abused, and wickedness implanted. When the serpent entered Eden, our first parents were in a state of innocence. The serpent tempted them to eat the forbidden fruit, and they fell from their innocence and became wicked. Sin destroys peace and creates war. When sin entered the peaceful habitation of heaven, some of the angels rebelled against God, and sought to make war with Him, hence they were cast down to the depths of hell. Sin enters into the heart of man, and there produces disorder. The sinner brings upon himself the punishment.

"II. *What is the Punishment of Sin?* The wages of sin is *death.* In the courts of justice there are several kinds of punishment, such as imprisonment, transportation, and penal servitude. These last only for a period of time, but the punishment of the criminal in this world is not to be put in the balance with that of the sinner in eternity. The wages of sin is death—*the second death,* of which we read in the Revelation of Saint John—a death which meaneth not mortal destruction, but a living death —*death* endless as eternity—*death,* consisting of weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever. Oh, terrible destruction! The smile of God's countenance shall never be seen or felt! There shall be no rest for the weary frame, nor repose for the anguished soul. The eye shall never close, and the soul shall seek in vain for peace. Who may contemplate the fearful wages of sin, the awful power of the wrath of God? Where is the sinner who shall be able to stand and hear the awful sentence pronounced upon his head, 'depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels'? But, dear comrades, blessed be a gracious God, who has not left us to perish. He has provided a

glorious Remedy—a Saviour. The Lord Jesus Christ is that Remedy. He will save us from going down to the pit. He heals the broken heart, and sets the captives at liberty. He will save you from 'the fiery darts of the wicked one,' and deliver you from the wrath of God. Yes, dear comrades, Christ has died for you, and 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' You are only required to believe in that which he has done for you. But what hath he done for me? you ask. Ah, He hath done more for you than heart can conceive or language express. He loved man from the beginning—He loved him from eternity. Foreseeing the moral wreck in Eden, He interposed for human deliverance. 'Deliver them from going down to the pit,' were His glorious words, 'for I have found a ransom.' At the fall He kindled the meteor of hope amidst the darkness of death; when Divine justice gave forth the sentence of condemnation, He proclaimed the message of mercy. Where the sword of vengeance turned every way, He was represented in the cherubim of love. At the appointed time he appeared on earth, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and in the flesh condemned sin and vanquished death. The heavens were rent asunder, and oh, mystery of godliness! the Blessed Son of God became Immanuel, God with us. He came to this world on our account, and endured for us the death of the cross. Blessed be His name—He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. For us he endured the wrath of God at Gethsemane and at Calvary. He descended into the grave—He entered into the unseen world—and He returned with the symbol of triumph. He ascended into heaven, bearing our nature—humanity united with divinity—a perfect Saviour, a compassionating Redeemer. He is now pleading for His people, and presenting their prayers unto the Father.

He is offering us—He is most desirous to bestow upon us—grace and peace, happiness now, life for ever. Believe in Him, dear comrades. Flee to Christ now. Believe on the work he hath done, and taste and see that He is good. He is, indeed, exceeding precious. He will cheer you through the dark valley of the shadow of death. He will gladden your soul throughout eternity. Thus believing, may your prayers be offered up in the spirit of these simple lines—

"I know my Saviour's blood hath power,
To cleanse my guilty heart—
And at this very hour, I know
He loves to take my part.

"I feel his peace within my heart,
It has my soul set free—
So I will fight alone for Him,
Who died and rose for me."

Crawford's ailment increased in its severity. A medical Board pronounced him incurable, and he was discharged. He proceeded to his early home, and was affectionately tended by his mother, who was comforted to find her afflicted son patient and resigned to the will of God. The writer received no communication from him; he was unable to write. He was soon called to add to the number of faithful British soldiers, who, having consecrated their lives to the service of their Redeemer, reign with Him.

The reader must have remarked the singular variety of means by which the subjects of these memoirs were brought to God. Some who had known the Scriptures from their youth, consistently followed in the

"narrow way." Others "left their first love," and afterwards, under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit, returned to the pathway of safety. A greater number were arrested in a sinful career by circumstances apparently accidental. A libertine, who, on the Lord's Day had made an assignation with a faithless woman, sought to extract amusement from a religious book till the hour of his unhallowed appointment had arrived. As he held the volume in his hand, he was of a sudden brought tremblingly to ask the question, "What must I do to be saved?" A proud infidel, who had renounced the faith of Christian parents, and scoffingly rejected the authority of the Scriptures, was awakened by a striking dream, and was forthwith led in the way of peace. A naval officer, who had been in the habit of accompanying his mother to the door of her place of worship, and then of turning aside to his own pleasures, was arrested by a few words spoken by his anxious parent.

A soldier, who "cared for none of these things," was induced to present himself in the chapel of an acceptable Wesleyan preacher. Ashamed to be seen in the House of God, he concealed himself in the gallery. There the Holy Spirit found him, and brought him weeping to the foot of the Cross, that he might be raised up a new creature in Christ Jesus. A naval officer, who had forgotten a father's counsel, and a mother's prayers, was moved by the letter of a pious gentlewoman; he resolved to procure a Bible. Ashamed that any one should suppose he was in quest of a book which he

had despised, he made the purchase in secret. This man ere long confessed the truth with boldness; he devoted his remaining years to the cause of Christ. Another naval officer had long been a stranger to the concerns of religion. Amidst terrible warnings he had remained unmoved; he had openly espoused infidelity. Entertaining at dinner a minister of the Gospel, an incidental remark led to a friendly discussion with the pastor on the subject of religion. The officer was interested, and forthwith commenced the study of the Scriptures. In the course of a few months he was received into the Church.

A profligate nobleman was on a bed of sickness. He had hitherto stifled momentary convictions. He was now an anxious inquirer concerning the truth of Christianity. Argument convinced him of the reasonableness of the Gospel system, but left him a stranger to its saving efficacy. As his chaplain one day read to him a portion of Isaiah's prophecies, the truth suddenly burst upon his soul. He accepted a life-giving Saviour.

Among the others, whose memoirs are included in these pages, some were aroused during seasons of personal distress, or when sickness afflicted neighbours, and spared themselves. One was awakened to reflection by the loss of a vessel which he commanded, during his absence on shore. Particular passages of Scripture were blessed to the conversion of some; others were aroused by perusing the works of Christian writers.

These events would serve to show that no condition

or circumstances are unfavourable to the Gospel call. "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." No obstacles may intercept or overcome the influences of the Divine Spirit. When the Lord wills, the ordinary occurrences of life become instruments in His hand for the conversion of souls. Even oppositions and hostilities hasten the wheels of His Divine chariot. The soldier or sailor who looks Sionward shall obtain abundant strength and speedy consolation. In the glorious triumph at Calvary, he shall behold the acme of human victories, and amidst the stormy tempest shall hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

THE END.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00020382

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016